CHICAGO LEDGER

XLVI. NO. 28. CHICAGO, ILL. SATURDAY, JUNE 29, 1918 5 CENTS A COPY.

The UNITED STATES HAS NEVER BEEN DEFEATED

Fourth of July 1918

You can now afford to wear
Genuine DIAMONDS
at Barnard Import Prices

Secrets of the Diamond Trade
How to Judge Diamonds
Diamond Colors
Perfect Cutting
Flaws
Imperfections
How cash methods save 25 per cent
UNBANKABLE GUARANTEE
Free Examination

1/4 Carat
Prices Range for the Month of March
$18.98
$26.89
$33.25

This Free Book
tells you all you want to know about diamonds — how to buy them, safely and intelligently—why diamonds are the world's best investment—how I save you 25% by direct importing and eliminating all middlemen — how because my business comes from all over the world, I can succeed in spite of small profits—how I can afford to sell mountings at factory cost—how I offer diamonds in seven exclusive and all exact sizes, so that you can now afford to wear genuine diamonds at my less than wholesale prices.

Ignatius Barnard, President

Send No Money!
You take no risk under my free examination plan. Just select your diamond and favorite setting from my book and I will ship it to me that you can examine it without the slightest obligation to buy. My costly De Luxe Book of Diamonds shows the world's most sensational diamond bargains. Back them with the only

BANKABLE
Money-Back Guarantee
Issued only by Barnard—Diamond Headquarters permits you to cash in your diamond investment within one year and to exchange it for full value at any time. A written legal certificate of carat weight, color and value.

Prices go up every day, save money by writing immediately!

Barnard & Co.
Diamond Headquarters
N. W. Corner State and Monroe Sts.
Dept. 1769-L Chicago, U. S. A.

Use this Coupon for Free Book
BARNARD & CO., Dept. 1769-L
N.W. Cor. State & Monroe Sts., Chicago
Without obligation to me, please send me, Free postpaid, 1915 DeLuxe Diamond Book.
Name
Address

The Editor Has His Say Here

ONE letter which we received the other day tells so plainly just what we are trying to give you in the Ledger that we are going to reproduce part of it here. If other readers agree with the writer of this letter we have achieved what we set out to do. Here it is: "Others have voiced their opinion of the Ledger and the stories it contains. So now I am going to have my say about them. We are all great readers in this home, so naturally have many magazines, some very high class ones, and we like them all. But I want to say right here the Ledger and no other one are my prime favorites. Why? Simply because the stories are heart stories, stories that make one weep and again laugh. I have read stories in the Ledger that made me feel that I was right there, mixed up with the people of the story. As to which are the good ones and which are not, well, I must confess I don't kick. I like them all. And I would not want stories on just one theme. I like them mixed up. And you certainly have used fine judgment in selecting them."

DO YOU wonder that we glowed all over when we read that? It was unsolicited, too, so that it didn't hide in this one home anyhow the Ledger has hit the mark and is giving satisfaction. Among the million and more readers of the Ledger there must be a great many others who are equally satisfied. It is the great majority who don't write to the editor, but who cheerfully week after week pay out their nickels for the paper, who are its bulwark. Usually if a man is satisfied he wants to kick and [illegible] if [illegible] stuff

THE next issue also will contain more than the usual number of short stories, some of them as clever bits of writing as we have had the good fortune to read lately. Then we will have the usual departments and another cutout for the young folks. We feel safe in saying that you will be getting a good thing if you don't make sure of next week's Ledger by telling the agent who serves you to save a copy for you.

The Editor.

Ric[illegible]
Don't W[illegible]

To work, to play or over the hills and far—wherever you want to go—a sturdy, Iver Johnson Bicycle will take you swiftly and comfortably. You are entitled to the hours an Iver Johnson will save and the fun it will bring you.

An Iver Johnson is a wise investment for any man to make, because an Iver Johnson is honestly and scientifically built. Frame of man hour construction—tapered jaw connections—the finest bearings money can buy—a few of the features that make an Iver Johnson Bicycle wear well and ride well for years and years.

Write today for FREE Bicycle Catalog "B." Adults' sizes $37.50 to $55.00. Juvenile models $27.50 to $37.50.

Iver Johnson's Arms & Cycle Works
238 *River St.*, Fitchburg, Mass.
New York: 99 Chambers St. San Francisco: 717 M[illegible]

IVER JOHNSO[illegible]
BICYCLES

STARTLING OFFE[illegible]
Right NOW as other manufacturers are advancing prices we are slashing CYCLE PRICES TO ABSOLUTE ROCK-BOTTOM. WE ARE FORCING WATCH PRICES DOWN. We can do this simply by sacrificing all profits and through the special cooperation of Beggs Watches. Take advantage of this OFFER before it is withdrawn.

The ILLI[illegible]
Sa[illegible]
25

SEE WATCH FIRST
Santa Fe Watch Co.
Dept 653, Topeka, Kan.
Name
Address
Occupation
Nearest Express Office

The Sanitary Aluminum Tea and Coffee Strainer
Being made in a solid piece it has no joints to catch dirt, contagious germs or to retain greasy substances. The metal of which it is constructed prohibits rust, and although far lighter, is will outwear the best wire strainer. Price 15 cents.
W. C. WATKINS, Parnassus Pa.

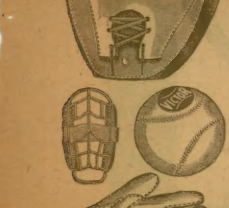
$40 Motorcycle Bargains
Motor cycles on credit terms. Buy now and save $25.00. Write for free bargain list. Harley, Indians, Excelsiors, Thors, $40 to $100. Motorcycle sundries, $2; automobile tires, $2; bicycle tires, $1. Bicycles $19. Sporting goods, guns, revolvers, fishing tackle, etc. Big discount prices. Old motor cycles, bicycles and talking machines taken in trade. Send for yours. Highest prices allowed for them. Send for catalogue.
DERINGER THE PRICE CUTTER, Rochester, N. Y.

HUB DECLARES 1st DIVIDEND
WILL be paid to all stockholders of record Sept. 20. "Hub" has 5 oil wells and I gas well making about 1,000,000 ft. of gas per day. This and other big earnings of the company are appropriately held in oil producing stock. Stock only 60 per share. Buy yours today. Agents wanted.
HUB-WYOMING OIL COMPANY,
262 Century Bldg., Denver, Colo.

TOBACCO OR SNUFF HABIT CURED by harmless remedy. Guaranteed. Send for Free Sample Treatment on Trial. If it cures, costs you $1. If it fails, costs nothing. SUPERBA COMPANY, G V, Baltimore, Md.

"U. S. AVIATION BLUES" NOW READY
FOR TROT AND ONE STEP
by Chris Dewes, Harmon Foote, Theodore Morford Rose and Ralph Dumke. Send 15c for Professional Copy. Orchestration, 25c. Published by Pollister, Pontiac, Ill. LYRIC DIVINA MUSIC CO., Wausau, Wis.

P-a- B-[illegible]



Can you fill in the missing letters in the two words just above the mitt? If so write to Uncle Joe and he will tell you how to get this fine baseball outfit without it costing you a cent. The mitt is thickly padded and very heavy. The glove is of tanned leather and has a patent clasp. The mask is of heavy wire, full size. The ball is a good one that will stand lots of hard playing. Uncle Joe will give you this dandy outfit for a little easy work. Send no money, just your name and address to

UNCLE JOE, Room K-58 Popular Bldg. Des Moines, Iowa.

LADIES FREE SOUVENIR or sender name and address of 5 housewives. GOOD NIGHT CO., 7 W. Chicago Ave. Chicago.

Music Lessons

"IT'S thankful I am that I'm goin' to [illegible] a musical eddication, Mrs. McGee, but the threshin' had to interrumpin' Malachy to give his consint made me; at times, wish I had the rowlin' pin in me hand to knock some into his thick head.

"'Ye want to l'arn to play a musical instrhument,' sez he. 'Ye that don't know a B flat from an A sharp!'

"But whin me darter Gloriana was takin' lessons on the pi-any I axed her one day what the cortley symbol on music sheet meant, an' I raymimber what she toold me, so I sez, 'I don't, don't I? A sharp is the leetle bit written be left handed man, an' A flat looks somethin' like the crosses we made whin we were kids playin' tick, tack, toe.' So I had him there.

"'Ye think,' I goes on, 'bekase ye can play the fiddle ye're only wan in the fambly can be a musician.'

"'Do ye raymimber the burglar?' sez Malachy.

"He's always throwin' up the burglar to me whin he wants to get me goat, an' tho it vexes me it makes me laugh.

"'Ye see, Mrs. McGee, whin we was a young married couple Malachy had to go out an' l'ave me all alone in the house wan night. I was noddin' in the parlor an' was suddenly wide awake, for, behoid ye, I heard a burglar come into the kitchen just as plain as yere face is an' always was. I was that frightened I didn't know what to do, till I spies Malachy's fiddle, thin I thinks I'll play a chune to the burglar know there was somebody in the house. I'd niver thried to play the fiddle, but I'd noticed how whin Malachy played it he'd creep down with his fingers on the sthrings as he scraped the bow over thim, so I did the same, an' the chune produced made the burglar jump clean thru the window, carryin' the sash wid him, an' be the same token, I nearly fainted meself at the sounds I made.

"An', aither all, 'twas no burglar, but me brother Jamesy.

"Malachy's fiddle is like its owner. If ye rub it the right way it's soft an' gintle; but if ye rub it the wrong way it becomes a howlin' hy-ana.

"But I wasn't to be put off, an' whin me husband heard what insthrument I wanted to play he allowed that I might learn how to do it, so he's promised to buy me wan.

"What instshrument are ye goin' to l'arn to play on, Mrs. Corigan?'

"A mechanical piano, Mrs. McGee."

R. K. K.

Looking Ahead.

"I could juggle worlds for love of you."

"Go ahead and rave, Algernon," said the practical girl. "You'll never be in a position to juggle worlds for me, but something seems to tell me that I may some day have to juggle pots and pans for you."

FOUNDED 1873
Single Copies—5 Cents
Delivered by Agent
One Year (52 issues)—$1.50
By Mail Direct to You

CHICAGO LEDGER

PUBLISHED EVERY SATURDAY BY
W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, CHICAGO, ILL.
500-514 NORTH DEARBORN STREET.

NEW STORIES
Of Mystery,
Adventure,
Humor and Love
Every Week

VOL. XLVI. CHICAGO, ILL., JUNE 29, 1918. No. 26.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

THE HELL-CAT

By Lewis H. Kilpatrick

When a simple man of the mountains falls in love with a woman of the world and suddenly learns her story the result is apt to surprise the wisest of us.

IT WAS the traveling auditor who "discovered" Dan McCoy away down in that section of the Kentucky mountains where railroads and peace societies are as badly needed as they are unknown. The auditor wrote Ferguson, the local agent: "Down here they call him the Hell-Cat—this hickory muscled, ox necked young giant—but the man who can say for a couple of years has made four mules snake a stage coach over the perpendicular roads between Whitesville and Hazard, is the man who can be fitted for better things. I'm sending him on to you. Let him handle the heavy express and drive a wagon. Give him a chance."

The very morning that Dan reported for duty things began to happen. Ferguson had turned him over to one of the other drivers for instructions, when Bert Rogers, the cashier, looked up from his desk and grinned.

"Hello, there, Mr. Feudist! Don't happen to have any white licker or .45's about you, do you?"

Dan glanced across the office at him without a change of expression. He wore a blue checked cotton shirt, thrown open at the neck above a hairy chest. A pair of corduroy covered his long legs, shading his clear gray eyes was a weather-stained slouch hat.

"No, stranger, I ain't got any licker," he drawled. "I don't use his. But I can accommodate ye with a .45." With lightning-like rapidity he reached inside his checked shirt and drew forth the mightiest piece of artillery ever unlimbered in that express office. "Here ye air, stranger."

The driver gave a yelp and ducked under the counter. Bert went white; tried to speak and failed; tried to rise and failed again, collapsing in a frightened heap in his swivel chair.

Dan regarded them innocently.

"Don't be skairt," he said. "Hit won't go off, unless somebody pulls the trigger."

Ferguson scented the trouble and came out of his private office in a hurry. "Rec the situation at once."

"Here, Dan, none of that," he warned. He reached out his hand. "Give me that gun."

A glint of native suspicion hardened the eyes of the mountaineer. For the first time it dawned upon him that Bert had tried to ridicule him. He put the revolver back in its former hiding place.

"Give me that gun," repeated Ferguson. "You don't need such things around here."

Dan shook his head stubbornly. "I heard as how ye'ar were'n any rattlesnakes in the Bluegrass, but I reckon I heard wrong," he said. He tapped his shirt with one big finger. "This here may come in handy to perfect myself ag'in 'em. I'll jest keep hit, thank ye."

There was a moment of tense silence.

"But if I ask you for it, you'll give it to me, won't you?"

The man turned toward the voice, surprised. In the doorway stood a girl, alluring and unafraid. Her attention apparently had been attracted by the excitement within the office and she had stepped in from the street just in time to witness the latter part of the scene. She looked to be hardly past her teens, a blond more flashily than stylishly dressed, with the studied prettiness of face and figure meant to appeal to the masculine.

She held out a small, gloved hand. "Let me keep that gun for you, boy. I'll promise to take awfully good care of it."

Dan stared down at her as an elephant might stare at a butterfly. The hurt expression on his face disappeared. Obediently, silently, he again reached for the revolver, and gently laid it in the extended palm.

The girl gave him a playful smile and hid the gun in her muff.

"See you later, boy," she called, pitching a tiny square of cardboard on the floor before him. Then, with a shrug of her slender shoulders, she hurried back to the street.

Ferguson pulled Bert to one side, out of earshot of Dan, who stood where the girl had left him, turning her card over and over in his hands.

"Who the devil is she?" whispered Ferguson.

Bert grimaced. "I don't know who she is, but I've got a mighty good idea what she is," he replied. "Funny how her kind will act sometime. You'd better look out for your hell-cat, Ferguson. When it comes to matching up with her sort he's as pure and innocent as a milk-fed babe."

Ferguson shook his head. "Dan's twenty-four years old, and, judging from what's just happened, he's thoroly able to take care of himself. Let him fight his own battles," he added, and went back to his office.

For the next month all went well. Dan learned his duties quickly and performed them to the letter. Ferguson began to think that his new driver had simmon that ever growed in the Cumberlands—but what puzzles me more'n anything is that gal."

"What gal?" Ferguson shoved the door to with his foot to insure complete privacy.

"Why, Lola, the one what come in here and took my gun." Dan seemed surprised at the necessity of explaining.

"Don't Shoot, Danny. They Told the Truth; I Am a Bad Woman."

been slandered by those who called him a hell-cat. It seemed that in his sudden transition from the semi-civilization of the hills to the life of the city the boy had left all his bad habits behind him, replacing them only with such habits as gained him the esteem of his co-workers. After the experience of that first morning, none of the office force made light of him—least of all Bert. They accepted him for what he was: a big-hearted, primitive-natured boy: a Goliath of developed brawn and undeveloped brain.

One day Dan came into Ferguson's office, his face shadowed with perplexity.

"Mister Ferguson," he began, somewhat embarrassed. The agent looked up from a stack of waybills with a friendly nod. "Mister Ferguson, ye've treated me powerful nice fer a stranger," Dan continued, "so I've come to ye for a piece o' advice. I reckon I'm about as green to Bluegrass ways as any person

"She ain't like the gals down my way, o' course. She looks sweeter and acts sweeter and—is sweeter." He fumbled his slouch hat a moment. "Say, Mister Ferguson, do ye happen to know that gal?"

"Never saw her before the day she came here, that I can remember." Ferguson looked Dan straight in the eyes. "Do you know her?"

"Leastwise I s'pose ye'd call hit that," replied the mountaineer. "She left me her address, but I didn't aim to make no p'int to call. Then once when I 'us deliverin' a package over thar on Megowan, I heard somebody holler and looked up to see her wavin' at me from a winder across the street. Wal, sir, ye mayn't know how hit feels—but, anyway, when she axed me to come over, I went."

"Was she living alone?"

"Not exactly. She had a room upstairs—said hit was kind o' a boardin' house and that the other boarders was her friends. She would have me come in fer a spell, tho I must say she 'us dressed sorta queer to be sittin' up with company."

Ferguson grunted. "Well, what do you want from me?"

Dan was thoughtful. "Ye see, that wasn't the last time I went to call. I've been several times since, after workin' hours in the evenin'. Lola always 'pears glad to see me and her friends treats me nice, too. Yet there's like that's somethin' lackin' twixt her and me—somethin' I can't quite figger out. Maybe hit's because I ain't good enough fer her."

"Have you told her about yourself?"

"Yep. I told her how the folks back home called me a hell-cat, 'cause I 'as so dern handy with a gun. I up and explained that I'd killed a few fellers, mostly to keep them from killin' me; that when I got reel het up that weren't no tellin' how much 'coffins I'd fill. Not that I'm 'shamed o' hit, but I've learnt that you-all here in the Bluegrass don't take much stock in such doin's."

"What did she say to that?"

"Hit sorta surprised her, to tell ye the truth. Then she threw the cigarettes she'd been smokin' into the grate and peered at me queerlike."

"Danny, boy," says she—'as, sir, that's what she calls me—Danny, boy, that's a heap o' difference twixt killin' men's bodies and killin' men's souls,' she says. 'Ye ain't near as bad as some people I know.' She lit another o' them cigarettes and lay back in her cheer. 'Jest to please me, Danny, boy, tell me some more about yer Cumberlands, whar the whippeerwills call and romance lurks behind each bush—not about the country whar they only kill the body.'"

"Them's exactly her words, sir, fer every time I calls, twice a week, she makes me tell her about my mountings." The hillman's lip quivered and there was a peculiar softness in his voice when he added, as if to himself: "Wonder if she'd ever 'lam to love them mountings like I love 'em?"

Ferguson turned his face away and [illegible] his throat.

"Danny boy, you're a fine fellow, a lucky man to have such a girl for a best counselor. This is such a time in your life." His next remark sounded strange even to his own ears. "Dan, suppose you try going to church. There may be something there that will help you. I don't know." He picked up the stack of waybills. "I've work to do now, find. Good-by."

Without question Dan grasped the one bit of advice that his friend offered. He began going to church, always sitting in a back seat, seldom attending the same place two Sundays in succession. The fact was that he did not feel at home. There was no loud, discordant singing, no hysterical shouting, no emotion-stirring prayers, such as he was used to at the meeting houses in the Cumberlands. Unless the preacher raved and waved and stamped the pulpit floor, he was not preaching, according to mountain ideals. Yet Dan persisted in his attendance, not knowing exactly why, but keeping true to Ferguson's counsel.

About the first of April, when the Bluegrass country had crossed the threshold of spring, the traveling auditor dropped into the local office.

"Well, Ferguson, how goes the hell-cat?" was his hearty inquiry. "Hasn't shot up the town or licked the police force yet, has he?"

"Worse than that," replied Ferguson. "Then he must have fallen in love?"

The agent nodded. "You played the very devil when you sent that mountain-wise, worldly-ignorant boy up here."

"Who's the woman?"

"Why, man, he hadn't been in town twenty-four hours when one of that Megowan crew crowded close, a shine to him. And now, twice a week, he goes calling on her."

The auditor was more amused than alarmed. "Well, what's the matter with that? Young blood will have its fling. You ask [illegible]."

"But you don't understand," interrupted Ferguson. "The girl's as much in love with Dan as he is with her; yet he hasn't the least suspicion of her real character. He looks on her as the acme of all that's pure and good, never dreaming that she is an inmate of one of the most notorious houses in town.

"Last Monday I asked him what church he went to the day before and what the sermon was about. 'Aw, hit weren't about nothin' much,' he said. 'The person he jest talked away about

women what had gone wrong and how the police ought to raid their pieces and drive 'em out o' town. Seems like every church I go to lately they have preachin' concarnin' the Social Evil, as they calls hit. The newspapers is full o' hit, too, when the fact is, Mister Ferguson, I ain't never so much as seen one o' these poor critters, much less had anything to do with 'em. Now what do you think of that?"

The auditor shook his head, puzzled. "The thing to do is for you to tell him the truth about the girl."

"Do you reckon I want to get killed?" "Stilled?"

"Yes, killed," repeated Ferguson. "For any man who tells Dan the truth does it at the risk of his life. No matter what the evidence, he wouldn't believe it unless he heard it from her own lips."

"Then I'll do it," suggested the auditor, half-heartedly, "since I was the one who sent him up into this country."

"No, you won't. You don't have horse sense as well as mule strength. He'll come out of it all right. I say, let him alone."

"Teen watch out for the crash," finished the auditor.

Soon the "crash" long in coming. Public sentiment, aroused over the flagrant violations of moral and civil law, had begun to demand the elimination of the vice district. From pulpit, press and collegiate rostrum came the persistent cry for a "clean-up" of the settlers' city. Ever sensitive to the indignation of a people vested with the right of franchise the official body, realizing the existence of such vicious conditions, then verbally condemned them, and, finally, under the pressure of political expediency, they ordered the police to close all houses of ill repute, raid the most notorious and arrest a sufficient number of the inmates to quiet the public clamor.

One balmy June day, with just enough warmth in the air to stimulate the red blood of a red hit summer girl, Lola and Dan stopped at the cashier's desk with a large box under his arm.

"Here, Boy," he said, removing the top of the box with unconcealed pride. "Ain't them beauties?"

"Why, they're fine," looked over at the mass of pink bloom embedded in layers of damp, green moss.

"Reckon you'd appreciate that I had sent me from down home." A faint blush shone beneath the tan of the hillman's mahogany cheeks. "Got a mind a-goin' to take 'em out to Lola tonight. Tomorrow's her birthday, and I sorta thought they'd please her better'n most anything. Ye see, she's took a reel fancy to my Cumberlands, so she says, 'cept from hearin' me talk so much about 'em."

With a touch of wistfulness, he added: "Say, Boy, do ye reckon a gal like her'd ever care to go and live amongst them hills?"

The cashier grunted. "That depends—— Whether she'd actually love——"

"She's massive jaw clanked and a telling blaze leaped from his steely eyes. His type were not given to arguing the whys and wherefores when confronted with a situation of this kind. He smashed out without warning and thru no fault of his own, he had been put on the defensive. Law and lawyers offered little to him. He came from a country where every man was his own sheriff, judge and jury.

Undisturbed, he turned to the frightened girl. "Don't be skairt, honey. I'll protect ye. Jest tell me whar that gun is ye took away from me that day."

Lola dumbly pointed to the bureau. Dan crossed the room and jerked open drawer after drawer until he found the weapon. For an instant he regarded its shiny black body with reminiscent tenderness. Then, grasping the butt firmly, he settled himself in the hillman's half-crouch before the bolted door, waiting.

"Are you going to open up and come out of there with that, woman, or do you want me to break in and get you?" bellowed the lieutenant.

"As long as that's a cartridge in this gun and a spark o' life in my body ye'll play hell breakin' in and gittin' us," retorted the mountaineer.

There was a hasty consultation among the police, then Larry ordered: "Use the axes, Tompkins. We'll soon put a stop to this bluffing."

A sinister chuckle came from the tightened lips of the mountaineer. He smelled war—and the scent was a delight to his nostrils. Within his hairy chest was an instinct older and mightier than the law of civilization—a force whose indiscriminate exercise had drenched his native hills with human blood and given an unjust synonym to the name of Brother Stark. It was the right of self-defense—the right to fight death with death.

Crash! Crash! Through six clove thru the thin panel just above the lock. The mountaineer coolly rested the revolver by the left-hand door jamb, arm, the forefinger of his right hand closing over the trigger with practiced deliberation.

Another blow of the ax, which shivered the upper hinge and opened a wide crack. Instantly the tense muscles of the crouching defender. He slightly raised the crooked elbow and aimed. Simultaneously the screech, the impact of a soft body against his own, and the steel-jacketed bullet buried itself in the human mass just above Lieutenant Larry's head.

"Don't, Danny, oh, don't!" cried Lola, frantically clutching at him. "Don't shoot again! It's all my fault! Wait—let me explain!"

Dan struggled to his feet, confused by the unexpected opposition. But to wrench the revolver from Lola's grasp before the police got to them.

"Don't move, woman!" he pleaded, still clinging to him. "Let them in; they've got a right to arrest me. It'll only make it worse for you to kill any of them. They'll get you anyway, and then they'll send you to the chair. It's all my fault, I tell you. Let me explain, Danny. They told the truth. I am a bad woman—more than bad, because I've made you believe that I was good. The police platoon entered thru the splintered door and surrounded the mountaineer.

"He stood there like a dead man," said Larry, when telling it to the express force. "All the color was gone from his face, and his eyes stared, looking backward instead of forward, when he stared down at the girl. Reckon? Why, I'd say he was as handling a kitten to put the bracelets over them big hands. He didn't make a move or utter a sound. On the girl kept holding on to him and crying and begging him to forgive her. But all he did was just keep on staring down at her, with that glassy expression that really wasn't an expression at all.

"I told Tompkins to take him down to the wagon with the rest. As they passed the vase of rhododendrons on the girl's washstand Dan stopped. His shoulders drooping a little lower. 'Gawd!' as if it was the last word that'd ever come from his lips. Then—and with something between a curse and a sob, he followed Tompkins down the stairs."

Ferguson talked to Larry; Larry talked to his chief; the chief talked to the bosses, and the bosses passed a hint on to the Judge and the city attorney. The result was that Dan and Lola were given light sentences and their names kept out of the papers.

Then one morning Dan came back to the office. With him he brought the worn, cloth-covered valise that had been his baggage when he arrived from the mountains. He was somewhat paler than his few weeks' confinement in the workhouse. The care-freedom of youth had left him; there were dark circles under his eyes, and he bore himself with the erectness of a man unafraid and unashamed; a man who had fought a good fight, believed his cause just, and who even in his humiliation had found honor.

"Mister Ferguson, I've come to git my time an' say good-by to you-all," he said, setting down his valise just inside the agent's private office.

"Get your time? Say good-by!" Ferguson was surprised. "Why, lad, where are you going?"

"Back to the mountings to drive the ole four-mule stage ag'in," Dan replied. "I reckon them hills is about the best place for a hillman."

Ferguson tried to dissuade him, telling him that no one held anything against him, that Lola had been exonerated, that, in fact, they admired him all the more for the part he had played. But the youth only shook his head and repeated:

"I reckon, sir, them hills is about the best place for a hillman."

There was only one question that Ferguson wanted to ask him, but consideration for the mountaineer's feelings held him back. At last Dan had said good-by to the rest of the force, however, and picked up his valise to go, the agent laid a kindly hand on his shoulder.

"Dan," he said. "Dan—what's to become of Lola? Isn't anything—that I, as your friend, can do for the girl now that you're going away?"

The mountaineer hesitated, and Ferguson commented on his features the triumph of a man who had looked into the eyes of life's most grave problem and found the answer.

"I'm obleeged to ye, sir, but I don't reckon that's anything much that ye can do for her." Dan paused, and the hard lines about his mouth softened into a wonderful smile. "She's 'round at the station waitin' for me now. Ye see, we've arranged it. The clerk's office this mornin', for better because we've knowed the worse. And so I'm takin' her back to the hills with me. Reckon I'll be more'n able to provide for a shoat. He—he was unworthy of you, sister!"

Miss Patience gasped, and the color invaded her cheeks once more. "You knew that all the time, Prudence?" she demanded fiercely.

"You didn't know it, Patience?"

"That he had another——"

"Wife already——"

"Why did you hide it from me if you knew?"

"I knew I couldn't hide it. That's why I dared not speak to you. That's why I kept the wretch's portrait."

"The same with me," cried the other hysterically. "I hated you for doing it. But I thought the blow would have killed you. You were such a delicate girl. And you were only thinking all the time of me."

"And you of me, Sister. I loved you; I was never jealous, only anxious for you."

"Sister!"

And the two old ladies wept in each others' arms, while Leslie sat by the bed, with all the thrill that a child experiences in the first unfolding of life.

When the doctor returned the next morning he found Miss Prudence out of bed, sweeping, and Miss Patience getting breakfast ready. He could not understand it.

But Leslie knew.

THE OLD MAIDS' CONSPIRACY

By George Munson

[Copyright.]

"TELL her," said Miss Prudence to the lawyer, "that I shall be glad to receive my niece, Leslie, under my roof and give her a mother's care, in the name of her father, my dear brother. In spite of family quarrels, my brother was dear to me. Now that his death has left his daughter penniless, I shall wish to do what is right."

Tell her," piped little Miss Patience, from the other side of the table, "that I am willing to assume the care of my niece's child, conditionally upon her recognizing me as her sole guardian."

"You might add," said Miss Prudence, "that, if she is obedient and disciplined, all my money will go to her at death."

"And," said Miss Patience, "I shall leave to her my property upon conditionally upon her obedience in all things."

The lawyer could hardly suppress a smile. Despite the fact that they were twin sisters, Miss Patience and Miss Prudence had not spoken to each other for thirty years.

They occupied two prim little villas, set side by side, each one within its prim little garden plot, each one closely clipped yews and rose trees. What their quarrel had been about in the beginning nobody knew; but it had continued to long ignore each other. Yet they were so much alike in appearance that each was frequently mistaken for the other.

"Ladies, this will never do," said the lawyer. "Your brother stipulated expressly that Leslie, his daughter, was to receive the equal guardianship of both of you. Some method must be arranged, for you will hardly wish to leave your niece to the mercies of the world."

"I am willing," said Miss Prudence, after a pause, "to assume the care of my niece from 9 a. m. in the morning till six in the evening."

"I am willing," said the other, "to assume the care of my niece from six in the evening till six in the morning."

"Better make it nine to nine, ladies. Six is an early hour for a child to rise."

In the end it was decided thus.

Leslie, when she arrived, proved the most adorable little creature either of the old ladies could have imagined. Eleven years old, she showed each of them equal love. At once the quarrel was faded under the showers of kisses that she bestowed on them; and, with a child's understanding she respected the lawyer's injunction not to speak to either of the other.

"What was the quarrel about, Mr. Cunningham?" she asked.

The lawyer hummed and hawed. "Why, I haven't any right to tell you, my dear," he said, "but—but I'm going to, because I knows, perhaps some good will come out of it," he added, to himself. "You see, when Miss Patience was a young woman, she was engaged to a Mr. Roper. I mention his name because he's dead now. And they would have been married, Miss Prudence was away then. When she came back Mr. Roper realised that he liked her sister better, and, being a man she resembled even more than she does today. And naturally the sisters quarreled.

"He felt it was his duty to marry Miss Patience, but she refused him. And Miss Prudence refused him too. That's all there is to it, my dear. Miss Patience thinks her sister stole her lover from her; Miss Prudence thinks she had to sacrifice her love because of her sister's jealousy." The man stood in their way.

Leslie was not long in discovering that a portrait of Roper hung in each boudoir of either sister. And from the first glance at the man Leslie knew that he was a villain. Her two aunts had been whom either of her aunts should have married. He was fat and common and beefy, and Leslie knew that he would have treated both the old ladies badly, if he could have married both, or either, if he could have married only one.

Punctually at nine, after breakfast, Leslie would leave the house of Miss Prudence and go to the house of Miss Patience. And at nine at night she would come back to Miss Patience, to sleep.

She was not long in discovering that the two singular old ladies were very fond of each other, in spite of their long quarrel, and each spoke of the other as if she had died.

"My dear sister Patience was the best of the family," said Miss Prudence, once. "It was a great blow to me when she passed out of my life."

"Prudence was a dashing girl," Miss Patience would say wistfully. "She had all the men at her feet. I missed her sorely."

This went on for several months. But one evening Leslie came running in to Miss Prudence. The doctor, she said, "Miss Prudence is ill; I think she is dying," she said.

"She died long ago," said Miss Patience.

"She wants you," wept Leslie. "She told me to ask you to come."

Miss Patience hesitated only a moment, and then she followed Leslie into her sister's house. The doctor arrived simultaneously. It was uncertain what had happened to Miss Prudence; it might be a stroke or only heart weakness. But there was no time to waste. Miss Patience sat beside the sick woman in silence for a long time, till Prudence opened her eyes.

"Sister," she said distinctly, addressing her for the first time, "when I am gone you are to read the papers in the drawer of my escritoire. I meant to burn them, but now I think you ought to know. You must forgive me for a shock. He—he was unworthy of you, sister!"

Miss Patience gasped, and the color invaded her cheeks once more. "You knew that all the time, Prudence?" she demanded fiercely.

"You didn't know it, Patience?"

"That he had another——"

"Wife already——"

"Why did you hide it from me if you knew?"

"I knew I couldn't hide it. That's why I dared not speak to you. That's why I kept the wretch's portrait."

"The same with me," cried the other hysterically. "I hated you for doing it. But I thought the blow would have killed you. You were such a delicate girl. And you were only thinking all the time of me."

"And you of me, Sister. I loved you; I was never jealous, only anxious for you."

"Sister!"

And the two old ladies wept in each others' arms, while Leslie sat by the bed, with all the thrill that a child experiences in the first unfolding of life.

When the doctor returned the next morning he found Miss Prudence out of bed, sweeping, and Miss Patience getting breakfast ready. He could not understand it.

But Leslie knew.

The Old Detective Heeds His Country's Call and Brings Help to the Harassed Secret Service

Milk and a Heel of Bread

By Marvin Moore

Then With a Little Moan, Her Fingers Opened, and the Automatic Clattered to the Floor.

His Fingers Fastened Themselves About the Windpipe of Adolph With Torturing Tenacity.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

THOMAS KIRK, walking sedately past the Chicago city jail, suddenly felt an amazing thump upon his head and a hard object, coming off the dented derby hat now jammed upon his ears, fell at his feet and rolled into the gutter.

Back in the heydey of Kirk's career as a Government secret service agent, before he had yielded to his wife's pleadings and retired, he had laid several hundred law-breaking individuals by the heels and, with the thought that perhaps one of them had seized this moment to get even, he leaped to the foot of the stone wall towering above him, got his back against it, swept the hat from his head and doubled up his fists—all in a few seconds and with an agility surprising in one of more than fifty years.

Then as his glance swept the block in both directions and found it empty, he laughed sheepishly, his fists relaxed and he stooped to retrieve his hat, even as his eyes began searching for the missile which had hit him. In a puddle of water in the gutter he found it—an end of a loaf of bread. It is no unusual thing for a prisoner, rebelling at a diet of bread and water, to hurl it from the window of his cell. So, chuckling at his alarm and dismissing the incident from mind, Kirk resumed his walk toward the loop.

Had he chanced to look back, however, he would have seen a slim, girlish figure dart from a doorway across the street, pounce upon the bread and, unmindful of its wet and muddy condition, thrust it under a capacious loose coat, then hurry to the corner, turn west a block to Clark street and join the throng making its way north.

But Kirk did not turn. Proceeding straight south to the Federal Building, presently he entered an office on the sixth floor and engaged in mild altercation with a harried looking youth who barred the way within a railing.

"But I tell you, Mr. Clayton is busy and will see no one," he protested as Kirk pushed gently but firmly upon the swinging gate.

"Tut, tut, son," reproved the former secret service man. "Once it would not have been necessary for Tom Kirk to stand around begging admission into this office. Now you run along and tell Clayton I'm here and impatient to see him and find he isn't half so busy as you seem to think."

"Kirk," echoed the youth. "Are you Tom Kirk, the Tom Kirk who——"

"Some one has been telling you tales, son. Don't believe half of them. Do I get to see the chief, or not?"

The gate swung open quickly.

"You do," said the young man. "Just a minute and I'll tell him you're here." He was back in half that time. "Come right on in," he invited, and from the inner office a welcoming voice chipped in: "Yes, come on in, Tom. It's been long enough since I cast my eyes upon you."

Kirk, closing the door behind him, shook hands heartily and sank into a proffered chair.

"You look as if you hadn't been sleeping well," he said as his eyes critically took in the careworn, worried face of the man at the big roll top desk. "Keeping you busy, eh?"

"Busy!" Clayton's laugh was hollow and his voice was that of a very tired man. "The well-known and oft-mentioned merchant who deals in cranberries was a gentleman of leisure compared to me, what with rounding up spies and slackers and pacifists and agitators and others of their kind. And I haven't half enough men, even with the one thousand and one volunteers who have tendered their services since we got into this war."

"So I was thinking. So I was thinking." Thomas Kirk's eyes twinkled. "And being as I was a little bit too old to be drafted and the recruiting officers would poke fun at me if I tried to enlist, I was wondering if——"

"Tom! You don't mean——"

"I was wondering if you had anything that volunteer one thousand and two could do as his bit toward handing it good and plenty to his majesty in Berlin," concluded Kirk.

"Have I?" Clayton shot from his chair and smothered one of Kirk's hands in both of his own. "Have I? Tom, if I hadn't felt that you might consider yourself a little too old to mix in the game again I would have been on my knees to you ages ago."

"Too old!" An indignant snort accompanied the words. "If Uncle Sam didn't need you too much, young fellow, I'd mop up the floor with you for that! Say, that stuff! Look at my shoulders—for a cane and my nose never has felt the weight of a pair of specs and I've taken a five-mile walk every day since I retired and played golf besides. Clayton, you're on, and don't forget when a man can shoulder a rifle and go into the trenches, but otherwise I'm 'in the pink,' as the boys in the Army call it. I wouldn't be here if I felt I was a doddering old has-been. Now show me some of that work you want done."

For half an hour their heads were close together, Clayton talking, Kirk listening with only an occasional question.

"So that's the thing in a nutshell, Tom," concluded the chief of the Chicago Government bureau of investigation. "We've got the jail crammed full of men whose liberty would be a menace to the Government. We've taken every precaution to keep them from receiving or sending messages to the outside and they've gone right on in spite of us. We know that there is an organization inimical to the Government right here in the city and that a master-mind is directing it. It is a safe bet that we have some of its leaders in jail now. In questioning them necessarily we have had to show our hand partly and invariably prompt steps have been taken to foil our every move. The information could be passed on from only two sources—the men we have questioned. It can't be any of my men who is doing it, so it must be the others. We've got a stool pigeon in the jail, we've put our own men in as guards, we've refused to permit any visitors and still they hold the upper hand."

"Whom do you suspect?"

"Most of all a fellow who claims he was born in Holland, Jan Smuls, he says his name is. Swears he belongs to a wealthy Dutch family and is merely traveling for pleasure. Clever as the deuce, too. Thinks like a flash and evades every leading question. He's perfectly willing to talk, but he doesn't tell us anything. And he never contradicts himself. I believe if we could scratch deep enough under his hide we'd find he was a German."

"You've investigated his story on the Dutch end?"

"Of course. And there really is a Jan Smuls and he is traveling somewhere, but over in Amsterdam the family says no word has been received from him in some months. He was in South America then and about to sail for the United States."

"How do you happen to have this fellow in jail, then?"

"He's been under surveillance for several months. Something he did out on the Pacific coast aroused the suspicions of a secret service man and a shadow was put on him. We've trailed him all over the country and we've failed to get anything on him. Yet his visit to a city always is the signal for trouble of some kind for the Government. Out on the coast it was a strike of shipbuilders, in Colorado and Oklahoma an outbreak of labor troubles fomented by the I. W. W., in Kansas city a fire that virtually destroyed the stockyards, and everywhere a fire or an explosion that damaged a plant working on Government contracts."

"Surely if he had any connection with these things your man who has been shadowing him would have picked up a clew somewhere."

"Sarcasm won't help matters, Tom. In fact, he told me so and proved it by recounting some of the things our man had done, whenever it got ready, Smuls merely disappeared and bobbed up again in some other city hundreds of miles away. He must be directing the time when we weren't dogging his every footstep he arranged for all the devilry of which we believe he is the instigator. I believe he is the only one with brains enough to pierce our defenses and get those messages out of jail. If you can get the goods on Smuls, or whoever is doing it, every man in this bureau will take off his hat to you."

"But you haven't told me yet why you locked him up."

"I'm coming to that. Smuls came to Chicago about two weeks ago and every hour of the day and night we had him watched. He put up at a good hotel, went to the opera and the theater, took in all the show places of the city and generally acted just like you would expect a visitor to act. Then, about a week ago my men raided an I. W. W. meeting and Smuls was one of the birds they bagged. His attorney was the most astonished man in the world. He swears he saw Smuls enter his room and that he never left it again, at least not thru the front door."

"What does Smuls say?"

"He swears just as positively that he was in his room only long enough to change his collar and that then he came out again for a stroll and that he merely happened into the I. W. W. hall to see what all the loud speaking was about a few minutes before it was raided."

"Yet you are holding him?"

"Yes. I'm morally certain he is dangerous to the Government even if I haven't the proof. I'd rather keep an innocent man in jail for a while than to let a possibly guilty one run loose. And Smuls stays in jail until I prove he is either what he says or what I suspect.

"He's in a cell on the third floor in the northeast corner of the jail," continued Clayton after a pause. "We investigated the possibility that he might be signaling to some one outside and it didn't pan out. Smuls has a habit of standing at the window looking out over the roof tops near by and I've had a man with a spyglass in the cell below him trying to catch some one making signals, but to no use. Then the walls are thick, about two feet, and Smuls can't see very far except straight ahead. Besides, he doesn't make any signals when he's standing there. Of that I am positive. No, there must be some other explanation. Now I've told you everything about him except one thing. Right off the reel he complained of stomach trouble and said he didn't care for anything except milk and bread and he asked that the loaves be brought to him whole, as he had a belief that cutting it with a knife spoiled the taste. No," as Kirk suddenly became more interested, "he doesn't get any messages in the bread. We thought of that. The bread is delivered several dozen loaves at a time and there would be no way of determining in advance which loaf would go to Smuls. There couldn't be the same message in every loaf. You'll have to look elsewhere."

But Tom Kirk, fingering the dented derby hat in his lap and with the memory of a piece of bread hurtling from a jail window upon his head a scant hour before, was not so certain. He did not mention the incident, however, as a group of men filed into the office and Clayton, telephone me at the house," he said, "I suppose it will be all right to stick my old badge under my coat?"

Clayton nodded.

"Seeing it recall a hunch that the old badge always brought you luck on a case," he said, smiling. "Let us hope so in this case. Well, good-by, Tom, and good luck." He wrung the veteran's hand and his voice already had lost some of the old strain.

Back upon Dearborn street, Kirk retraced his steps of a short time before until once more he stood in the shadow of the jail. He examined the gutter and the pavement the entire length of the block, but what he sought—the piece of bread which had hit him—was gone.

"I wonder now," he said to himself. "A dog might have come along and carried it off. In that case there would be tracks in the mud." He bent to examine the place where last he had seen the bread. "Ah, tracks all right. But not those of a dog. The imprint of a woman's shoe. It's always a woman when other things fail. Funny Clayton didn't think of it."

That night, after supper, in the cozy little third floor apartment where he and his wife lived, Kirk, wearily but with a new light in his eyes, hurried in and, while he rummaged in an old trunk, heard his wife speaking.

"Tom," she said, "it's been a long time since I heard you whistle quite so cheerfully."

"Yes," noncommittally.

"Tom." Her voice had a new ring in it and Kirk straightened up the better to listen. "Do you remember a promise you made me once eight five years ago?"

"The night I——"

"Yes, the night you captured Angelo's gang and came home with a bullet thru the shoulder and I made you say you would resign so that I needn't ever wonder each time you were and worry whether you were safe?"

"I remember, Mollie."

"Well, our country is at war now and today it came over me that we have no son to give and if our country needs you I can do my bit by releasing you from that promise until the Kaiser is licked. And Tom, if you are mussing up the other things in that trunk to find your badge and revolver you might as well quit. I put them on the mantel in here today when Mr. Clayton telephoned to tell me

he had accepted your help, but that he would not insist if it objected."

"I was going to tell you in a minute, Mollie."

"I knew you were, Tom, but I was trying to make it easier for you," and she smiled quite girlishly as he came striding into the room and kissed her heartily, but tenderly.

* * * * * *

It is customary in the Chicago jail to feed all prisoners twice a day—at 8 o'clock in the morning and 4 o'clock in the afternoon. Tom Kirk, standing midway the next block about the time the prisoners were eating their morning meal the next day, kept a keen eye fixed upon the sidewalk about where he had been walking when the bread had descended upon his head the previous day. Half an hour, an hour, two, passed, but the incident was not repeated. Neither did anything occur during the rest of the day, nor the next morning.

"Perhaps I am an old fool and that piece of bread which hit me had absolutely no significance," pondered the old detective as the day wore on. He was half-tempted to seek the nearest telephone, call up Clayton and confess that he had wasted two whole days on the strength of nothing better than an "inward hunch" that a certain piece of bread, thrown from a jail window, centered the mystery of the messages. But, lastly—once more on the trail—he was on the wrong trail, he kept his eyes on the windows of Smulz's cell and the stretch of sidewalk immediately below them. Therefore he very quickly saw an object which sailed out of one of the windows and plummeted to the pavement. Also this time he saw the slim, Grecian figure pounce upon it, hide it under a tanned coat and hasten toward Clark street.

When she caught a northbound car on Clark street—a few minutes later—the old secret service man was at her heels. As she tendered her fare to the conductor Kirk made a surprising discovery that the fingers holding the coin were surprisingly well kept, that her complexion was splendid, that her hair coiffed beneath a frowsy hat—all in contrast to the unkempt clothes she wore.

He again was surprised when, at the corner where he alighted, the girl came to on his own home, the girl descended. At a respectful distance he followed and saw her turn down the walk that led alongside the apartment building in which he lived. As she turned her head for a swift glance back she remembered that from the back windows of his apartment a view of the alley might be obtained and, lengthening his stride, he hitself into the building, raced up the stairway and reached a kitchen window in time to hear there a gate slam half-way down the block, behind a combined saloon and rooming house.

Half an hour later, still on guard at the window, he saw her emerge—a dressed woman in a tailor-made blue suit and snappy hat, followed by a man who had been waiting at the other end from that by which she had entered it. Rightly supposing that the woman's board was paid in advance, Kirk hurried to the corner a block above her—and was just in time to see her catch a car. A passing taxi he stopped with a jerk at his upraised finger.

"Follow that street car," commanded the detective as he jumped in, and they were off.

The woman in blue left the street car when it reached the loop and Kirk, dismissing the taxi, followed her to the foot of the Whitecrock Hotel, the most sumptuous hostelry in the city. At the main entrance to this edifice a key clerk took an elevator up. For the moment the clerk was idle and Kirk approached him, flashed the detective's badge and threw back his coat to exhibit the eagle-surmounted shield of a Government secret service man.

"The woman in blue who just got a key," he said in a low tone. "The number of her room?"

"Three-sixteen, sir," was the prompt reply.

"What name, Mrs. R. C. Williams. She has been here several weeks."

"Thanks, that is all." And Kirk left the hotel.

In the privacy of his own home he telephoned Clayton. Had Shulz stopped at the Whitecrock Hotel while in Chicago? He had, in room 416, said the secret service chief. And, moreover, he had left after his interest that the room be kept for him and had paid up for a month in advance. Yes, the room had been searched, but nothing that had any bearing on the Government's suspicions had been found.

"Have you learned anything, Tom?" Clayton's voice was anxious.

"A little, old man," Kirk replied. "Not enough, however, to chat. I'll let you know as soon as I have anything worth while." And with this Clayton perforce was content and hung up.

Under cover of darkness that night Kirk cautiously made his way thru the gate the woman twice had used during the day, mounted the steps of the rooming house with catlike tread and investigated the window of each room in turn. A carelessly pulled down curtain enabled him to see fairly well into a room on the second floor.

Two men sat at a table, one in plain sight, the other partly concealed by an angle of the wall, so that only his hands and that part of his body under the table were visible to the detective outside. The latter was talking:

"I'm getting so I don't like the looks of this job, Adolph," he said. "You are sure it isn't liable to land me in jail?"

Adolph sneered.

"You are needlessly alarmed, my friend," he replied. He was short, heavy set, close cropped of head and mustache, thick featured, and his English, while good, bore a markedly Teutonic accent. "Your part is very simple."

"I did. Here's the paper." He flipped it onto the table and Adolph, satisfying himself as to its contents, tore it into minute pieces.

"Mina ain't around?" The other man asked the question.

"Once more, my friend, I warn you that the fewer questions you ask the better for you. You are well paid—to do as you are told, not to ask questions."

"Yeh, you're treating me good enough as far as that goes, but I'm not sure that you are telling me the truth. I tell you I don't like the looks of things. You look like a foreigner to me, and it's mighty healthy to be doing business with German these days. If this little job has anything to do with the sinking of submarines the pond count me out. I'm an American, I am, and I don't do anything against the flag—get me?"

Adolph sprang to his feet, brows contracted, face frowning. His fist doubled up as if he would deal the speaker a full-tilt into the face of the man across the table. Evidently, however, he thought better of it and slowly followed his rage and resumed his seat. His voice when he spoke again was conciliating.

"Must I tell you again that our little affair is of no concern to the Government of the United States? I am not, "I am of Holland, not Germany. I have a friend who is—shall we say, detained. For certain reasons I cannot appear in him in the jail. Yet I have matters of which he must know. I am not able to communicate with him in the usual

Color Cutouts for the Youngsters

WE PROMISED last week that we would have an interesting feature for the children this week in the form of colored cutouts. The first of these will be found in this issue on Page 28. The subject is one that appeals more to the young people than any of the many which the war has produced. It is a fighting airplane. To the grownups who may be rather vague as to how these weapons of the air look, it will be instructive to paste one of this cutout in their scrapbooks and, amusing as well, even if there are no small children in the family. The second cutout, to appear next week, will be one of the tanks which just now are cutting such an important figure on the battlefields of Europe.

Daylight, therefore, found him shadowing the rooming house and, as he had shrewdly surmised, when Adolph emerged during the forenoon it was by way of the front door. The quarry chose to walk, and the detective trailed him half a block behind. As Adolph's steps turned in the direction of the city jail, Kirk's heart beat high. He wondered if he were about to solve the second half of the problem by discovering how messages were being sent into the jail. He was certain that he was on the right track when Adolph turned in to a building directly across the street from the jail and facing the side on which Smulz's cell was situated.

Even as Kirk loitered while he debated with himself whether he could follow with impunity, his man popped out again—but this time alone—from the time he had entered. Kirk knew that building and he knew that Adolph at best had gone no further than the elevator. If, as Kirk surmised, the building played a part in the sending of messages to Smulz, then it housed an accomplice of Adolph—in other words, the man who had been in conference with him. It remained to find that man among the scores of persons, tenants and employes, who thronged the building during the day. Lacking the powerful needle in a haystack, and as he mechanically took up the trail again Kirk decided that the outside of the building offered him the best chance of detecting the aid at work.

Meaning Adolph to be steadily keeping on in the direction of the loop, Evidently he had some very definite destination in mind, Kirk was somewhat surprised when he turned in at a theater and thru the window could be seen dealing with the ticket seller. The entrance huge signs of canvas heralded a grand opera war benefit that night.

In the lobby of the theater the door Adolph passed, took from his pocket two envelopes, dropped a ticket in each and dropped the envelopes in the nearest mail box. Then he boarded a car and, guessing that the man was bound back for his room, let him go and made his way back to the jail to take up the vigil that this time centered not about the building of stone walls and iron bars, but the structure across the street. From a corner window of the latter directly under the windows of Smulz's cell his keen eyes swept the building opposite. With the aspect of a puzzle to the problem absorbing him. There was only one sign of life—a window washer, energetically at work on the outside ledge of a fourth story window. The man was not using the regulation safety belt, but was attached to the sides of the window casing and Kirk, as he watched him, fretted at the thought that a slip would be fatal, being dashed to death on the sidewalk below if his foot slipped.

Kirk's eyes, roving from cell side, suddenly became conscious of two things. The window at which the red-headed washer was at work already showed signs of having been cleaned more than any before. Also the man was going about his work in a peculiar way.

Ordinarily, after taking a rag to clean windows rubs it swiftly in circles until the entire surface of the pane has been covered. This window washer, however, seemed to confine his efforts to the side of the glass away from his body, moving the cloth in the rag moved slowly up and down with a sweeping motion, coming to rest when pointed straight downward, returning it to a horizontal position at right angles to the window washer's body, then either to the same upright position or dropping to the man's side.

Kirk was familiar to a certain extent with code systems used in the Army and Navy, and made with the arms or a single flag, and he rapidly applied this knowledge to the window washer's motions. To the best of his knowledge, however, there was no very definite letter or figure being made. Positive, nevertheless, that he had stumbled on the thing that had taxed the best brains of the secret service, he maintained his watch until the window washer suddenly broke off his eccentric motions, gave the pane a dozen or more regulation circular swipes and re-entered the window.

The detective at once made up his mind that he would visit the office where the man had been at work and, under some pretext, remain in it long enough to size up its tenant. When he made his way to the fourth door, however, he found the door locked. Chancing to meet a janitor in the hall, Kirk inquired who occupied the office.

"It's been empty for some weeks, sir," said the man respectfully. "Were you thinking of renting it? I could show it to you."

"I wouldn't mind looking at it," returned the detective. Inside the room he took a rapid survey, then walked to the window and, with his back to the janitor, headed man working and looked out.

It was on a direct level with Smulz's cell and in plain view of its one barred window.

Positive now that he had stumbled on the place from which the messages were being sent to the prisoner, the method and the man who was doing it, Kirk thanked the janitor and left the building. When the red-headed one emerged from the employes' entrance and started north on the bustling street at a swift, rolling gait, Kirk was at his heels.

Block after block the man kept straight ahead at a distance devouring pace, with Kirk a short distance behind. At the entrance to Lincoln Park the window washer slackened his pace, cast a furtive glance or two behind him, then resumed his walk thru the park as far as Center street, where he emerged on Clark street and a few minutes later disappeared behind the swinging doors of the saloon under the rooming house where Shulz lived.

Kirk followed after a moment or two. Half a dozen men were at the bar drinking, but of the red-headed one he had disappeared. The sound of feet ascending a stairway beyond the wall was conclusive evidence of the fact. To that end his task was ended. Purchasing a cigar from the surly bartender, he hurried out and thru the door at the rear of the building. There was no light, however, in Adolph's quarters and Kirk went to his own room to find a silent note had returned to his vigil. It was in vain, however, for even after he had ascended the stairs to the third floor the window he was unable to see any one. Adolph evidently was out for the evening and the red-headed one had departed.

* * * * * *

An astounded city read in the morning papers that an attempt to explode a bomb in the midst of a large audience attending the grand opera benefit had been frustrated thru the presence of mind of a city detective who grabbed the dangerous thing, snatched out the fuse, sputtering a scant inch away from the explosive, and had ground it under his heel.

Kirk, immediately suspecting that he could lay his hands on all those of the men responsible, read hastily thru the description of the panic which had been averted during the opening aria when Orchestra leader had ordered his men to strike up "The Star-Spangled Banner," had signalled the singers to join in the chorus and stand. It had thus had induced the audience to rise to its feet and in its patriotic enthusiasm to overlook the intermission.

"The police believe the bomb was placed by a crank," said the paper. "The police and detectives are interrogated. They have joined hands to locate the persons who sat in seats J-11 and J-12 at the left of the aisle. It was under the seat that the bomb was placed. The seat, it was said by others near by, had been occupied by a lady and gentleman who had risen and left a few seconds before the bomb was discovered. The seat next to him was occupied by a young, handsome woman, attired in a neatly tailored blue suit and small hat, trimmed in gold. Immediately after the fuse was put out the two left the theater together."

Kirk recognized the woman's description. Undoubtedly she was the same he had followed to the rooming house and later to the hotel. If she were mixed up in this affair then Adolph, and certainly Smulz, had a hand in it. The tall, gray-haired man who had sat next to her he had no way of knowing, as their backs had been turned to him the whole time. Suspicion, however, that he also was in some way mixed up in it and that to him and the woman Adolph had mailed the opera tickets he had purchased. As soon as he had finished his breakfast Kirk called up Clayton's office. The chief himself answered.

"Been up all night on this bomb case," he explained in his early morning voice at his desk. "I suppose you have read the morning papers?"

"Yeah," the old detective. "Any line on it?"

"We have the man under surveillance," was the reply. "In fact, one of my men trailed him to the place last night. Anderson's his name. He's a crack-brained pacifist who has been a little too free with his mouth and we've been watching him. Left the opera a few minutes before the excitement, answers the description perfectly and I'll bet you set the bomb, and kill we are waiting for before arresting him is for him to lead us to the woman."

"I can do that," said Kirk. He chuckled as over the wire he heard Clayton's astonished, "The devil you can," and went on: "I want you to hold off arresting her for a few hours, perhaps a day or two, and I'll have my own

case cleaned up and put you next to the person really behind this bomb affair."

"Smutz, of course," elaculated Clayton.

"Of course. In the meanwhile you might put a man to watch Mrs. Williams, as she calls herself, in Room 318 at the Whitecock. She's your woman."

"I'll take your word for it, Tom, and instead of one man I'll set two to watching her." And Clayton hung up.

When Kirk after spending the following house all day in vain, resumed his post in the alley behind it that night he was gratified to see that a light was burning in Adolph's room. Before he could climb the steps the shade had been drawn tight. It was up to Kirk to find a new vantage point from which to see or hear what went on inside and he promptly tried the back door, found it unlocked, and stepped into the hallway running the length of the building. For a moment he pondered his chances of evading detection if some one happened to step out of one of the other rooms into the hall, then he knelt swiftly at the base of Adolph's door.

Kirk recognized the voice of the red-headed window washer.

"I'm off the job. Keeps this time," he was saying. "I've passed in the last message to your friend in jail. There was an old dunk on the other walk across the street yesterday and he seemed to be watching me. He looked like a 'dick' to me. I'm taking afterward in the hall of the building and I come here last night to tell you, but you wasn't here."

"Didn't you look to see if he followed you?" there was a slur in Adolph's voice.

"Sure I looked, but I didn't see him. Then what are you worried over?"

"He might followed me anyhow. Them 'dicks' is wise birds, at that. I ain't takin' no chances of going to jail, not even for as good money as you pay me. Hand over that ten spot you owe me for the last trick and I'll be going."

"You're foolish." Adolph spoke ingratiatingly. "Soft money like this don't to be picked up every day, and there's no danger. Besides, I haven't the money with me. Tomorrow if you wish to quit I'll pay you, we'll shake hands and that will be the end of it."

The window washer sneered.

"Tomorrow? Yeh, I'd come tomorrow and you'd be gone and not ten apple for me. You pay me before I leave this room."

"You fool! I'll throw you out of the room."

"I'll stick my knife in your ribs if you try it. I know your mind. Better think it over."

"I tell you I haven't the money with me. If you won't leave, why, you can accept an extra bed I have and tomorrow we'll go to the bank together and get the money. And I'll add an extra five hundred marks for your trouble."

"Another day here, but I don't go to sleep in the same room with you. I never wake up."

There was a sound of a chair being pushed back sharply, then Kirk thought could reply there was the sound of sharp rapping, evidently upon the porch window.

"Somebody's out there," the window washer said. "I'm going, after all."

"Sit down," Adolph spoke sharply. Kirk heard him walk across the room and draw the window shade. Then he spoke again. "It was nothing. The wind, perhaps." Something in the tone of his voice warned Kirk. He had risen quickly to his feet and was moving quietly toward the door to the porch. At the lock of the room behind him there was sudden fumbling and the door was thrown open. Kirk saw Adolph's head in front of him and stepped thru the door. Then he abruptly fell back.

A long, slender arm was pointing at him out of the darkness and he gazed into the squat, ugly nose of an automatic pistol.

"Please do not hurry," said a soft, musical voice. And into the light from the hall lamp stepped the blonde woman in the dress.

"What is it, Mina?" asked Adolph's voice behind Kirk. As the old detective turned he caught a glimpse over the head of the window washer framed in the doorway of Adolph's room.

The old "dick," gasped the red-headed one.

"Bring him in," said Adolph, and led the way. The girl with the gun kept pace with the automatic almost touching the back of the detective's neck.

Kirk accepted the situation with a shrug. Inside the room he coolly appropriated a chair, sat down and crossed his legs. Adolph stood over him glaring; the window washer, a look of fell and wide of eye, had flopped down upon the bed; the woman, toying with the pistol in her hand, regarded the detective contemplatively.

"Well?" inquired Kirk when the silence began to grow oppressive.

"I know you now," said the woman at last. "I saw you on the street car with me the other day. You live around the corner in an apartment. What land who are you?"

"He's a detective," burst out the window washer. "He was watching me from across the street the other day when I—"

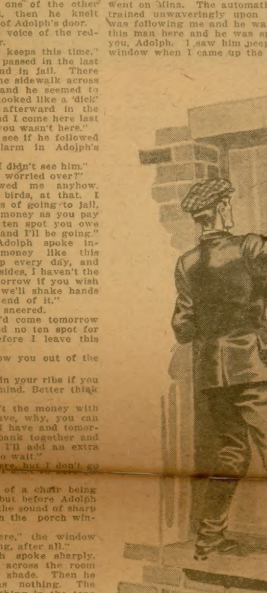
"Shut up!" said Adolph. "Your tongue is running loose with you. I will soon find out who he is." Promptly he seized the lapels of Kirk's coat to jerk him to his feet and in so doing brought to view the eagle-surmounted shield of the secret service.

"Gott, so you are a detective, a Government man!" ejaculated the man. The window washer leaped to his feet. His lips were chalky white, his knees trembled.

"My Gawd!" The cry broke from his lips. Then rage and terror mingled and he turned upon Adolph. "You liar! You d—d German! You told me it wasn't anything connected with the Government. You have made me work against my own Government. A Government detective!" His words died away and he sank back upon the bed.

Mina was the first to recover.

"Cowards!" Her whip-like voice, steeped in scorn, seemed to act like a stimulant upon Adolph. He took his hands from Kirk's lapels and stepped back. "This fellow knows too much," went on Mina. The automatic still was trained unwaveringly upon Kirk. "He was following me and he was watching this man here and he was spying upon you, Adolph. I saw him peeping in the window when I came up the steps, then



There Was Only One Sign of Life—a Window-washer Energetically at Work on the Outside Ledge of a Fourth-story Window.

I saw him go in the hall, and as soon as I could I rapped upon the window to attract your attention. Then he came boldly out the door and I stopped him. The him up, Adolph, and we will decide what to do with him."

"They have a saying in this country that dead men tell no tales," replied Adolph as he moved toward a trunk in the corner, evidently to get a rope thrown carelessly upon its top. He paused for a moment and fixed a speculative eye upon the window washer. "As for our friend here, we no longer have any use for him, either, go—"

"No!" The word shot from the window washer's mouth. "I'm done. You've tricked me once, but now—" With the word he leaped upon Mina, seized the wrist of the hand which held the automatic and bent it until the muzzle of the weapon pointed to the floor. Adolph whirled and sprang to her aid. Instantly Kirk was upon his feet, the revolver which a moment before had reposed in his hip pocket now in his hand.

"Stop!" he thundered, and Adolph halted in his headlong rush to the side of the woman. Promptly he turned upon the detective, then, carefully measuring the distance between them, leaped upon him and clinched. In the struggle which ensued Kirk lost his weapon and reached for the throat of his antagonist. Kirk's years were not few, but his muscles were like steel, and his fingers fastened themselves about the windpipe of Adolph with torturing tenacity. Gasping while his arms flailed the arm impotently, the man sank to his knees. Kirk's grasp relaxed and he pounced upon his revolver and covered his foe. Adolph rose slowly and stood pulling at his collar. Thus the two men watched the struggle between Mina and the window washer. The woman, fighting tigerishly to retain her pistol, was being driven slowly to the wall. Her teeth bit into her lips as she strove to keep back the sickening pain shooting thru her arm as the window washer twisted and tugged upon her wrist. Then with a little moan her fingers opened, the automatic clattered to the floor and she sank down in a little huddled heap. The window washer dove for the weapon and Kirk spoke sharply.

"Let it alone," he commanded and the window washer straightened up. "Now kick it over to me," and as the red-headed man complied the detective put his foot upon the automatic.

"You're the boss," said the window washer. "But I want you to remember that they tricked me into this and that I am an American, thank God, and that if you need my help now I am ready to give it."

"I believe it," said Kirk. "I overheard you say so before and your actions just now prove it. First, tie up our fat friend here. You know how?"

"Leave it to me. I am a sailor. If this d—d German can get out of any knots I tie him into I'll eat the rope. Come here." He seized the rope from the trunk and motioned Adolph into a chair. For a moment the German hesitated. He measured the distance between himself and the old detective and saw that he would not have a chance if he tried to bridge it in one desperate leap. Then he slowly sat down. With an expert hand the red-headed man knotted him securely.

"Her next?" he inquired as he nodded toward Mina. Kirk shook his head.

"Keep your eye on her," he commanded. "I want to search Adolph. Turn about is fair play, you know," he said, addressing the captive. Hate shone in Adolph's eyes, but he did not deign to reply. He writhed in his bonds, however, as Kirk set about methodically removing the contents of his pockets and laying them upon the table. The detective grinned as he came upon a pocketbook, well stuffed with papers.

"Ah!" as he brought to light two little squares of paper. They advertised a well-known brand of bread and on the back of each in minute charred letters were traced words. "Bomb. Opera. To-morrow. Use Lawson," read the detective aloud, and in his voice there was satisfaction. "So, we have the evidence that involves you and our friend down in jail, as well as Mina, eh? Oh, I know all about the trick of sending the messages by means of bread," he continued as he detected the surprise in Adolph's face. Mina still sat upon the floor, her shoulders shaking as she sobbed softly. He turned upon her. "So it was you who set men at Lawson at the opera. You, a woman, were willing to help blow up a building full of people. Why?"

"Because I love him and he told me to." The words were muffled in the arms covering her face.

"Love him? Who? Adolph?"

Mina's head shot up, revealing a tear-stained, woebegone face. It blazed with anger. "Adolph? That fat pig? No." The words were accorpful, hissed. "I hate him. It is Jan I love. You see, he is my husband."

Kirk whistled.

"Your husband?" he echoed. "And do you know who he is, and what he is?"

"I tell him nothing, Mina. Tell him nothing." Adolph blurted out the words, half-commanding, half-entreating. The woman had risen to her feet and now she came to the table, on the other side from the detective. Both her hands were upon the table as she bent over until her face was on a level with that of Thomas Kirk. Intent upon the other papers taken from Adolph's wallet even as he had been talking to her.

"If I tell you what I can will it make it any easier on him—on Jan?" she asked. Kirk looked up, surprised by the query, trying to fathom what was going on in her mind.

"That as not for me to say," he began, just as a shrill whistle—once, twice, three times—sounded on the porch just outside the window.

"Watch out!" came in warning cry from the window washer. He was too late. The girl's right hand had been edging slowly toward the revolver which Kirk had laid upon the table, the better of the stratagem he had taken from the German. Now she whirled with it in her hand. A well directed kick sent her own automatic, still lying on the floor, under the bed. Swiftly she ran to the window, the weapon in her hand holding at bay the detective and the window washer.

"Jan, don't come in," screamed Mina. "It's a trap! It's a trap!"

In answer the window behind her crashed in, the door was burst open and half a dozen men, Clayton at their head, came tumbling into the room. Mina's fingers had relaxed and the revolver slowly slid from her grasp and fell to the floor. On either side of her stood a Government secret service man.

"Clayton, Smutz is free," cried Kirk. "He whistled outside a moment ago and the woman screamed to warn him."

Coolly the chief of the secret service took out his watch.

"Just about now Smutz, or to give him his right name, Capt. Friederick von Birtel of the Imperial German Navy, is in a cell at Joliet penitentiary," he said. "He was caught trying to escape from his cell tonight and I had him taken to Joliet late tonight. The whistle you this room. I have been standing outside watching the enactment of your little drama in here. You see, this lady has been under surveillance ever since you put me on her trail and when my men shadowed her here I came along on the off chance that there might be interesting documents you would not be able to handle alone."

"And thankful I am that you did," said Kirk. "It was stupid of me to let her get the drop on me like I did. But she had me baffled with her talk of telling what she knew."

"In case you are interested," continued the chief, "the person you have so nicely trapped here is Lieutenant Adolph Bremerman, also of the Imperial German Navy and lately second in command to Count Von Bernstorff and the interned German raider, Bismarck. The real Smutz was on a ship the Bismarck sank and had the captain's name and papers. Escaped from one of Uncle Sam's prison camps down in Georgia, both of them, and here's pictures today. And the chances are they'll go back to the camp, after all. I've got only a few more links to forge in a chain of evidence and we'll send them on the road for a nice little stretch. Arson and inciting riots and attempted murder and a few other little charges, including the affair of the bomb the other night."

"Yes, I can help you out on the bomb case," broke in Kirk. He extended the bread label with its sinister message. "And there is the solution of the messages that came from the jail. I became suspicious when you mentioned the fact that bread was only fresh and milk." He went on to tell of the incident when the heel of bread fell upon his unsuspecting knee and of what that ate a clew, he had solved the puzzle. "You see, milk is an excellent substitute for ink," he continued. "The captain used a match to write his message upon the label with milk. Then he pasted the label back upon the piece of bread and dropped it out of his window. Mina there to pick up. When it reached Adolph he merely heated it and the letters came up black and clear. Simple, wasn't it?"

"But the other end of it? How did they get the messages into the jail?" asked Clayton.

"I'll leave that for my red-headed

(Continued on Page 29.)

Second Installment of a Thrilling Story of a Dastardly German Plot

Attila of the Destroying Rays

By Stephen Gaillard

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Events of the Story to Date

WHEN a ring of murdering German agents gets hold of Professor Leanderthal, they try to place him under the spell of an hallucinating vampire woman in order to get him to finish an invention which will make war impossible. The spies decide it is for Germany, so that nation can dominate the world by wiping out all opposing armies. A Turk, who is one of the spies, fails in love with the professor's daughter. He drugs her and is about to attempt to carry out his vile aim when the girl's sweetheart rescues her and takes her to her uncle's house. Soon after this the uncle is murdered. The girl's sweetheart, whose name is Warfield, goes to Frontivard, the great detective, and explains the case. The detective connects the murder with a strange chain of murders. He sends Warfield straight to the murdered man's house, and tells him to guard the girl, Caroline, day and night, and plunges into the thrilling case.

The earlier chapters of this story may be read in full by obtaining back copies of the Ledger from our agents, news dealers, or thru our office. The story began in issue No. 25, dated June 22.

CHAPTER VII.

MATTHEW LEHMANN.

ALTHO Frontivard and Reverdy went direct to Goethe street from the "Birches," it was ten o'clock when they arrived there.

"You will wait," said the former to Van Arndale, as he alighted from the automobile. But, notwithstanding his instruction to the chauffeur, upon reaching his room on the second floor, he picked up Professor Leanderthal's monograph on Vibrations and, seating himself in an armchair, became immediately absorbed in the book. Reverdy, whose understanding of his friend was sublime, lighted a cigar and stretched himself out on the divan.

Half an hour passed thus and then, as Frontivard glanced up from his book toward the door, Reverdy asked casually: "When do you expect Imp?"

His friend flashed upon him one of his rare smiles.

Just then the bell rang.

"That is him now, I think."

A moment later Bona, the maid, ushered in a man who had refused to send up his name in advance.

The unknown visitor was a spare-built, medium-sized man, slightly bald, with fine gray body, sharp features, and a pair of very bright and alert-looking hazel eyes. Frontivard, as he saw him, sprang up from his chair with a look of recognition and his dark face turned slightly pale.

"By heaven, sir," he said, "I do not believe in ghosts; but did I not know that Matthew Lehmann had been dead for months I would say that you were he."

"I am Matthew Lehmann."

"You, Matthew Lehmann?" Reverdy put in. "That is impossible, for he is dead, was killed months ago; we were discussing your, that is, his, death only this afternoon."

"Nevertheless, I am Matthew Lehmann," said the man calmly.

"The man who was killed in Kentucky near Louisville?" asked Frontivard, his steel-blue eyes looking his visitor thru an thru.

"My brother."

Going quickly to the cabinet which stood against the wall, Frontivard took out one of the scrapbooks and, glancing thru the index, he turned to a page which contained only a lithograph portrait. He examined the picture intently for a moment, then glanced again at the man before him.

"The likeness is perfect," Frontivard said at length. "Pray sit down [illegible] have been in hiding ever since."

"Yes," the man answered sharply.

"And did you make no appeal for protection to any one—to local police, to the secret service?" interrogated Frontivard.

"No; I saw no use in doing so," said Lehmann gravely. "From whom was I to seek protection? Against whom? They have laughed at my story as pure imagination, or worse; I doubt if the secret service even knows that I have written to it; and even if they did I doubted their power to protect me.

"Man," he went on, leaning forward in his chair and speaking in earnest tones, "death is abroad in these United States, aye, and in Canada and Mexico—North and South—and the secret service is hunting down spies and propagandists. Witness the deaths of Justice Amsew and Dr. Widdemann in Canada, of Archenberg and Blandfield and—Matthew Lehmann—for you must remember I am supposed dead—in the United States; and all for advocating measures of national protection, speaking and writing in more than a dozen languages.

As Matthew Lehmann spoke he had risen to his feet, his face aglow with fiery earnestness, his eyes flashing, his voice vibrating with emotion; and Reverdy, his hands gripping the arms of his chair as he leaned forward eagerly, his large gray head thrust forward, his ear upon the speaker's words, seemed carried away by their fierce intensity; even Frontivard, the cold, grim detective, was stirred somewhat by the speech.

"And why have you appealed to me?" asked Frontivard.

"Because you are the one man who understands the situation," answered Lehmann.

"Why do you think so?" Frontivard's steely eyes never wavered as he looked his visitor thru and thru.

"Because I heard the month of June last year in the Canton of Vaud in Switzerland."

Frontivard gave a slight start.

"My sister accompanied me and it was thru her that I met a certain lady, Letitia Sforza by name, who owns the Chateau of Tirlemont there. I was full of the subject of German propaganda. Indeed, I had even then in contemplation the articles which subsequently appeared from my pen, and Letitia Sforza is a woman of brilliant intellect, capable of comprehending the great movements of world politics. I discussed the subject much with her, particularly the ludicrous phase of it by which we are confronted today; and one day she said to me: 'There is, I believe, but one man in America capable of combating the agents of a power so formidable.' She mentioned your name and told me where I could find you, and she added: 'If ever you should be in dire peril, as you well may be if you continue the work you have in contemplation; or if you should ever desire to expose scurrilously with supercunning the machinations of Germany, dealing with super-daring, then appeal to him, and if he will consent to help you, you may hope for victory in the struggle.'"

"Ah," said Frontivard slowly, "the lady Letitia Sforza now! That why have you been so long in coming?"

"Because I had not made up my mind," the man answered.

"And what determined you?" asked Frontivard.

"This."

Taking out his pocketbook, Lehmann extracted a newspaper clipping from it and handed it to Frontivard.

"For the past two months," he went on, "I have been watching it in the Everglades of Florida with my friend Barstow, thinking that the best way to forward some of my evidence [illegible] becoming known. Four days ago I got hold of a recent copy of a Charleston, S. C., newspaper and [illegible] determined me."

The clipping was dated Feb. 12, and was merely a brief item of marine news: "The barque Molly O'Neil, from Port Jasefeo to Port Tampa, Florida, being sighted in latitude 10 d 30 m. north, longitude 58 d 21 m west, a fleet of seven warships steaming slowly due west, about three miles off her starboard quarter. She had not spoken to any of the vessels, which she supposed to be English, as the flag flying at the second watch they were hull down on the horizon." The report was without comment.

As Frontivard read the clipping his brows contracted. "And what did you infer from this?" he asked, looking up "that made you determine to come to me?"

"I see," answered Lehmann, "that like the skipper of the Molly O'Neil, you suppose the fleet to have been warships of the Entente Allies."

"Why, yes," replied Frontivard, "that seems the obvious inference."

"Yes, and obvious to everybody who read the news item inferred the same thing. When I read the note in the paper I was forty miles from the nearest railroad. Yet I arrived in Chicago at four o'clock this morning; I waited only for night to set in before coming to your house. Had I not done so earlier had I not ascertained by a telephone call that you were out. As it was, I came on the run to find you, and you, but resolved to await your return, even if I had to wait all night."

"Certainly a correct commentary upon the importance you attach to the news brought by the Molly O'Neil," remarked Frontivard.

"But, man," said Reverdy, "if those ships were not ships of the Entente Allies, then what were they?"

Lehmann leaned forward in his chair and fixed his eyes searchingly upon the two detectives as if to note the impression made upon them by the words he was about to utter. "If," he said slowly, "they were not ships of the Entente, then what ships could they be?" Then, himself answering his own question: "They were German."

"Ha! What!" exclaimed Frontivard and Reverdy in chorus, and then Reverdy:

"Oh, come now, man, we know that the German fleet is bottled up in Kiel and Wilhelmshaven. How the devil, then, could a fleet of seven German warships be in the South Atlantic?" asked Reverdy.

"How have single raiders escaped the blockade and reached the open sea?" remarked Lehmann.

"But seven, man—a fleet—that's impossible," Reverdy asserted.

"Do you think so?" said Lehmann.

"There certainly seems to be some weight in your friend's observation," remarked Frontivard.

"If a single raider could slip past the blockade now and then why could not seven have done so, successively, and then have met to form a fleet at some rendezvous previously agreed upon?"

"It might be possible, I admit," said Frontivard, "but hardly probable."

"I quite agree with you," replied their visitor, "and before I made the trip to the Caribbean which I have previously mentioned I would have been inclined to share your opinion."

Frontivard and Reverdy drew their chairs closer. Astonishing as had been the previous statements of the freelance journalist their interest seemed about to become intensified.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE MYSTERIOUS ISLAND.

"BUT, I was about to say," went on Lehmann, smiling with evident satisfaction that the intense interest of his auditors, "certain circumstances which occurred during the eventful four weeks spent by me in Venezuelan and adjacent waters have led me to revise any opinions I might have entertained as to the intentions of the German fleet getting past the blockade and even as far as the South Atlantic."

He paused, drawing a silver cigarette case from his pocket, offered the contents to Frontivard and Reverdy, but they were too intent upon his words to care to smoke and declined.

"If you will permit me, then?" said the visitor, lighting a cigarette, "if I smoke, I think I can talk even better.

"It was on the 28th of December," he continued, "that my friend, Jack Harbrow, and myself sailed from the steamer Venezobor, bound from New York to Havana. We posed as a couple of sporting rogue out in the interests of a mythical company to inspect certain oil lands in Cuba. By previous arrangement we were to meet at Havana a certain Enrique del Roca, captain of the steamer Red Lark, who, for certain prudential reasons connected with [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

more the old pirate may know; he is as tight as a sprung steel trap when he chooses to be, but he allowed me to see certain things, from which I drew conclusions which to you may seem astounding—incredible.

"About a hundred miles east, nor'east of the Island of Margarita lies a cluster of islands known as Santander Rocks. On the 20th of January we left Ascunsion, the capital of Margarita. A gale was blowing from the nor' nor'east, and we beat out against it for the open sea. About two hours before sunset we sighted Santander Rocks. There is one of them—the largest, the southernmost of the group—which is quite a considerable island, rising sheer out of the sea to a height of, perhaps, six hundred feet or more. The cliffs are almost perpendicular. Under the lee of this island we took shelter. In the offing was a man-o'-war beating up against the gale —the United States battleship South Carolina, del Roca told me it was. I was on the bridge with him at the time. By sunset she was hull down to the northward. Immediately after dark we stood in close under the lee of the cliffs, so close that it seemed dangerous, and I said as much to del Roca, but he answered grimly: 'It is safer than out yonder. Wait and you will see.' The night came down dark as Erebus, not a star visible, and the cloud wrack overhead as inky as the sea itself, while we lay not a hundred yards from the cliff, against which every moment I dreaded we would drift. Suddenly an oblique shaft of light cut the darkness above us, illuminating the waves where Red Lark had been lying not an hour before. Gentlemen, it was a searchlight—a searchlight, there, on that barren rock, inhabited, as I supposed, as every one supposed, only by sea birds, and it swept the waves to and fro as if searching for something, and, by heaven! The thought flashed thru my mind that it was searching for us. Nor was my suspicion unconfirmed, for old Enrique del Roca, at my side upon the bridge, chuckled as he muttered: 'You see, senor, I have taken a chance in order to show you something.'

"What!' I exclaimed, 'are they looking for us? Why, man, who the devil—' but further question was checked upon my lips, for out of the storm wrack to the southeast, into the glare of the searchlight, came a steamer. She was small—about the size of Red Lark—she might have been easily mistaken for Red Lark, for, tho she resembled a man-o'-war, she showed no guns. Straight on she came, and the searchlight followed her, followed her until she passed out of its range under the shadow of the cliffs, steaming straight toward them as if bent upon self-destruction.

"What the devil does it mean?' I asked in a sawtrack whisper, turning to [illegible] down.'

"Yes,' chuckled the old pirate, 'I think she is going to her doom, but not upon the rocks as the senor thinks—not Dios! It is my mind that they take her Red Lark, and if I am right, as well, the senor will not see, but he will hear.'

"Without in the least comprehending what he meant, I waited and listened, horror of the apparently inevitable doom of the ill-fated vessel gripping me so that I could not speak. And then it came; not as del Roca had said, and not as I expected. The steamer had passed out of sight for some moments in the darkness beneath the cliffs when there was a tremendous thru the muffled explosion, and a flash of flame, apparently from the face of the cliff, lit the sky for a quarter of a mile away, a fearful shriek was borne to us across the black waters and then all was still.

"'I thought so,' chuckled the ruffian at my side, 'they took her To-Red Lark.'

"'But, God's mercy, senor! What it mean?' I asked, my hair almost standing on end.

"'Senor,' said del Roca, 'they took her for me, as I hoped they would, and have blown her up. Listen, senor, there is a water cavern under the cliffs that leads to a small landing place for a boat or a navy. Does the senor comprehend? It was for that I brought him here.'"

Matthew Lehmann lighted a cigarette from the silver case and lighting it, looked gravely at his astounded auditors.

"Gentlemen," he said, "as Enrique del Roca asked me, I ask you: Do you comprehend?"

"Yes," said Frontivard, "that is the port for which the fleet sighted by the Molly Stark was bound."

"Exactly; the weapon for our destruction is being forged at our very gates.

"We steamed away in the darkness, and I confess I never was more relieved than when I knew we were out of cannon range of that island. Del Roca would tell me no more—he knew no more—than that he and his crew, who, for excellent reasons, never leave him, who dare not leave him—also knew the secret of the land-locked lagoon and the water cavern. I think the old ruffian had used it as a safe hiding place until it was pre-empted by more formidable powers. Perhaps it may have been rancor at his ousting from so ideal a stronghold that led him to betray the secret to me."

"But, man," said Frontivard, "why did you not inform the Government—the secret service?"

"I did, and was told my statements [illegible] that I saw either a gulf [illegible] "Or publish the secret broadcast," said Reverdy.

"I would not do that without at the same time making it public that it was my brother and not myself that had been killed, and I wished to live a while yet."

Frontivard arose and paced up and down the room, his face set, his eyes gleaming.

"At our very gates!" he exclaimed, "almost upon our very coast! By heaven! The time has come to strike. But how? But how?"

As the great detective turned his back toward the desk near the window Matthew Lehmann uttered a startled exclamation. A man had entered the room like a shadow and Carey, the imp, seated himself on the edge of the desk, hands in pockets, one foot swinging, crushet hat pulled down over his eyes.

CHAPTER XI.
PRECAUTION—AN ADVENTURE BEGUN.

FRONTIVARD has once remarked that the devil alone knew the Imp's age. At first glance he looked a mere youth, but closer acquaintance corrected the impression, and one were apt to begin to think him very old; this would be when the observer had penetrated the neutral exterior of the man and begun to realize the fathomless depths that lay beneath. Carey was of slender build, but not noticeably so; his hair was of a shade between light brown and flaxen; his gray eyes were dreamy and introspective rather than alert; his features had in them nothing distinctive. These would be first impressions. Later would come a realization of lithe, cat-like muscularity; of cool assurance, bordering on bravado; of astouning insolence in the steady glance of the light gray eyes; of fathomless abysses in the character of the man who had at first seemed but a composite photograph of the many.

As a spy and a shadower he was incomparable, combining with pre-eminent mental and physical aptitude an indifference to risk and contempt of danger unsurpassed by any save Frontivard himself.

Such was the man whose unobserved entrance had startled Matthew Lehmann.

In a few brief words Frontivard made the spy and the journalist known to each other; then, speaking to the Imp: "What report have you to make?" he asked.

"Outside the coast is clear," replied Carey. "I made the circuit of the grounds about both houses—Frau Hauptmann's and the Professor's—and found that no watch is kept in them. When I [illegible] at the back no light had been vis- [illegible] for fully twenty minutes. Lehmann [illegible] be away, of course, and that would account for his place, but you may be sure that there is plenty of light inside Frau Hauptmann's house, and that the inmates are wide awake. Just before I left a man arrived there in an automobile. I was in a clump of lilacs not twenty feet from the front door and saw his face as he entered. He's the king pin or I miss my guess."

"What makes you think so?" said Frontivard. "You do not usually make guesses at random."

"His face and his general appearance. Any one who has once seen that man's face will never forget it."

"Hum! Fate may be playing our cards for us," said Frontivard, thoughtfully. "We shall see."

Then, turning to the journalist, he said: "You have heard of the assassination of Professor Herman Leanderthal, have you not?" he asked.

"Yes; I got one of the first extras that came out. I cannot fathom the motive of this latest crime; but it made me very sensible of the great risk I ran."

"Well, my friend," said Frontivard, "the motive, unless I am much mistaken, has a close connection with the astounding information you have given us tonight. It is a singular coincidence that on the very day of your arrival I should have definitely decided to pit the forces which I control against the secret and malignant power from which such great evils are to be dreaded that secret assassinations become merely incidents of vast and sinister designs. I only trust I have not entered the lists too late."

"God grant that you have not" said Lehmann earnestly.

"As to that I think we shall soon know," said Frontivard, "for I am convinced from what you have told me that a crisis is very near; perhaps tomorrow it will be still nearer."

"Do you think that your expedition of tonight will bring it nearer?"

"I see you are observing," said Frontivard. "Well, yes, perhaps the crisis may become more imminent between now and tomorrow's dawn," he added in answer to his visitor's query. "By the way, where are you stopping, and had you intended returning there tonight?"

"Why," said Lehmann, "I have been at the Fort Dearborn Hotel all day, but I had intended, after having seen you going to the apartment of Jack Barstow's brother in Sixty-First street, Woodlawn. He has been out of the city for some weeks on business for his paper, the Courier, but before leaving forwarded a duplicate key to his [illegible] [illegible] [illegible] responding with him as to [illegible] ing on here to join the staff of the Courier. Jack gave the key to me, knowing that his brother would not be back for several weeks yet and that he would not object to my making use of the apartment during his absence."

"And so you propose to go to an unoccupied apartment in a strange city, alone, in the middle of the night?" asked Frontivard.

"But how can any one know that I am going there?" queried Lehmann.

"You ask that, knowing as much as you do of the machinations of these miscreants?" returned the detective.

"Well, I must go somewhere; I have kept to my room in the hotel all day for fear of meeting some one who might recognize me," said Lehmann.

"True, you must go somewhere, but one of my men will accompany you and, with your permission, remain with you. Mr. Lehmann, you are altogether too important to my plans for me to risk having you assassinated."

A few minutes later Frontivard and Reverdy, with Carey and Matthew Lehmann, descended to the street. Lehmann entered the waiting automobile beside Van Arsdale, to whom Frontivard gave brief instructions, and the machine sped westward, turning south in State street. Frontivard, Reverdy and the Imp walked west to Wabash and then turned into Dearborn street. A few steps around the corner a second automobile was waiting. "To Highland Park, McTavish, "and drive as fast as you dare," said Frontivard, as he and his companions entered the car.

At about one o'clock in the morning three stealthily moving figures crossed the road which skirted the grounds of "Gruenewald," Otto Leanderthal's Highland Park residence, and climbing over the wall disappeared among the shrubbery.

CHAPTER X.
ZARA LAL.

UPON entering the private apartments of Frau Emmeline Hauptmann the beholder was transported at one step from the Occident to the Orient, from Chicago to Constantinople, or Damascus. Carpets of Ispahan; screens of Tokio, decorated with all the fantastic art of Nippon; silken hangings from the looms of China; inlaid taborets from Bagdad

As the Two Stood Confronted, It Would Have Been Difficult to Decide Which Was the Fiercer.

or Bokhara, made up an ensemble mysterious, illuminating, bewildering in its splendor; of a richness unbelievable. Jeweled caskets gleamed from obscure corners; costly porcelains were set in careless profusion on taborets of rare woods inlaid with gold and silver; trophies of arms even were not lacking—strange ornaments for a lady's bower—glittering with precious stones. And Frau Emmeline Hauptmann herself underwent a transformation. No longer was she merely a German matron, a commonplace the surpassingly beautiful woman of the nineteenth century, but within that gorgeous chamber she became Zara Lal, the daughter of princes and sultans, enfranchised by her own person the pride, the arrogance, the insolence, the sinister mystery of the East.

She was seated upon a luxurious divan beside an ebony table, inlaid with silver, taking her demi tasse from a cup so fragile that it was really wonderful that her dainty fingers did not crush it into fragments. Opposite her sat Halail Pasha, attired in evening clothes, which formed a striking contrast with the lady's costume, which consisted of a crimson velvet dressing gown with cascade, an undervest of yellow silk with wide yellow trousers of the same material, and Turkish slippers turned up at the toes and heavily encrusted with gold work.

"The prince, my brother, should be here soon," Zara Lal was saying.

"In twenty minutes," said Halail Pasha, glancing at his watch, "the master in person, promptly."

"He will be prompt tonight of all nights. By my messenger I sent him word that the hour of his triumph had struck. I no doubted, of the Wizard who dwells hereby, had come true," said the woman.

"Yes, Zara Lal, it has come. Richard carried away to the island fortress will he possess himself of the engine of destruction and then slay its maker?" asked the Turk.

"No, no, he will not slay; when the time is ripe he will have the man Leanderthal delivered to him. Of fortune and the brain which has worked this miracle shall work others in the day of our rule which is coming," she elaborated.

"These Americans are all fools; they forge weapons of destruction of unbelievable wickedness and give them in our hands for their own enslavement."

"Yes, truly. In their pride they deem themselves invincible. They do not know when they are once aroused none can withstand them," Halail Pasha declared.

"Behold the great war that is coming, will land an army upon their shores," said Frau Hauptmann, "and—then, with the old world terrified by the power of a seen today, our banners shall wave on the banks of the Mississippi and the Ohio, and on the shores of the great lakes of the north."

Halail Pasha lifted his cup and smiled as he held it poised in front of him.

"A prophetess Zara Lal, whose

[illegible] phesied your slave is not altogether happy."

Zara Lal smiled back at him.

"You," she said, "I know. You long for the wistful flower which you would transplant in a Turkish garden; but patience, Halail Pasha, patience; the flower will not wither—it will only grow more beautiful."

"Yes, but another may pluck it," said Halail Pasha, a tigerish gleam in his eyes.

Zara Lal's eyes narrowed until they glittered like yellow jewels half hidden between her long lashes.

"Have no fear, Halail Pasha," she said in soft sibilant tones that had in them a note of fear. "I tell you, 'your flower shall never be worn by the man who fancies he loves her; sooner than that the Killer shall slay them both."

"Ha! What? Is it possible that you, Zara Lal, speak of the Killer as the lord blossom of Stambaat—that you love the brutal slugger Warfield?"

"Question not by motives, Halail Pasha, are not for thy scrutiny. No, I do not love him, have met him but twice, seen him perhaps a score of times. Yet, he is as beautiful to my eyes as the Apollo of the Greeks; and are not you yourself mad for this girl, whose beauty I protest, is as gross and full-blown as that of one of the warrior maids of whom Wagner sings?"

"Bah! Is it possible that Stambant's lord should have a mind to match her own," he replied.

"Yet she said he would ever be the Pearl of Stambant's lord? If I have a theory that Caroline Leanderthal shall possess him, then he shall, I swear it unto thee. I am Attila's sister, you know, and he has been called the 'Tiger of Asia,'" Frau Hauptmann remarked, a flame in her eyes.

Halail Pasha smiled.

"What would the prince, your brother, say?" he asked.

"Eh? Why should he say anything? If—I say if, remember—I should wish to gratify a fancy, a caprice, well, for the sake of the Wizard's secret, which I will have helped him to master, and which shall make him a mighty potentate, he will deny me nothing."

As Zara Lal ceased speaking the curtains which concealed the door were parted and between them stood a man—the brother of Zara Lal.

CHAPTER XI.

ATTILA OF THE DESTROYING RAYS.

FOR a moment Zara Lal's brother paused, with one hand holding back the curtain it had just drawn aside, while his steady glance surveyed the pair who awaited his coming. Then he advanced slowly into the room. Zara Lal and Halail Pasha salaamed to the very floor in front of him.

"My lord, lord of the western world soon to be," said Zara Lal, "thy slave salutes thee. Your mandate, indeed, is Zara Lal to be the child of the same mother as the mighty Attila."

"Yes, Zara Lal, you, my sister, and with you, also, Halail Pasha," replied Attila in a voice deep yet clear toned as a bell, the there was in it something of the indefinable, menacing sibilance that marked the tones of Zara Lal. "Your message, my sister, and my Lord Halail," he went on, "has led me to expect a miracle. I am most eager that my eyes should look upon that that my mind may believe in the marvel you have hinted at."

"Thou shalt behold, my lord," said Zara Lal, but first permit the slaves of thy slave to bring hither refreshments, that my lord may partook upon the wonder of the ages fasting."

"So be it," answered her formidable brother, seating himself beside the ebony table.

A few moments later, in obedience to Zara Lal's summons, the table was set by oriental servitors with the most delicate of gold, while the most delicate viands were brought to tempt the palate of him whose every wish of the lovely Pasha treated as their lord and master. They did not venture to eat in his presence, but over their heads in the obsequiousness which showed that they considered themselves highly honored by the service.

It is a remarkable fact that altho the works of this formidable man are familiar in every capital of Europe and in a dozen persons outside of Germany and the Turkish Empire have ever seen him, and scarcely fifty persons in the world by his true name. All, however, are familiar with his books on "Welt Politik," which contain the germ of ideas announced to be the works of a gigantic tho perverted genius; and which, the their title page to the contrary notwithstanding, are in reality from the pen of the Prince Attila von Schlachtberg.

His origin is doubtfully illustrious, is veiled in impenetrable mystery. Certain it is only that he was the son of the Prince Otto von Schlachtberg, connected, but the Hohenzollern end of a Turkish princess descended from the sultans who carried the banner of the prophet to the very walls of Vienna, which accounts for the homage paid him both in Germany and Turkey. But regardless of mere accident of birth, strength and limitless endurance. Surmounting the massive frame was the head of a conqueror. Very broad at the base, with the regions which phrenologists indicate as the seats of combativeness and ferocity enormously developed, those qualities were balanced by a majestic forehead so universal in its development that it would have been difficult to say whether reason or perception, the practical genius of the organizer, or the fierce passions of the warrior predominated. The features were distinctly German. Massive jaws; broad, short chin; broad cheeks; sanguine nose above a cruel and sensual mouth shadowed by mustaches brushed up at the ends after the German fashion. The eyes were wonderful—terrible—deep set in their sockets, beneath strongly marked brows, which were of the color, tiger in expression. But there was far more ferocity in their appalling depths; there was restrained force, malignant genius. They might soften momentarily; but ever, even in the man's tenderest moods, there shone forth from them the spirit of the human tiger.

The repast ended, Attila took a cigarette in a golden case from the hand of Zara Lal. Blowing a ring of smoke into the air, he turned his baleful eyes upon Halail Pasha.

"The Killer has been busy today," he said, "and not by my orders. May I ask why, my Lord Halail?"

Halail Pasha quailed beneath the terrible glance, but he answered promptly. "My lord," he said, "an untoward happening in the last moment. Your imperative, else had I waited for your order."

"Doubtless; but the untoward happening would be to know happened."

"But, my lord——"

"Do not explain. I know all about it. It was the Killer's love, and that love would have been fraught with no serious consequences had not your rival appeared on the scene and acted as promptly and boldly as he did; but love, my lord, should be an ambitious man's ruling passion, the overmastering motive."

"Master, master," murmured Halail Pasha, scarcely daring to look into the terrible eyes which were fixed on him, an expression mixed of menace and condescension.

"What happened having happened," went on Attila, "the intervention of the Killer became necessary in an endeavor to avert exposure. Here is a matter of great import. Our position with regard to this Professor Leanderthal, from whom we have reason to hope so much, is a delicate one. Wholly secret and private, my Lord Halail, which I protest was that of a lovesick boy, has rendered it well-nigh impossible for the Killer to lure, lord, still lives, and, even were he dead, the girl would still remain, an even greater menace to us than her lover or her uncle."

"My lord, my lord!" exclaimed Halail Pasha, "let me the weight [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

miles with destructive force unimpaired as when it issued forth."

"And how are the destructive vibrations released?" said her brother, coming forward.

Now it may have been that the temper of Kimry, the leopard, had been seriously ruffled by the box on the ear he had received and by being ignored by his mistress; at any rate, he suddenly and without warning uttered a low, menacing growl, and, with ears laid back and switching tail, advanced stealthily towards the second instrument which Zara Lal had activated out.

With an exclamation of fierce anger his mistress strode toward him and seized him by the jeweled collar; but the beast growled savagely, showing his gleaming white fangs, and straining to get away.

"Ha! What?" exclaimed Zara Lal furiously, "you growl, you threaten, do you?" And with surprising strength she pulled him back upon his haunches. A lithe rattan cane lay upon a table near-by, and seizing it she struck the leopard furiously. "Ha! you demon!" she fairly hissed at him, "are you so jealous? Would you wreak your fury upon a senseless thing and thus wreck the precious instrument which it would take months to build again? Down, demon, down at my feet, or I will kill you!"

As the two stood confronted, the woman and the leopard, it would not have been at all difficult to decide which was the braver, the wilder beast or the princess; the advantage was all with the lady; and the Kimry growled and glared and showed his gleaming fangs, he crouched down at her feet, tho still with gleaming eyes fixed in the direction of the senseless instrument, which for some reason seemed to have become hateful to him.

Attila and Halali Pasha had watched the by-play quite unconcernedly, evidently never doubting the ability of the princess to control her pet. When at length he lay quiet, the still vibrating sounds that were sounding between a whine and a growl, Zara Lal turned to the two men. "I think," she said, smiling, "if I ever marry I shall have to slay Kimry first, or I will be no sooner a bride than he will make me a widow." She turned again to the mysterious machine.

From that same cabinet from which Professor Leanderthal had taken the steel cylinder the day before Halali Pasha now took another, placing it on the glass topped stand. Zara Lal operated the levers while she released the terrible vibrations. Very slowly and carefully she moved them, as if not quite certain of the proper combination, or of the accuracy to touch the dread instrument of destruction. At length, however, began the low, hissing, crackling sound that told that the vibrations were released. With infinite care the princess sought to secure the proper focus. Presently she attained it, and the steel cylinder crumpled up as the first had done.

With a low exclamation Attila leaped to his feet and strode across the laboratory as Zara Lal shut off the vibrations. Her brother picked up a piece of the shriveled cylinder and broke the brittle, charcoal-like substance into which it had been resolved between his fingers.

"Impossible!" he exclaimed. "It was not steel! It could not have been steel! Give me another!"

There was no other cylinder in the cabinet, but Halali Pasha took a gold-hilted poniard from a neatly concealed pocket in his coat.

"This is steel," he said, "forged in the workshop of Ben Zani, the armorer, at Stamboul."

The poniard was propped upon the glass-topped stand. This time Attila operated the levers himself under Zara Lal's direction. The result was as before. The tempered blade shriveled even as the steel cylinder had done.

The tiger eyes of Attila gleamed as he examined the soft, brittle substance to which the poniard had been reduced and into them came a triumphant and terrible light. Over and over again he tried the effect of the fearful vibrations upon this substance and upon that, and always with the same destructive result, the the residue left from various substances was not always the same. Glass was reduced to a stage of sling-like ash; wood left scarcely any residue at all; substances so frail as cloth or leather disappeared in a puff of impalpable smoke.

At last he turned from the machine to his sister.

"Zara Lal, my sister," he said, "you are right, the hour of triumph for us is at hand. Once the terrific force and its creator are ours nothing in the world will be able to withstand us. And they must be ours, they shall be ours, and that quickly; and then farewell dissimulation, farewell shameful temporizing, we will sweep this proud land, which despises us, as the whirlwind sweeps the desert; we will shatter all resistance as with heaven's own thunderbolts; and in this mighty city, where Attila rides today, in a false character and under an assumed name, he will reign, master of a continent—aye, master of the world."

"The guardian spirits of our race will hasten the dawn of that glorious day, Attila, my brother, an already they have prepared the way for it, for in the mind and soul of the 'Scourge of God' lives again," replied Zara Lal with kindling eyes, her face flushed with excitement, "you will have represented one of those guardian spirits of her race whom she invoked.

"I must go from here now," said Attila, "to prepare for the transference of the drama to the island fortress, from whence the announcement shall burst in tragic grandeur upon the astonished world. You will hear from me before long. Until then peace be unto you."

For some time the actors in this strange scene had not noticed Kimry, the leopard, who lay with his head upon his paws, apparently sleeping, only an occasional gleam from beneath his drooping eyelids giving evidence that he was awake. When they were about leaving off the electric light and closing the door after them, he made no move to follow them and he was forgotten.

Frontivard, the detective, gains access to the professor's laboratory, kills a fierce leopard, and uses the rays of the powerful machine to destroy its body. He then finds Attila, who breaks off the murdering spy ring, to a house in the heart of the great city. Events pile up rapidly in the next installment, sensation following sensation, with the strands of crime weaving thicker their web about the Nation.

[Copyright by the Author.]

MARLITT'S SHOES

By Robert W. Chambers.

THRU the open window the spring sunshine fell on Calvert's broad back. Tennant faced the window, smoking reflectively.

"I should like to ask a favor," he said; may I?"

"Certainly you may," replied Calvert; "every body else asks favors three hundred and sixty-five times a year."

Tennant, smoking peacefully, gazed at an open window across the narrow courtyard, where, in the sunshine, a young girl sat sewing.

"The favor," he said, "is this: There is a vacancy on the staff, and I wish you'd give Marlitt another chance."

"Marlitt!" exclaimed Calvert. "Why Marlitt?"

"Because," said Tennant, "I understand [illegible] I am wearing Marlitt's shoes—and the shoes pinch."

"Marlitt [illegible]

[illegible]

[illegible]

[

[illegible] He yawned, passed [illegible] down [illegible] like a [illegible] there's a puppy in the [illegible] I know."

He washed a badger brush and dried it. The perfume from the wistaria filled his breast and lungs; his very breath, exhaled, seemed sweetened with the scent.

"I wish that girl across the way," he said aloud, as the making the di[illegible] for the first time.

Sunshine now lay in dazzling white [illegible] across his drawing. He blinked, [illegible] another brush, and leaned back in his easel, looking across at his neighbor. Youth is in itself attractive; and he was young—a white-skinned, darkhaired girl, a trifle colorless, perhaps, like a lily that paint needing the sun.

"I've grow like that in this town." he reflected, drumming idly on the table with his pencil. "Who is she? I've seen her [illegible] for months, and I don't know." The girl raised her dark eyes and gave him a serene stare.

"Ah, yes," he muttered, "I see your eyes but they tell me nothing about you. You're all alike when you look at us out of the windows called eyes. What's behind them? Nobody knows. Nobody cares."

He stopped his head on the table and began drawing a face with his pencil-point. Then his capricious fancy blossomed into a sketch of his neighbor —a rapid idealization which first amused, then enthralled him.

And while his pencil flew he murmured aloud to himself: "I wonder if she don't know what I'm doing, do you? I wonder what you'd do if you did know? [illegible] smile, you [illegible] sitting so still. Won't you smile a little? No? [illegible] Who are you? What are you—with your dimpled white hands framing your face. . . . I had no idea you were half so lovely! . . . or is it in the fancy and the pencil which endow you with qualities that you do not possess? There! You moved. Don't let it occur again."

He passed a soft eraser over the sketch, dimming its outline; picked out a brush and began the color, rambling on in easy, listless self-communion. "I asked you who you are and you haven't told me. You chic, you. There are thousands—hundreds of thousands of [illegible] like you in this city. Did you ever see the streets when the shops [illegible] There are thousands and thousands [illegible] the throng—some [illegible] me good, some bet[illegible] some vampires all [illegible]

[illegible] the sun is doing you good," he said approvingly. "You ought to put on your hat and go out."

She heard, as the she had heard his words, and picked up a big, black straw [illegible] placing it daintily upon her head. "[illegible] that—that's delightful," said [illegible] she swung nonchalantly toward an invisible mirror and passed a [illegible] gilded pin thru the crown of her hat.

"It seems that I only have to suggest a thing——" He hesitated, watching her.

"If course it was coincidence," he said; "but—suppose it wasn't? Suppose it was telepathy? Suppose I thought——"

His neighbor was buttoning her gloves.

"I'm a beast to stand here staring," [illegible] said as she [illegible] nearly [illegible] her window, apparently unconscious of him. "It's a shame," he added, "that you don't know each other. I'm going to the park; I wish you were—I wish you were. It would do you good."

"You must go."

Her left glove was now buttoned; the right gave her some difficulty, which she started to overcome with a hairpin.

"If mental persuasion can do it, you and I are going to meet under the wistaria arbor in the park," he said, with [illegible]

To concentrate his thoughts he stood rigid, thinking as hard as a young man can think with a distractingly pretty girl fumbling her glove opposite; and [illegible] produced a deep crease between his eyebrows.

[illegible] — are — goin — to — the — wis[illegible] — arbor —in — the — park" he said solemnly.

She looked at him as he heard and looked straight at him. Her face was bright with color; never had he seen such fresh beauty in a human face.

Her eyes wandered from him upward to the serene blue sky; then she stepped back, glanced into the mirror, smoothed her hair with the tips of her gloved fingers and walked away, disappearing into the gloom of the room.

An astonishing sense of loneliness came over him—a perfectly unreasonable feeling, because every day for months he had seen her disappear from the window, always viewing the phenomenon with disinterested equanimity.

"Now I'm sorry," the moment suppose she's going to the wistaria arbor," he said, mournfully, walking toward his door.

But all the way down in the elevator and out on the street he was comforting himself with a series of strange coincidences; of how, sometimes, walking alone and thinking of a person he had not seen or thought of for years, raising his eyes he had met that person face to face. And a presentiment that he should meet his neighbor in the park grew in him, grew stronger and stronger, until, as he turned into the broad southeastern entrance to the park he was conscious of an almost uneasy, expectant tattoo under his starched white waistcoat.

"I've been smoking too many cigarettes," he muttered. "Things like that don't happen. It would be too silly——"

And it was rather silly; but she was there. He drew a deep breath. It's incredible! It's—it's a—it was a dreadful thing to do. I don't know what to say."

"Is it necessary for you to say anything to—me?"

"I can't ask your pardon me?"

"I don't think I understand," she said, slowly. "Are you asking pardon for your [illegible]

[illegible] of fright; but he did not know that he [illegible] he did not know the subtler sex.

[illegible] something much worse [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible] moment to ex[illegible]

"How can I?" she replied calmly. "How can a woman permit a man to speak without shadow of excuse? You know perfectly well what convention requires."

Hot, uncomfortable, he looked at her so appealingly that her eyes softened a little.

"I don't suppose you mean to be impertinent to me," she added, thoughtfully.

He said that he didn't with so much fervor that something perilously close to a smile flickered in the eyes of her who he was, and the information appeared to surprise her, so it is safe to assume she was surprised and pleased in extenuation that they had been neighbors for a year; but she had not, apparently, been aware of the fact, and the snub consoled his discomfiture.

"I—I was so anxious to know you," he said, miserably. "That was the beginning——"

"It is a perfectly horrid thing to say," she said, indignantly. "Do you suppose because you are a public character you are privileged to speak to anybody?"

He attempted to say he didn't, but she went on: "Of course, in the light of the [illegible] of your offense. It is a dreadful condition of affairs if a woman cannot go out alone——"

"Please don't say that!" he cried.

"I must. It is a terrible comment on modern social conditions," she went on, shaking her pretty head. "A woman who permits it—especially a woman who is obliged to support herself—and I were not, you know, raising his eyes he had met that person face to face. And a presentiment that he should meet his neighbor in the park grew in him, grew stronger and stronger, until, as he turned into the broad southeastern entrance to the park he was conscious of an almost uneasy, expectant tattoo under his starched white waistcoat.

"I've been smoking too many cigarettes," he muttered. "Things like that don't happen. It would be too silly——"

And it was rather silly; but she was there. He drew a deep breath. It's incredible! It's—it's a—it was a dreadful thing to do. I don't know what to say."

"Is it necessary for you to say anything to—me?"

"I can't ask your pardon me?"

"I don't think I understand," she said, slowly. "Are you asking pardon for your [illegible]

[illegible] of fright; but he did not know that he [illegible] he did not know the subtler sex.

[illegible] something much worse [illegible] and [illegible]

[illegible] moment to ex[illegible]

"How can I?" she replied calmly. "How can a woman permit a man to speak without shadow of excuse? You know perfectly well what convention requires."

Hot, uncomfortable, he looked at her so appealingly that her eyes softened a little.

"I don't suppose you mean to be impertinent to me," she added, thoughtfully.

He said that he didn't with so much fervor that something perilously close to a smile flickered in the eyes of her who he was, and the information appeared to surprise her, so it is safe to assume she was surprised and pleased in extenuation that they had been neighbors for a year; but she had not, apparently, been aware of the fact, and the snub consoled his discomfiture.

"I—I was so anxious to know you," he said, miserably. "That was the beginning——"

"It is a perfectly horrid thing to say," she said, indignantly. "Do you suppose because you are a public character you are privileged to speak to anybody?"

He attempted to say he didn't, but she went on: "Of course, in the light of the [illegible] of your offense. It is a dreadful condition of affairs if a woman cannot go out alone——"

"Please don't say that!" he cried.

"I must. It is a terrible comment on modern social conditions," she went on, shaking her pretty head. "A woman who permits it—especially a woman who is obliged to support herself—and I were not, you know, I would be driving here in my brougham, and you would not—oh, it is a hideously common thing for a girl to call on her author books; she appeared to be deeply interested in it. But the book was upside down.

Glancing at him a moment later, she was apparently surprised to find him still standing beside her. However, he had noted two things in that moment of respite—she held the book upside down, and on the title-page was written a signature that he knew—"Marlitt."

"Under the circumstances," she said, coldly, "do you think it decent to continue this conversation?"

"Yes, I do," he said. "I'm a decent sort of fellow, or you would have divined the contrary long ago, and I have a humiliating explanation that I owe you."

"You owe me every explanation," she said, "but am generous enough to spare you the humiliation."

"I know what you mean," he admitted. "I hypnotized you into coming here, and you are aware of it."

Pink to the ears with resentment and confusion, she sat up straight and stared at him. From a pretty girl defiant, she became an angry beauty. And he qualified.

"Did you imagine that you hypnotized me?" she asked, incredulously.

"What was it, then?" he muttered. "You did everything I wished for——"

"What did you wish for?"

"I—I thought that you needed the sun, and as soon as I said that you ought to go out, you—you put on that big, black hat. And then I wished I knew you—I wished you would come here to the wistaria arbor, and—you came."

"In other words," she said, disdainfully, "you deliberately planned to control my mind and induce me to meet you in a clandestine and horrid manner."

"I never thought of it that way. I only knew I admired you a lot, and—and you were tremendously charming—more so than you are now——"

"What sketch?"

"I—you see, I made a little sketch," he admitted, with a gesture of [illegible]

Her silence scared him.

"Do you mind?" he ventured.

"Of course you will have that portrait to me at once?" she said.

"Oh yes, of course I will; I had meant to send it on——"

"That," she observed, "would have been the very height of impertinence."

Opening her book she indulged him with a view of the most exquisite profile he had ever dreamed of.

She despised him; that seemed to be no doubt about that. He despised himself; his offense, stripped by her of all extenuation, appeared to him in its own naked hideousness. It all appalled him.

"As a matter of fact," he said, "there's nothing criminal in me. I never imagined that it would lead to such disadvantage as I appear. I'll go. There's no use in hoping for pardon. I'll go."

"Don't be a fool," she said, without raising her eyes: "I am offended—deeply hurt—but——"

He waited patiently.

"But I am sorry to say that I am not as deeply offended as I ought to be."

"That is very, very kind of you," he said, warmly.

"It is very depraved of me," she retorted, [illegible]

[illegible] Then I sup[illegible]

[illegible] [illegible] [illegible] [

Conclusion of

In the Sign of the Purple Dagger

By J. Willard Lincoln

What the Story Is About

THERE is a mysterious gas bomb explosion in shaft No. 4 of the Central Coal Company's mines, and every miner refuses to work until the mystery is cleared up. Porter, the superintendent, goes down to find the boss of No. 4 and discovers he is missing. He then discovers the existence of a society known as the Purple Dagger. What it is, he cannot find out, altho his mine bosses know of its existence, and in fact, Redtop Sweeney, one of them, is connected with it. He tries to harm Porter, but is quickly arrested and placed under guard. In the meanwhile Porter receives word that the company's cars of coal have been wrecked. No sooner does this news come to him than the munitions factory for which the coal was intended, telephones that there is only enough to last forty-eight hours. However, when the company tries to get the railroad office, it learns that the wires have been cut. The superintendent determines to find out who has done the damage, when an unknown messenger lets him know where to find the boss of No. 4. Long Louie, one of the plotters also is found, and Porter and his sub-bosses determine to find out what is in the mine by letting him and Red Top into it. In the meantime Porter receives word from Gibbs that three hundred strikebreakers are on their way to the mines. This satisfies Porter, and he and the bosses, taking the prisoners, start out for No. 4. They let Long Louie down into the mine and discover that there is an obstruction at the first level. Long Louie refuses to tell what it is, and Porter, Subway and one of the bosses start to find out. After [illegible] the first level, [illegible] deafening explosion [illegible] hauled to the surface [illegible] are unconscious, but are revived shortly afterward and carried to Dr. Peabody's house.

Now go on with the present installment or, if you want to read the story from the start, you can do so by ordering back copies from newsdealers, our agents or by mail direct from the office of publication. The story began in Ledger No. 24, dated June 15.

He Quickly Came to Life and Jumped Up and Down, Kicked, and Tried to Put Out the Blaze.

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

CHAPTER XIII.

SQUATTY TAKES CHARGE.

WITH nothing better to do, the miners fell in behind the stretcher bearers and followed the bodies as they were borne toward the house of the company's physician.

But before they reached there the people of the settlement were treated to other surprise on this day of startling events.

Sounded a deafening honking of horns from the southern road a line of automobiles and trucks hove into view.

In the first machine was Squatty McTague, and with him half a dozen of his most trusted lieutenants, to whom he had been giving instructions during the ride from the train that each might have an idea of the situation so that he could cope with whatever might occur in the district to which he should be assigned.

As the car gained the crest of the hill above the settlement, Squatty caught sight of the procession. As his eyes discovered the stretcher bearers his face grew grave.

"Looks as tho the trouble has already begun," he grunted. "Wonder which side got the first honors? A little more speed out of this old tug, Sam, son," he added, turning to the chauffeur.

"If we go any faster we're liable to be on the stretchers ourselves," returned the man at the wheel.

"Well, it's got to happen some time—and it might just as soon be now as any," scowled Squatty. "Anyhow, I said I wanted more speed out of this scow—and that's exactly what I meant. Slow down, son. I used to drive a car myself once. Just give me that wheel. If you don't like my gait, you can get out and walk." And without giving the astonished chauffeur any chance to protest, Squatty with one hand lifted him from his seat, while he held the car to the road with his other, then slid into the seat he had so unceremoniously made vacant.

Giving the machine the "gas," Squatty dashed down the hill, touching the ground in a few places, and drew up at the head of the procession with a suddenness that jerked the other occupants of the car from their seats.

Leaping to the ground, the Irishman ran to the first stretcher.

"Porter!" he exclaimed in amazement. Then turning to the bearers, he asked: "What happened?"

So many volunteered to tell him that he could make nothing of the jumble of voices

"Quit it!" he roared, holding up his hands in a gesture of despair. "You're worse than a pack of wolves. You, lady," and he turned to the wife of the superintendent, "perhaps you'll be good enough to tell me what's the trouble with Porter and these men?"

"I only wish I could," she responded. Then, in as few words as possible, she gave him the meager information they had.

"Never mind, old man," said McTague, moving to the side of Porter, in whose eyes he read the light of recognition. "Altho I guess you are put out of the running for a while, at least, things'll be all right. Just take the men into the house and then you mine bosses come with me."

There was that in the tone of the Irishman that brooked of no disobedience and as the stretcher bearers resumed their way, Squatty turned to the miners who were gazing at him and the couple of hundred husky-looking companions he had brought with him.

"I'm in charge of this settlement of the Central Coal Company," he announced. "As long as Porter is out of the running, you'll take orders from me."

"The h—l you say!" mocked a voice, and a titter ran through the crowd.

"Gunboat, bring that fellow up to me," Squatty commanded, turning to one of his lieutenants. And then, as tho he had not been interrupted, he continued: "I want you all to get into your homes and stay there. When I'm ready for you, I'll let you know. Now get this into your heads. I'm boss here. What I say goes. Now, vamoose."

The crowd, however, gave no sign of obeying.

As he read the defiance in their faces Squatty's eyes narrowed. But before he could say anything his lieutenant reappeared, dragging a man with him.

"Are you the fellow who doubted my [illegible] to [illegible] was in charge [illegible]" he snapped, in a voice that cut like cold steel.

A sullen look was his only answer.

"Well, if it wasn't you, it might have been," said the doughty little Irishman. "Anyhow, you're going to serve as the horrible example."

And with a lightning blow he caught the miner under the chin, lifting him clean off his feet—and before the man reached the ground Squatty sent home a blow with his other hand that flattened the miner's nose and sent a spurt of blood over his clothes

As the miner writhed on the ground, Squatty kicked him.

"Get up and get out of here," he napped. "Don't let me catch you anywhere about the company's grounds until I send for you. Lively, now." And he delivered another kick which sent the luckless miner again sprawling.

"Any more of you want to find out whether I'm boss or not?" he asked, turning back to the crowd which had watched the beating up of one of their fellows with wide-eyed amazement. "If you do, just step up here. If you don't, beat it for your homes and stay in the house, like good little boys, till I send for you."

The sneer in the voice of the little man stung the miners, but they had beheld too tangible evidence of his prowess to be eager to resent it and they were shuffling away when he again spoke to them.

"I don't know whether any of you ever heard of me or not," he exclaimed. "Anyhow, I'll introduce myself. I'm Squatty McTague. They call me the two-fisted Irishman. Remember that—the two-fisted Irishman."

"You boys," and he turned to the men he had brought, "for the present just stroll around the settlement and get the lay of the land. Don't get fresh with these miners. But don't let them get fresh with you. I'll let you know when I am ready to put you to work."

In silence he watched his men move off under the guidance of his lieutenants, to whom he already had given more comprehensive orders, and as they spread out thru the lanes of the little village he turned to Lefty.

"Where shall we go to talk things over?" he asked.

"How about my shaft shanty?" replied the boss of No. 1.

"Seems to me 4 would be better," said Henkenson. "That's the storm center."

"Then that's where I want to be," re- [illegible] (Then [illegible]

As the men moved off the mine [illegible] briefly told Squatty of all that had happened since the first gas bomb had exploded at the mine, after which they added much that they had learned and surmised that had led up to the outbreak.

"It's a gang calling itself the Purple Dagger that's at the bottom of the business," Squatty announced, after hearing all the three bosses had to say. "We'll have to round the dirty devils up before we can get any work out of many of these men, I'm thinking. In the meantime, we'll put some of my men down in the mines. But we'll leave enough of them above ground so that we'll be able to handle any trouble that comes up. I take it that the only devilment, so far, has been at No. 4. You've got all the other shafts under guard, I suppose?"

At the question the bosses looked at one another sheepishly. For [illegible] excitement over the occurrence [illegible] they had neglected to post [illegible] loyal men to watch over their respective shafts.

Reading his answer in their faces and not willing to lower their self-respect by upbraiding them for what obviously was a flagrant failure to even the most ordinary precautions, Squatty changed the subject, tho he made a mental note that he would put a strong guard about the mines without delay.

"What about Big Jim?" he asked. "Any idea where he is? If he's alive, he's probably somewhere where he'd be mighty glad of a visit from us."

The three bosses who were with the new director of the Central Company's settlement had not been in the shanty when the note attached to the bolt had been thrown thru the window, and so they were not aware of the communication, for Porter had had no time to tell them about it and at present was unable to do so, even had the opportunity presented.

Accordingly, they could only give Squatty their opinions, which varied from Big Jim's death to his having gone in solitary pursuit of the leader of the Purple Dagger gang. But none of their ideas was correct.

Arriving at No. 4 Squatty took a brief look into the shaft, then went into the shanty.

Standing on the steps, he put a whistle to his lips and blew two short blasts, then entered.

Scarcely had he closed the door behind the last of the bosses when there came

a knock, the door was pushed open, a hand appeared and from it fell a sheet of paper.

Picking it up, the two-fisted Irishman read:

"If you and your gang of thugs aren't off the Central property in one hour the Purple Dagger will put you off—and you'll go in a coffin.

"The Sign of the Purple Dagger."

CHAPTER XIV.

SQUATTY GAINS HIS POINT.

A SECOND time, Squatty read the writing on the piece of paper, as he unable to believe his eyes, then, with an oath that shocked even the mine bosses, he flung open the door in the effort to learn who had dared mock him by delivering the warning.

To the mine bosses the incident was an enigma and they did not feel free to ask him its meaning. But even as they watched the little man, his expression changed. In place of the chill sternness, his face lighted with a grin.

Fighting furiously, a man was being dragged toward the shanty by two of his lieutenants, whom he had summoned with the whistle.

Two men, hearing the "two blasts, which, in Squatty's code, meant that he wanted two of his assistants, being the nearest to the spot whence the signal was given, were hurrying up in obedience when they saw a man slink up to the door, knock, open it, thrust one hand inside, then dash wildly away.

But before he had put twenty feet between himself and the shanty the two guards were upon him.

Desperately he fought, but to no avail. The grips upon him were too firm and, despite his struggles, he was borne back to the little wooden house.

"Good work," smiled Squatty, as his lieutenants thrust the maddened man into the shanty. And going to the captive, he looked him over with a gaze before which the miner quickly quailed and hung his head.

"Yellow! Rotten yellow—just like all the dirty knife stickers," grunted the two-fisted Irishman. "How any one with as little real courage as you sticking devils have can get up the spunk to write these blood-curdling messages and deliver them is something I never could understand.

"But I'm glad to see you, just the same. I've been wondering how I could get my hands on one of you Purple-Dagger-goodness Purple Dagger thugs. So by coming of your own accord to pay me a visit you've done a real service and saved me lots of time.

"But," and he turned to one of the bosses who had stood aghast at the fresh outbreak of violence, "I'll tell you about the work of every one of the nine shafts there's room for them—except No. 6. I'll let you know about a hundred feet [illegible] and [illegible] and [illegible] for [illegible] the [illegible] the [illegible] to [illegible].

While [illegible] lieutenants departed to [illegible] Squatty started in the cross-fire. Then, with a suddenness which surprised even the three bosses, who had been interested and amazed spectators of the scene, he seized the fellow by the throat, shook him a couple of times and threw him across the room, against Big Jim's desk.

"You stand there," he said.

His face distorted with fury, the miner cowered at the command, then his eyes roved to the top of the desk and as they rested upon a wrench, his hand shot out to seize it.

But Squatty had seen the action.

"Don't touch that wrench!" he thundered.

With a snarl, the fellow dropped his hand.

"No, don't move it," the little Irishman said to Lefty, who had reached out to draw the wrench to him. "This lowbred scut won't try to get it again. He's yellow. He is afraid of the dark. And he's afraid. Again lapsing into silence, Squatty turned his penetrating gaze upon the captive.

"There's one thing I've got to say," he began, after several minutes, during which the man before him fidgeted and squirmed, "and that is that if all your Purple Dagger gang are like you, you've made a mistake in your name. You ought to call yourselves the Yellow [illegible].

"Bah! You knife-sticking cowards, who steal by night and your work gives me a pain. I'd rather have a rattlesnake about me. Bad as he is, he is man enough to give warning before he strikes.

"But I'm not going to waste any more breath telling you what I think of you and your dirty gang. Instead, I'm going to listen to what you have to tell me about them. First of all, I want to know who is at the head of this precious crew. Then I want to know how many rats are in it, and who they are; and finally I want to know where you have your headquarters."

"I can tell you that last," said Tiny, career to win the favor of this most unusual man. "It's at Nigger Pete's!"

"No, you're wrong," returned Squatty. "This yellow-purple gang may hang out there, but even Nigger Pete wouldn't stand for their making it their headquarters. Come on, you. I'm listening!"

"And you'll die of old age before you hear anything from me," hissed the captive.

"I'll give you just one minute to come thru," returned Squatty, taking out his watch and looking at it.

Again silence fell upon the strange group.

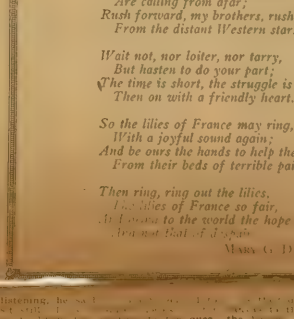
"Fifteen seconds gone," announced the little Irishman. "Thirty—forty-five—one minute. Time's up. Are you coming thru?"

"I'll see you in hell first!"

"You won't see me in any place you go in the next life," returned Squatty, quietly. "Now, remember my questions: Who is your leader, how many are in the gang and where are the headquarters? You are not going to feel like talking very much, even when you get ready to, so just bear them in mind. Hold out your hand!"

But the captive made no move.

"So be it," commented the little Irishman. "I've given you a chance to make things easier for yourself by doing as I told you. You refuse, and now the consequences are on your own head." Then, turning to the three mine bosses who, with open mouths, were watching and



THE LILIES OF FRANCE

The lilies of France are calling,
Are calling from afar;
Rush forward, my brothers, rush forward,
From the distant Western star.

Wait not, nor loiter, nor tarry,
But hasten to do your part;
The time is short, the struggle is sharp,
Then on with a friendly heart.

So the lilies of France may ring,
With a joyful sound again;
And be ours the hands to help them,
From their beds of terrible pain.

Then ring, ring out the lilies,
The lilies of France so fair,
As France to the world the hope of right,
Is not Belgium's despair.

MARY G. DANNAKER

[illegible] listening, he [illegible] the question [illegible] have asked this man. He has [illegible] to give me the answers, so I am obliged to force them from him. If you think I am using pretty harsh methods, just remember that he's one of this knife-sticking gang that don't mind murder or anything else when they want to inspire fear or carry out some plan. The Central Coal Company is at stake. Big Jim's life may be in danger. Remember, also, that the fellow can put an end to the, business by answering my questions. Just hand me that piece of canvas," he pointed to a fair-sized roll that lay on the floor.

Spreading it out after Handsome had handed it to him, Squatty again turned to the prisoner.

"The torture is now going to begin. I'll end it the minute you tell me you are ready to answer the three questions I asked you."

Fascinatedly, mine bosses and captive listened to the words, so calm and deliberate and so full of that strength of purpose, and closely they watched every movement. But as he drew out the hand he had put in his pocket for that purpose became evident, they gasped in horrified amazement.

The Irishman held a match box in his hands.

With maddening deliberation he slid the box from its cover, took out a match, lighted it, then stepped toward the captive, from whose forehead the sweat was pouring, and held the flame to his coat.

Quickly the fuzzy wool blazed up.

In five other places the little Irishman set fire to the captive's clothes. Then he stepped back and picked up the piece of canvas.

"When you are ready to talk I will put out the flames," he quietly announced in a voice steady and deadly in its calmness, as he shook the canvas.

As the flames had shot up about the messenger of the Purple Dagger the mine bosses had risen from their chairs, only to drop back again as Squatty's eyes met theirs.

The setting fire to his clothes seemed to stun the captive at first, but he quickly came to life and jumped up and down, kicked and tried to put out the blaze by beating frantically with his hands.

Came the voice of the little Irishman in the terrible monotone:

"You only make the fire burn faster by jumping about. Remember, when you are ready to answer my questions I'll extinguish the blaze."

Up the man's chest and around his throat the flames ran.

"Remember, when you are ready to answer my questions, I'll extinguish the blaze," came the even, deliberate tone of Squatty.

Then, with a shriek, the tortured miner gasped:

"I'll answer! I'll answer!"

And even as he spoke, the two-fisted Irishman was upon him and had smothered the flames with the canvas.

CHAPTER XV.

THE CONFESSION.

THE wrapping of the canvas about the blazing form of the miner acted as a signal upon the three mine bosses, who had been silent and frightened witnesses of what, to them, had seemed most barbarous torture, and they leaped to their feet.

"Steady, there! Steady!" exclaimed the little Irishman. "I'm quite capable of doing this myself. Just stand back."

And in obedience, Lefty, Handsome and Tiny sank back into their chairs.

[illegible] pressions of incredulity on the faces of the three bosses.

"—I don't understand it," exclaimed Tiny.

"You don't need to," returned the little Irishman. "But I've no time for talking. Our part is to listen. Our friend here, you may remember, has something he wants to tell us."

Quickly the three bosses lapsed into silence.

"We're waiting," announced Squatty, looking expectantly at the captive.

But the fellow showed no sign of speaking.

"Oh, you're trying to 'double-cross' me, are you?" growled the little Irishman. "In addition to being yellow, you can't keep your word, eh? So that's your choice, is it?"

A moment he looked at the sullen, terrified face of the creature before him, then exclaimed:

"It's up to you, you know." And as he spoke, he put his hand in his pocket and again drew out his box of matches.

At the sight the captive trembled.

"Don't! Don't!" he moaned. "For God's sake, don't! I'll tell! I'll tell!"

"Then hurry," commanded Squatty. And to give emphasis to his words he took a match from the box and held it ready to light.

The sight unloosened the prisoner's tongue.

"Wilhelm Friederich is at the head of the Purple Dagger," he blurted.

"That skunk, eh!" exclaimed Squatty. "I've heard of him before. In fact, I know a couple of secret service men who would be mighty glad to lay hands on him. Go on. How many are in the gang?"

"Twenty."

"All here in the settlement?"

"Yes."

"There are more in other parts of the country, aren't there?"

"Not of the Purple Daggers."

The emphasis on the color caused the Irishman to smile.

"I see," he exclaimed. "The 'daggers' are a big crowd and the colors represent the local organizations. Is that right?"

"Yah," growled the captive.

"Good. Go on. Where does this precious crew of yours have its headquarters?"

But the captive did not answer.

Quickly Squatty struck the match he had been holding against the box.

At the sound, followed by the sudden burst of flame, they saw it was, the man winced and groaned.

Mercilessly the little Irishman extended his hand toward the yellow flame.

Drawing back, the miner fairly screamed as he said:

"It's in the third pocket of the east tunnel, lower level, of shaft No. 6!"

"At last we've got it," smiled Squatty. "All right, you may go, too. Just you sit down now. I'll turn you over to some of my men." And going to the door, he blew three times on his whistle.

Almost before the shrill blasts had died out three of the little Irishman's lieutenants entered the shanty.

"Take this man and keep him where he can't do any harm—to himself or anybody else," said Squatty. "He will give you no trouble. There will be twenty of them, altogether, including his own. When you have them, get busy and bring them here, understand?"

"Sure," chorused the trio of huskies.

"All right. Be gentle with this bird. He's been tortured some time in his life and he's desperately afraid of fire." And without more words, Squatty motioned to his men to remove the man who had given such valuable information.

"How did you do it?" asked Lefty, voicing the admiration of the bosses for the efficiency of the little Irishman's methods.

"Why, his shirt wasn't even burned," he added.

"It's the psychology of the thing," Squatty returned. "Almost every one is afraid of fire. And this fear, coupled with the smoke and fumes and the sight of their clothes burning, will make any of them give in. I never knew it to fail. But we mustn't waste any time here. Let's go down and search out the headquarters of the gang."

The bosses, however, counseled against the move—at least from the shaft. Mindful of the gas bomb that had put Porter, One Eye and Subway out of commission, they feared others might be planted in the tunnels. Perhaps even more [illegible] bombs had been set.

"There's a way we can get into the pocket without going down the [illegible]," said Tiny.

[illegible]

"It runs in from the Little Creek, about three hundred yards from the road."

"All right. We'll go down there." And stepping to the door, the little Irishman gave one quick blast on his whistle.

[illegible] lily on Big Jim's desk as he awaited the arrival of his lieutenant.

"I want you to get thirty of our best fighters," said Squatty, as his man joined the conference. "This is the lay of the land. In my pocket is No. 6 shaft, the headquarters of this Purple Dagger gang. There's a crevice leading into it from the creek. From my own experience, all that are left of the dirty devils—Porter's men and I have caught three of them—are probably in the shaft this very minute planning to blow up me and the settlement—blooey!

"You'll go down to the creek—Lefty here will show you the way—and hide them where they can watch the secret entrance.

"When any of the sneaking curs come out, get them. Don't shoot. The noise might give warning to the others.

"Of course, you'll not take the men to the secret passage in a bunch. Send them dribble along by twos and threes.

"Handsome, you'll stay here at the mouth of No. 4 shaft and work the windlass.

"Tiny and I are going down the [illegible] shaft to get their headquarters.

"They may be laying for you," suggested Lefty. "Now that word has got about we caught Weasel Braun, some one has probably tipped off the gang."

"That's so," said Squatty. "I was counting on the fact that my men were guarding the shaft so that no one could get down. But of course with this entrance from the creek which hasn't been guarded, it's different."

For a moment the little Irishman ceased speaking and paced up and down the shanty. His keen mind sought some way of getting at the gangsters he felt sure were in their lair.

Beyond a doubt they had received warning of the Weasel's capture. It also would be natural for them to suspect that the leader of the [illegible] make an investigation of the mine.

The first thing they would do, therefore, would be to lay their traps near the shaft so that when any one [illegible]

from the bucket they could be made away with.

Because of this danger, Squatty quickly abandoned the plan of going down the shaft.

"How far did you say it was from the creek road to the secret entrance?" he suddenly asked Tiny.

"About three hundred yards."

"How much hose is there in the settlement?"

"About two miles, all told," replied Lefty.

"How far is it from the boiler house to the secret entrance?"

"Not more than a mile," Tiny returned.

"Good. Come on now and we will get busy. This may be easier than it looked when I got here."

CHAPTER XVI.

THE ATTACK.

AT A LOSS to know what the little Irishman wanted of the hose, the three mine bosses lost no time in asking questions. They had seen proof positive of the resourcefulness and ability of the new leader and they were content to do his bidding without inquiring the purpose or the reason.

Quickly leading the way to the hose house where the extra hose kept above ground was stored, the three bosses showed it to Squatty.

"Couldn't be better," said he, nothing with satisfaction that it was on wheels, ready for any emergency.

"We'll run some of it down to the boiler house and make connections. Then we'll reel it out to the secret passage. My men ought to be on guard in a few minutes, if they are not there already."

"We'll wait a while to see if the dirty devils come out.

"If they don't, we'll force them out by turning some steam on them."

It was but the work of a few minutes to put the plan into operation.

Stationing one of his trusted men at the boiler house, Squatty gave him minute instructions as to what to do and then, led by Tiny, started for the secret entrance to No. 4.

As the men with the hose reels reached the creek they saw the guards scattered in places of vantage.

Directly over the entrance, but protected by a jagged rock, the mine bosses beheld four of Squatty's men.

Beside them were several coils of one-fourth-inch rope.

Altho wondering what it was for, as before, the miners refrained from asking any questions, certain that they would learn in proper time.

Quickly spinning enough hose from the reel to cover the distance from the [illegible]

[illegible] and started down the bank of the creek.

"Mind you don't talk," warned Squatty in a whisper.

The admonition, however, was needless.

Silently the men took their places alongside the four guards ranged above the crevice in the bank of the creek.

Scarcely had they done so than a sharp ray of light flashed in their faces.

Instantly Squatty's lieutenant straightened up and waved his hand.

In response, the blinking ray flashed twice.

Whispering to the man beside him, the guard stooped down, picked up two of the ropes and drew back, ready to swing.

Again came the flash of light, this time only once, and already the mine bosses were aware that the flashes were signals from one group of guards to another.

In answer the two ropes sped thru the air.

Leaning eagerly forward, the mine bosses watched the ropes as they dropped.

Suddenly they saw one form and then another emerge from the crevice in the bank.

But even as they did so the nooses in the ropes settled over their heads.

"All ready? Heave, oh!" shouted Squatty.

With a will, the guards seized the ropes and before the startled members of the Purple Dagger gang realized they had been trapped, they were jerked from the ground and quickly hauled to the bank above.

Eager hands seized them and were hastily trussing them up when a shout came from the guards below, who had previously signaled with the pieces of looking-glass.

"Everybody this way. The whole gang is coming out!" were the words that reached the ears of Squatty and those about him.

"Come on! Jump on them!" shouted the little Irishman. And without the action of the words, he leaped from the ledge down into the struggling group of men who were fighting with the guards.

The men who poured from the secret entrance, following the two who had been lassoed, had seen their comrades disappear and had cried out in alarm.

But they dared not rush back into the secret passage.

Indeed, the number of men rushing from it increased steadily.

Discovering they were surrounded, they fought desperately.

But the reinforcement of the guards by Squatty and his companions quickly put an end to the struggle.

"Shall we go into the passage?" asked Lefty.

"No," returned Squatty. "These 'dagger blades' of men here didn't go back when they found we had them trapped.

"That proves it will be sure death for any one to go in——"

A deafening roar cut the words of the little Irishman short.

For a moment the ground trembled as tho in a mighty convulsion, and then a huge mass of the surface of the road rose in the air.

"That'll wash No. 4," exclaimed Lefty, as he watched the stones and dirt drop back from out the air.

"And it means the end of the hellish sign of the Purple Dagger," exclaimed Handsome.

"You're wrong there, bo," returned Squatty, who had made a hurried inspection of the prisoners. "Until we get our hands on Wilhelm Fried—no, the brains of the gang, the sign of the Purple Dagger will still be potent. Now, I wonder where he is——"

But the words of the little Irishman were interrupted by an excited voice shouting, "An airplane! An airplane!"

Turning in the direction of the voice, Squatty and the others beheld a miner waving his right arm wildly in the air and looking fixedly to the sky.

Throwing back their heads, the others searched the heavens, their eyes finally focusing upon what seemed a tiny speck high above them.

Fascinated, they watched as the speck turned upward and disappeared beyond the range of their eyes.

"Friederich, I'll bet my hat!" growled Squatty, certain that no one alive he is and why the Government agents haven't been able to catch him. He sees all and—Ha——" [illegible]

Then the doughty little Irishman suddenly lapsed into silence, staring hard into the air.

"Do any of you see anything that looks like a trail of smoke?" he demanded, seriously.

In silence the crowd gazed aloft.

Then a score of voices answered: "Yes"

"I even to the poorest eyes among the throng a faint wraith of smoke was now distinguishable.

"Run for your lives! It's a bomb!" yelled Squatty.

CHAPTER XVII.

CHECKMATING DEATH.

NO NEED was there to repeat the command for the miners and guards to move from the spot where they had been standing.

[illegible] made Dover [illegible] London and they took it for granted the smoking object above them was a similar engine of destruction.

In all directions the men and women scattered, running for dear life.

The guards, however, were not so frightened as to forget their prisoners and they yanked and jerked them along as they fled.

Suddenly the smoke trail disappeared.

As the word passed about among the miners they stopped their flight and again gazed upward.

"Looks like we was struck with a case of panic," declared Lefty. Scarcely had the words left his lips when there was a roar and the ground where they had stood but a few seconds before over the secret entrance to No. 4 mine seemed to rise in the air.

As the rain of stone and dirt fell in all directions the miners and their families again took to flight.

"That's another time you didn't score, you bum Kaiser!" shouted Squatty, shaking his fist in the air as tho Wilhelm Friederich were within hearing.

"But maybe he'll come back and drop some more bombs on the house," exclaimed Handsome.

"Don't say that again," snapped the little Irishman. "If any of the miners should hear you they'd work the others into such a fright we wouldn't be able to conduct a war."

"But it's possible," returned the mine [illegible]

"I know it is. But it's one of my rules not to cross a bridge till I come to it.

"When the murdering villain pulls the stunt I will be close enough to tell the miners about it, seeing that we can't do anything to prevent it.

"Hello, what's up now? I wonder," he exclaimed as a woman and several miners came running toward him and the mine bosses who were grouped about him.

"It's Mrs. Porter," answered Lefty.

At the name Squatty started toward her.

"That's him," shouted the men accompanying the wife of the superintendent of the Queen Anne mine.

"Oh, Mr. Squatty, Horace—I mean Mr. Porter—said you were to go as fast as you can to the creek near the No. 1 shaft," gasped the superintendent's wife, almost out of breath from running.

"He said you were to go with the person you found there, who will take you to where Big Jim is. You must hurry, because you must be at the creek by twelve o'clock or it will be too late."

Then she hurriedly told the fighting Irishman that her husband had given her the note that had been thrown thru the window to him and had made her understand she was to get word to the leader of the guards.

"Tell Porter I'll be there" announced Squatty, and turning to Lefty and Handsome he exclaimed: "Show me the way."

Willingly the two mine bosses fell into a trot beside him as they started for the rendezvous.

As they passed a squad of his men Squatty ordered four of them to join him.

At this sudden turn of affairs, wild rumors spread among the miners, some of whom started to follow the little group of seven.

"Stay back!" yelled the little Irishman. "I'll drop the first man who tries to follow." And drawing one of his pistols he waved it menacingly at the men and women.

The words and the sight of the automatic quickly put an end to any desire the miners had of trailing the little group and they fell back, talking excitedly.

As the seven men reached the bank of the creek near No. 1 shaft, Lefty shouted:

"It's the Spider!"

The sight of so many men scrambling to where the wizened little daughter of Long Louie stood in the creek bed frightened her. One startled look at them, then turned to flee.

"Don't run! Don't be afraid!" called Squatty.

"We're friends! It's Handsome and

(Continued on Page 27)

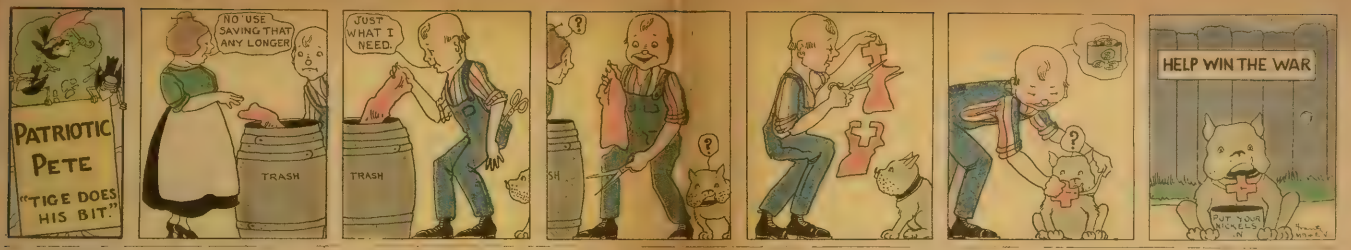
Don't Send a Penny

These Len-Mort work and outdoor shoes are such wonderful value that we gladly send them, no money down. You will find them so well made and so stylish and such a big money saving bargain that you will surely keep them. So don't hesitate. Just fill out and mail the coupon. We will send a pair to your size. No need for you to pay retailers' prices when you can buy direct from us—and know what you are getting before you pay us a penny. Dealers get $5.00 and $6.00 for shoes not near so good. Act now. Mail the coupon today while the special offer holds good.

Great Shoe Offer

We can't tell you enough about these shoes here. This shoe is built to meet the demand of an outdoor city worker as well as for the modern farmer. Send and see for yourself what they are. Double soles, [illegible] leather heel. The special tanning process makes the soft and pliable as a glove, and yet [illegible] and [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

CHICAGO LEDGER



Explanation.

"And so, Mr. Pills," the old lady remarked in the country druggist, "poor old Joe is dead."

"I warned Mr. Pills, 'Joe died very early this morning.' He was in the store last night, you know."

"Well," said the druggist, "he's at rest forever, 'as I said to myself, 'Poor old Joe, he's gone now he's gone' ever there for medicine'."

The lawsuit was anything but pleased and the old lady, seeing she was misunderstood, awakened matters right, with the usual result.

"I don't mean to say, Mr. Pills," she explained, hurriedly, "as how your medicine killed him, ma'am, the sort. Old Joe never did like physic and I'm sartin he'd never have took the risk of mixin' here if he'd had a chance of living."

An Approval.

"I gave $10,000 for that old master."

"Well," said the old friend of it is fam- ily, "the class you gained it easy not have been anything extra, but he had a mighty good salesman."

The Canny Scot.

Donald McAllister, a Scottish farmer, was going to town for a day or two, and his daughter, Maggie, had a weary time

of it. "Finally she said, 'Dad, when you get back with the Mare's

Tipping Him Off.

A story is being told about a little incident which happened at Camp Custer lately. General Funn was passing dinner with a few friends, and during the course he had occasion to remark that he remembered if a brazen or military regulation to add unnecessarily an apostrophe and pull at a cigarette while so doing was passing by, as it is well known a fact that the General is a "crusher," and so usual he did not "have" any of the recruit. The General went a few paces ahead and then returned to where a recruit was sitting and in a tone of friendly interest inquired:

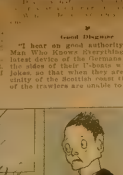
"My boy, do you know you are supposed to stand at attention and salute officers who pass by?"

The boy replied that he did, but hadn't noticed any officers.

"Well," said General Penn, "I am not in line but a mere General, my boy, but one of these same days I intend to succeed in going to come along here and reprimand whoever by their lack of observation."

They Were, Too.

A priest in a Scotch Highland village



Preaching but when he had been somewhat further fresh felt misgivings to

were rather startled when he longed for a half of the dog that his him. the boots were getting dirty and the dog's tail was no harm to pretty old, and turned which, after a little pull for a bit of

He had not gone very far when whom did he meet but the old lady who said: "I sent my boots for repairs, and they are not finished with them yet." "No, your reverence—" "Why?" "They're not needed yet, but they're on the road

Changed His Mind.

While Lis mother was away on a visit Johnny decided to say his prayers. As his mother's return there was a reckoning

"I didn't say your prayers, John."

Well, you see, it was this way, ma, I forgot to say them the first night so I said double ones when I didn't say 'em the next night, so nothin' happened, 'em the next night, so I wouldn't, ever say 'em again if nothin' never happened."

And then something did happen

How It's Done.

Food Controller Hoover told at a recent luncheon the lawyer story about a poultry profiteer. "A lady entered his shop," said Mr. Hoover, "and asked the price of a chicken. 'hem hums in the winder?' said the producer. 'Well, they're very fine quality stock. I can't let 'em go for less than a pound.' 'Indeed!' said the lady, 'did you raise them yourself?' 'Yes,' said the profiteer absently. 'They were 70 cents yesterday.'"

Humoring Father.

"Look here, Charlie," said one young collegian to another who had been asked to run his eye over a letter which his

"I had written," replied the, "there was the inevitable request for money. You've spelled par wrong."

"I know," said Charlie, but you see I need the cash, and don't want the old man to think I'm putting on airs. That's how he spells it."

The Eternal Familiar.

The teacher was examining the class in physiology.

"Now, please tell us," she asked, "what is the function of the stomach?"

"The function of the stomach," the little girl answered, "is to hold up the petticoat."

Too Expensive.

The party of tourists were watching Professor X as he examined the wrapped body of an ancient Egyptian.

"Can you tell me something about him," remarked the professor. "The man must have been very wealthy."

"I doubt it," he interested, said a just brought in young lady, "if he could bring him to a

Interesting, but a bit risky," returned nal Professor Hemsbody, might have to throw the pile and

Bulla, Bilder."

Same Old Crowd.

Bill and Henry had not met for some time. Quite unexpectedly they came across each other in the street. Nothing like this could have happened before. Henry moved his head, and Bill changed him on the back

"Wot cheer, Henry? How are yer gettin' on? Still workin' for the same people?"

"Yus," was Henry's and reply. "Wife, mother-in-law and ten kids."

Returning Good for Evil.

At breakfast in a downtown hotel the following scene was heard:

"What was that?"

"The porter was blacking the boot that

Sure Sign.

"Are you going to be a politician?"

"Why, no!"

"Then you think so?"

"No, I'm sure."

Where He Belonged.

Ex-President Taft was talking recently of the advantages of conscription. "It puts every man in the place best fitted for him," he said. "It is the duty of the captain of the man-of-war. He saw a boy looking for a job.

"What was this chap in civil life" he asked.

"A bellman, sir," was the reply.

So he loaned the capstan to the pump with him at once.

Wouldn't Tell.

Mrs Brown—Our lodger is full of nonsense. For instance, I met a man here the other day, and he called him a Will engineer."

Mrs. Smith—Well, that's not so ridiculous as the man they call 'teller' in a bank. I met one there once, and I asked one the other day how much money my husband had on deposit and he just laughed at me.

Refused.

A witty judge declared recently that he was a man who could refuse a button his wife's blouse. A martyr to duty, he was asked to sew it on. "Here tries and succeeds in

"Oh, a reward," replied the judge, "is

Very Polite.

"Ellen," said the mistress, "I hear my next door and ask them if they will kindly stop playing for a while. Mr. Humphries has a bad headache and be polite about it—be sure to be polite."

A minute later Ellen was admitted next door.

"Excuse my compliments," she said, "and I'm sorry to be obliged to trouble you to play on so old a tune—you would likely misunderstand something

"But this is our house," returned the mistress of it, "and we are not debarred from choosing our own amusements.

"It's a pity you aren't," came from the top step. "When any one ain't satisfied in their own home it's time to stop the Home Fires Burnin' with two fingers an' a plasma that ain't refishin' to high time somebody interfered, an' told you these fires had got to be damped down a bit. And you are jolly lucky that I was told to do it polite

Too Good for a Guest.

An Ascot was touring Ireland and stopping at a wretched inn, he said to the woman attendant girl, "Bridget, bring me a boiled egg."

"Yes, yousse man, I'm no hungry as a bear. Grill me at once one of your fat- tened hens with jam and custard and

be stamped out. On his return the lady said:

"Well, stank coming on all right?"

"Indeed sure," said the boy, "father says that if he had a stank like that he'd become lord over H. himself, so he would!"

An Aid to Privacy.

Pat, who was somewhere in France, had just received a letter from his sweetheart. Being unable to read, he called on his old pal Mike, who was also Irish, and asked him to read it.

Hot Pat was the wholly happy. Drawing closer to the reverend gentleman and lowering his voice to a whisper he said:

"I hope it's not angry we'll be ——, but as the matter of a very private nature, do you sound puttin your fingers in your ears, sor, while you are reading it out?"

Has Music Barred.

Our Tommies write the most seem- ing satire of "From Dover and Hilles," don't appreciate the Rochers' music one little bit, they say, so there is no turn to it.

"Another evening they (the Rochers) gave a show in the adjoining village, and we were close enough to hear the performance.

"What the blokes are you playin'?" one of the audience shouted.

"Wagner," came the reply.

Well, grumbled Tommy, "I don't wonder we're fighting you about it.

A Difficult Order.

Sergeant Major—"Now, Private Smith, you know very well none but officers and noncommissioned officers are allowed to walk across the grass.

Private Smith—"Yes, sergeant major, I've Captain Graham's verbal orders to—

Sergeant Major—"None o' that, sir! Show me the captain's verbal orders. Show 'em to me, sir."

Unsinkable Satisfaction.

"What kind of luck have you had with your car?"

"Fine," replied Mr Chuggins

"I thought it was a lizzy you broke some

No. When it's running we enjoy the travel and when it isn't we're saving gasoline

Good Old Days.

Emperor Catullus—"Where the devil is Senator Claudius?"

Court Clerk—"His wife has company today, your highness, and she's using he house with one hen in whose wife land who was willing to give all his hens to help the country in the war."

This man, according to Mr. Daniels, is a farmer, who had raised a flock of chickens and when the first Liberty Loan was started sent the thousand dollars to Washington for a bond of that denomination. Shortly after the Treasury Department received a letter from the wife of the farmer, the

Gentlemen: Several months ago I sent you $1,000 for a Liberty Bond which so kindly inform me to whom I must pay the interest.

Wasn't Taking Any Chances.

A clerk was sent to call on Mr. C——, a business man in the town to try to get him to subscribe to a local political paper.

"I'll go an hour he was a bit acute," thought the clerk, and he was right.

"Sir," said the C——, "I admired the plots were fine ones, but he was afraid that you might not get the value for his money in the end."

"Sir," asked the manager

More Than His Bit.

Secretary of the Navy Josephus Daniels said at a dinner given by the Baltimore Press Club a few weeks ago that the house of every man in the whole wide land who was willing to give all his hens to help the country in the war.

This man, according to Mr. Daniels, is a farmer, who had raised a flock of chickens and when the first Liberty Loan was started sent the thousand dollars to Washington for a bond of that denomination. Shortly after the Treasury Department received a letter from the wife of the farmer, the

Gentlemen: Several months ago I sent you $1,000 for a Liberty Bond which so kindly inform me to whom I must pay the interest.

Wasn't Taking Any Chances.

A clerk was sent to call on Mr. C——, a business man in the town to try to get him to subscribe to a local political paper.

"I'll go an hour he was a bit acute," thought the clerk, and he was right.

"Sir," said the C——, "I admired the plots were fine ones, but he was afraid that you might not get the value for his money in the end."

"Sir," asked the manager

Sorry They Spoke.

"Gentlemen—

"It does not be said here," I suppose," one of them suggested, "that," said the candidate, "reckless foot one leg at the battle of the Somme. Then there was a large silence.

Good Language.

"I hear on good authority," said the Man Who Knows Everything, "that a certain doctor who is famous as to patient the sides of the chest when they are in the vicinity of the Scotch coast the slippers of the wearers are unable to see them."

Sure Sign.

"Are you going to be a politician?"

"Why, no!"

"Then you think so?"

"No, I'm sure."

Where He Belonged.

Ex-President Taft was talking recently of the advantages of conscription. "It puts every man in the place best fitted for him," he said. "It is the duty of the captain of the man-of-war. He saw a boy looking for a job.

"What was this chap in civil life" he asked.

"A bellman, sir," was the reply.

So he loaned the capstan to the pump with him at once.

Wouldn't Tell.

Mrs Brown—Our lodger is full of nonsense. For instance, I met a man here the other day, and he called him a Will engineer."

Mrs. Smith—Well, that's not so ridiculous as the man they call 'teller' in a bank. I met one there once, and I asked one the other day how much money my husband had on deposit and he just laughed at me.

Refused.

A witty judge declared recently that he was a man who could refuse a button his wife's blouse. A martyr to duty, he was asked to sew it on. "Here tries and succeeds in

"Oh, a reward," replied the judge, "is

Very Polite.

"Ellen," said the mistress, "I hear my next door and ask them if they will kindly stop playing for a while. Mr. Humphries has a bad headache and be polite about it—be sure to be polite."

A minute later Ellen was admitted next door.

"Excuse my compliments," she said, "and I'm sorry to be obliged to trouble you to play on so old a tune—you would likely misunderstand something

"But this is our house," returned the mistress of it, "and we are not debarred from choosing our own amusements.

"It's a pity you aren't," came from the top step. "When any one ain't satisfied in their own home it's time to stop the Home Fires Burnin' with two fingers an' a plasma that ain't refishin' to high time somebody interfered, an' told you these fires had got to be damped down a bit. And you are jolly lucky that I was told to do it polite

Too Good for a Guest.

An Ascot was touring Ireland and stopping at a wretched inn, he said to the woman attendant girl, "Bridget, bring me a boiled egg."

"Yes, yousse man, I'm no hungry as a bear. Grill me at once one of your fat- tened hens with jam and custard and

be stamped out. On his return the lady said:

"Well, stank coming on all right?"

"Indeed sure," said the boy, "father says that if he had a stank like that he'd become lord over H. himself, so he would!"

An Aid to Privacy.

Pat, who was somewhere in France, had just received a letter from his sweetheart. Being unable to read, he called on his old pal Mike, who was also Irish, and asked him to read it.

Hot Pat was the wholly happy. Drawing closer to the reverend gentleman and lowering his voice to a whisper he said:

"I hope it's not angry we'll be ——, but as the matter of a very private nature, do you sound puttin your fingers in your ears, sor, while you are reading it out?"

Has Music Barred.

Our Tommies write the most seem- ing satire of "From Dover and Hilles," don't appreciate the Rochers' music one little bit, they say, so there is no turn to it.

"Another evening they (the Rochers) gave a show in the adjoining village, and we were close enough to hear the performance.

"What the blokes are you playin'?" one of the audience shouted.

"Wagner," came the reply.

Well, grumbled Tommy, "I don't wonder we're fighting you about it.

A Difficult Order.

Sergeant Major—"Now, Private Smith, you know very well none but officers and noncommissioned officers are allowed to walk across the grass.

Private Smith—"Yes, sergeant major, I've Captain Graham's verbal orders to—

Sergeant Major—"None o' that, sir! Show me the captain's verbal orders. Show 'em to me, sir."

Unsinkable Satisfaction.

"What kind of luck have you had with your car?"

"Fine," replied Mr Chuggins

"I thought it was a lizzy you broke some

No. When it's running we enjoy the travel and when it isn't we're saving gasoline

Good Old Days.

Emperor Catullus—"Where the devil is Senator Claudius?"

Court Clerk—"His wife has company today, your highness, and she's using he house with one hen in whose wife land who was willing to give all his hens to help the country in the war."

This man, according to Mr. Daniels, is a farmer, who had raised a flock of chickens and when the first Liberty Loan was started sent the thousand dollars to Washington for a bond of that denomination. Shortly after the Treasury Department received a letter from the wife of the farmer, the

Gentlemen: Several months ago I sent you $1,000 for a Liberty Bond which so kindly inform me to whom I must pay the interest.

Wasn't Taking Any Chances.

A clerk was sent to call on Mr. C——, a business man in the town to try to get him to subscribe to a local political paper.

"I'll go an hour he was a bit acute," thought the clerk, and he was right.

"Sir," said the C——, "I admired the plots were fine ones, but he was afraid that you might not get the value for his money in the end."

"Sir," asked the manager

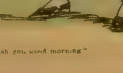
More Frightfulness.

A certain section of the volunteers had been engaged the whole of one Sunday morning practising the art of bridge building.

"For the last hour or so they have worked with an officer who was pressed elsewhere. But before then they managed to build a respect their work.

"Why, this affair would collapse an hour!" he exclaimed in angry tone, indicating where the spans on one side were all tied wrongly.

"That's all right," replied the maker of the knots rectify "This bridge is destined for the enemy



Farmer (to fallen aeronaut) We always charge picnic parties $5 to land here

PUZZLES

Anagrams.

55—The following are men of former centuries of fame, in the words we have mixed:

1. Raid Hes. 2. Comb us, Lic. 3. A bone trap. 4. Lads, get on. 5. Fuel is a crash. 6. Real light Wear.

Concealed Names.

56—In each of the following sentences a feminine name is concealed. Names of countries have been rightly guessed and written, one below another, the initial letters will spell a name that is honored through the world.

1. Caesar, in his Commentaries, was stupid, despite his fame. 2. He lost his brother money to buy a coat. 3. Is the man entire to play Pars? 4. His greedy brother, Jack, ate all the candy. 5. Is Alexander Hamilton dead in America, still soon be received. 6. James likes us and our friends as well. 7. Billy's pains, mockery and dejected, would not listen to us. 8. When she was in Paris she ate sweet milk for. 9. Is Miss a drink of Adam's ale. 10. You are dark, I am glad to say. 11. I may not take that horse.

I Puzzle.

57—To solve the following puzzle add T to the

1. Add T to a small stream and have to sing with a quiver. 2. Add T to the ring on a horse's bit and have a carriage. 3. Add T to the organ of hearing and have a parasite by the lance. 4. Add T to the sister of your father or mother and have a bitter or sarcastic speech. 5. Add T to a tear and have a journey. 6. Add T to one who possesses house and have to abroad. 7. Add T to aged and have the past tense of to tell.

Beheadings.

58—1. Behead the act of suffocating, and leave propelling a small boat, behead this and leave to be in debt, behead this and leave what is used this with. 2. Behead a sudden impulse and leave what the merchant makes when he sells on something, behead this and leave the cost of anything, behead this word and leave a food grain used in hot countries, behead this and leave frozen water

ANSWERS TO LAST WEEK'S PUZZLES.

51. Diagonal Puzzle.

		E		
		L	D	A
		E	A	R
		P	A	L
		E		

52. Connected Squares.

H	A	L	F	F
A	R	I	A	
L	A	I	N	
F	A	R	M	A

F	U	S	H	
U	N	T	O	
N	E	S	T	
C	H	O	P	S

M				
E	L	L	A	
B	L	I	T	
H	A	T	H	

53. Poet's Mesaurerie

1. Sing	3. Soul	5. Shed	7. Ass
2. Wood	4. Cow	6. Hen	8. Adia

54. Unlikeness Wave.

1. Warsaw	3. Warning	5. Warrant	
4. Warden		6. Warmth	

If is not desired that readers send in the answers to the puzzles. They are printed simply as hints to the solvers, and the correct answers will be printed the following week.

CHICAGO LEDGER

[Copyright, 1918, by W. D. Boyce Co.]

Entered as second-class matter June 25, 1895, at the postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

Published Every Saturday
By W. D. BOYCE CO., CHICAGO, ILL.

SUBSCRIPTION RATES.

Single subscriptions to the Chicago Ledger by mail $1.65 a year; $1 for six months, six months 75 cents, in advance. Remittances should be made by Bank Draft, Registered Letter, Postoffice or Express Money Order, payable to the Chicago Ledger. The address tab on your paper shows the date to which your subscription is paid.

BACK NUMBERS.

Back numbers of the Ledger promptly mailed. Always give the dates desired, plainly written, accompanied by your full address. Price 5 cents per copy.

ADVERTISING RATES.

For Display, $2.45 each Agate Line; for Classified, 20 cents a word. Guaranteed net circulation of the Chicago Ledger and The Saturday Blade combined.

These two publications are America's most popular weeklies, and are read by millions of people every week.

While all rights in stories in the Ledger each which a copyright line appears are reserved, the publication of any other matter may be reproduced without charge, provided proper credit is given the Ledger.

GENTLE JABS.

Never believe the statistics of an enthusiast.

If one has nothing worth saying, saying it in meter doesn't improve it.

When a bully is timidly written about he is called "masterful."

Nothing equals the indifferent poise of a cat when there is no dog in sight.

All men are born free and different would be nearer the truth.

The wife who loses her patience must not expect to retain her husband's admiration.

Many a self-made man would be happier if he could blame the job on somebody else.

Marriage isn't a lottery. When a man draws a blank in a lottery that's the end of it.

Until a woman's joke is frequently has to follow it up with an explanation.

It's all well enough to believe in fate, providing you act according to your best judgment.

Only the judge at a prize baby show knows how to sympathize with a baseball umpire.

The fool takes things as they come, but the wise guy lets a good many of them pass on.

There is always a trying moment for a woman when her dress comes home from the modiste.

A woman's idea of a congenial husband is one who lets her have her own way in everything.

A town grows into a city when a restaurant "regular meal" in American lingo is changed into table d'hote.

If there were only one kind of wall paper in the world, the owner of a house to rent would be almost happy.

Second thoughts are best, but that doesn't help you when you have an extemporaneous speech to make.

Any man would prove "a good conversationalist" cast on a desert island with one other man.

If is better to spare the rod than to spoil the child by using the rod too much.

A wise girl goes to a neighboring town to study music when the matrimonial field at home is overworked.

When a shiftless man gets sick his neighbors seldom lose much time worrying about it.

Fools rush in where angels fear to tread, and altho the underpinning gives way they never take the advice of the angels the next time.

Your Kitchen in War Time

We Must Save Wheat or Lose

BY MARY FULLER WEST.

IN THE course of the last four years, since Germany plunged the world into war, starvation has claimed more victims than have perished by gunpowder, gas and steel. 4,750,000 people have died of starvation, while about 4,250,000 have been killed in fighting.

Hunger made Russia collapse; it weakened little Roumania and gave her a German-made peace, and last fall threatened Italy with extermination. Now England, France, Italy and Belgium are calling for American wheat to feed their hungry peoples.

On June 1 we had only 56,000,000 bushels of wheat left in our country. If we consumed wheat at our present rate of 70,000,000 bushels per month, we would lack at least 25,000,000 bushels for our own needs up to the end of July and would not be able to send any across the ocean to our Allies.

However, America can be counted upon to do her share. Europe needs 30,000,000 bushels of wheat before our next crop is harvested. We can and will do it to her. Our women will fight in the kitchen to help our boys, and the soldiers of the allies in the trenches. To meet the needs abroad and at home, every housewife must do her share. Abstain from using flour and wheat products until the next harvest.

There are plenty of other cereals in this country which make excellent and palatable breads and cakes. Use them without question. They are as good food as wheat, and almost be shipped across the ocean as easily, some because they are more perishable, others because they are too bulky, and still others because there is no way of grinding these cereals into flour when they get across the ocean.

American housewives stand ready to do their part, and more. They know this is THEIR war, just as much as it is the war of the English mother, the French and our own brave Armies overseas. If we do not hold the home lines, our Nation will perish. Let us grasp the opportunity to do our full share—not our bit—and count it a privilege, not a hardship, to do so much for others.

Below are listed a number of good substitutes for wheat flour and wheat products. Some of these recipes come from the Food Administration, others are the result of experimentation among housewives who have taken the pledge of saving wheat in their own homes.

WHEATLESS POPOVERS—Sift together one cup each of corn meal, rye meal and barley flour. Add gradually 1 cup of milk. When cooled add 2 eggs and beat 2 minutes with egg beater. Put in greased muffin tin and bake 15 minutes in hot oven. No baking powder is needed to raise popovers.

WAFFLES—One cup milk, 2 eggs, 3 tablespoons home melted fat, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 cups barley flour, 3 teaspoons baking powder. Sift dry ingredients together and add eggs, milk and salt dissolved in fat and melted fat. Fold in stiffly beaten whites. Beat thoroly for a minute and cook in hot oven, using a waffle iron.

BARLEY BREAD—Two cups wheat flour, 4 cups barley flour, 1 cup water, 1 cup milk, 4 tablespoons molasses, 1 yeast cake (compressed), 1 teaspoonful salt. Boil milk and water and cool. Add molasses, salt, adding more flour if necessary. Cover and let rise until the mixture is double its bulk. Knead a second time, form into loaves, place in well-greased pans and let rise a second time until the dough has doubled its bulk. Bake in a hot oven from one-half to one hour, the time depending on the size of the loaves.

BARLEY MUFFINS—One cup sour milk, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 egg, ½ teaspoon soda, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons melted fat, 2½ cups barley flour, 2 teaspoons baking powder. Beat eggs, add sugar, salt and soda dissolved in a little cold water. Sift flour and baking powder together and combine with first mixture. Add the melted fat and beat well. Bake in well greased muffin pans until thoroly done, about ½ hour, depending upon the size of the muffins.

RICE GEMS—Beat one egg until light, add 1 cup milk and 1 tablespoon butter; beat 1 cup flour with this mixture, then sift in ½ teaspoon salt, 1 cup flour and 2 teaspoons baking powder. Bake 20 minutes in hot pans.

RICE CAKES—Two cups boiled rice, 3 eggs, pinch of salt, 1 tablespoon lard, 1 tablespoon flour. Mix the rice, adding boiling bowl, add the salt and eggs dropped in, beat until quite fluffy with an open spoon, have lard and butter hot in the frying pan, put in the mixture a large stirring spoonful for a cake and fry until golden brown. Use a pancake shovel to turn them. Serve hot with either maple sirup or tomato sauce.

CORN AND RYE MUFFINS—Four teaspoonfuls baking powder, 1 cup rye flour, ¼ cup sugar, 3 tablespoonfuls butterine, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 cups skim-milk. Method—Sift dry ingredients, put in butterine, stir in milk place in greased gem pans. Bake 45 minutes in moderate oven.

RYE DROP CAKES—Two-thirds cup rye meal, 2-3 cup flour, 2¼ teaspoons baking powder, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons molasses, ½ cup milk and one egg. Mix and sift dry ingredients, add milk gradually to molasses and egg well beaten. Drop by spoonfuls in hot vegetable oil, fry until light brown and cooked thru, which must be determined by piercing; use a knitting needle. Remove with a skimmer and drain on brown paper.

BUCKWHEAT DROPCAKES—Warm a pint of milk with a spoonful of butter, or make it ½ cream, add 3 very well beaten eggs, small spoonful of salt and enough buckwheat flour to make a very thick batter. Beat in last 3 big spoonfuls of flour with 1 teaspoon of soda [illegible] well thru, then drop the batter in all spoonfuls upon a greased baking sheet and bake in a quick oven.

BUCKWHEAT HOT BREAD—Add to a quart of buttermilk or sour milk a teaspoon of salt and enough buckwheat [illegible] to make a stiff batter; cover night in a warm place. In morning add half a teacup of melted shortening, a teacup of sirup with 2 teaspoonfuls soda dissolved in it, and the cup well rinsed with two spoonfuls boiling water. Pour into deep pan, bake an inch deep into warm, well-greased pans and bake quickly. Serve very hot. Cornmeal may be added or used alone exactly the same way.

CORN FLOUR AND BUCKWHEAT BREAD—One cup liquid, 4 tablespoons fat, 4 tablespoons sugar, 4 eggs, 6 teaspoons baking powder, 1 teaspoon salt, 1½ cups corn flour, 1 cup buckwheat.

HOMINY BREAD (SOUTHERN STYLE)—Two cups of hot grits. Cook until half done. One and ½ tablespoonfuls lard, 2 eggs, 1½ pints of milk, 1 cup of white pastry flour, 1 teaspoonful of salt, 1 teaspoonful of baking powder. Add grits before cooking will make this amount bake 3 by an hour.

OATMEAL MUFFINS—One cup warm oatmeal, 1 cup milk, 1 cup corn flour, 1 egg, ½ level tablespoonful of shortening, 1 tablespoon sirup, 1 tablespoon butter substitute, 2 teaspoons baking powder. Put the oatmeal, milk and sirup in bowl; add butter substitute into bowl; beat until smooth, then sift flour and [illegible] together and add to mixture. Beat well and bake in [illegible] hot oven.

OATMEAL BREAD NO. 1—Measure 2 cups of rolled oats after grinding thru food chopper; add half cup of cornmeal. Pour 2 cups of boiling water on oats and cornmeal and allow it to stand ¼ hour. Then add 3 cups barley or rice flour, 2 eggs well beaten, 1 cup molasses, 2 cups of chopped raisins, 1 teaspoon saleratus, 1 teaspoon salt. Bake in a moderate oven 1½ hours. This amount makes 2 loaves. Eggs may be omitted.

OAT AND WHEAT BREAD NO. 2—One cup rolled oats, 1 cup barley flour, 1 teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon soda, 1 tablespoon sugar, 1 tablespoon lard, 1 egg well beaten, 1 cup sour milk, 1 tablespoon of melted fat. Mix all together, put in small tins and bake in hot oven till well browned and the loaf shrinks from the pan. Then turn out on cake cooler and when cold put in bread box. Steam until about done if used for muffins.

QUAKER MUFFINS—One cup scalded milk poured over 2 cups of oats. Let stand five minutes, add 2 tablespoons sugar, ½ teaspoon salt, 2 tablespoons lard or melted butter substitute in 1½ cups flour, 4 teaspoons baking powder. Mix thoroly, add one well-beaten egg. Bake in hot greased gem pans 20 to 25 minutes.

CORN CAKE MADE WITHOUT EGGS—Sift together 2 cups of cornmeal, 1 teaspoon of salt and 1 tablespoon of sugar. Mix this with enough boiling water, in which 1 tablespoon of butter substitute has been melted, to make a batter, and pour at once into shallow tins, baking in a quick oven.

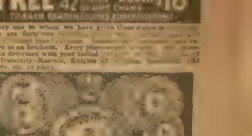
CORN-MEAL POPOVERS—One pint sweet milk scalded; stir into the hot milk a cupful of cornmeal, a piece of butter the size of an egg, a little salt, 3 eggs well beaten, and stirred in the last thing. No soda.

FRIED CORN BREAD—Boil 1 quart water, stir together 1 pint cold milk with 1 pint cornmeal and 1 teaspoon salt. Stir this mixture into the boiling water gradually, let it boil up, before being careful not to let it burn. Turn into a dish that will make convenient pieces to fry. Cut in slices into beaten egg; fry in very hot lard.

Next week we will again publish a list of meat substitutes. The Food Administration has placed the Nation on a meat ration until Sept. 15. With meat out of the market on certain days of the week, we will stand in need of recipes which will tell us how to prepare summer substitutes which will please the palate and not empty our purses.

FREE A BEAUTIFUL SET OF KNIVES 42 PIECES FORTY-TEN $10 SILVER CLAD

Every one to whom we have given these dishes is [illegible] There are forty-two [illegible] Knives, forks, spoons, [illegible] dishes at an [illegible] Every [illegible] will be delivered with your [illegible] any fraternity—Masonic, Knights of [illegible] Pythias, or [illegible]



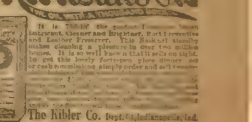
We [illegible] piece [illegible]

Kibler's Royal Oil

It is [illegible] the [illegible] Harness, Leather, Canvas and Rubber Preserver. This Basket [illegible] and [illegible] you get this [illegible] Oil [illegible] houses. It is so well [illegible] it sells on sight. [illegible] you get this [illegible] or cash [illegible] simply order and we'll [illegible]

The Kibler Co. Dept. [illegible] Ind.

YOUR HEART



Does it Flutter, Pulsate or Skip Beats? Have you Shortness of Breath, Yawning Spells, Pain in Heart, Sinking or Smothering Sensations, Dizziness and Breathing, Heart Drops or Swelling, Heart Acts Queer, Pain in Left Side and Shoulder Blade, Numb Hands, Arms or Fingers, Nervousness, Trembling, Hungry or Weak Spells, Oppressed Feeling in chest, Choking Sensation thrust, Painful to Lie on Left Side

Fifth Installment of an Absorbing Serial of Love and Adventure

Into the Primitive

By Robert Ames Bennet

You Can Go On After Reading This

A CYCLONE and a shipwreck off the Mozambique coast of Africa throw two men and one woman on their own resources. Winthrope, an American, is in a state of intoxication when the waves toss him onto the barren shore. His two companions, one an Englishman of supposedly high rank, the other, a wealthy American girl, despise him while they recognize that they are utterly dependent on him to continue living. For this reason they obey his commands, and set out to follow him inland to seek shelter for the night. Blake finds lodging for them for the night in a tall tree, and luckily they come upon food. The following morning they set out to find a permanent dwelling. The search is long and arduous, and at the end of the day they are again forced to take temporary shelter for the night and resume their hunt on the morrow. A magnifying-glass found in Blake's coat pocket, produces fire. Then Blake and Winthrope proceed to smoke a family of leopards out of their den, and obtain meat to eat. The next morning they climb the cliffs and get birds' eggs. Miss Leslie makes up her mind to help and gets along famously. The castaways are fairly comfortable. Winthrope resents Blake's orders, and Miss Leslie hears them arguing over her. She is seized with fear of Blake. Winthrope is taken down with fever, and she nurses him. During this period she encounters Jackals and Blake returns to camp after an attack of poisoning. When Winthrope gets well again, Blake makes up his mind that they are all going for a long hike. Miss Leslie finds herself admiring him, in spite of herself. She wonders whether she has judged him rightly, and her mind is a seething torrent of bewilderment.

The above will enable you to go on with this story, begun in No. 22, the Ledger, June 1. Back copies containing earlier chapters can be obtained thru this office or from our agents and newsdealers

With All the Drive of His Sinewy Arm, He Brought the Club Down on the Adder.

He Had Seen His Arrow Strike.

[Copyright by A. C. McClurg Co.]

CHAPTER XVI.

THE SAVAGE MANIFEST.

As Winthrope succeeded in standing himself on his own feet, he declared without a contest that [illegible] was dry. Blake assented, for the expedition [illegible] was in the best of spirits. Having unexpected company [illegible] Blake [illegible] a cane, which he had cut and trimmed, guessing the right [illegible]

Having [illegible] to fill the whisky flask with spring water, [illegible] dropped three cocoanut-shell bowls, a piece of meat and a lump of salt into one of the earthenware pots, and slung all over his shoulder in the antelope skin. With his bow hung over the other shoulder, knife and arrows in his belt, and his big club in hand, he looked ready for any contingency.

"We'll hit first for the mouth of the river," he said. "I'm going on ahead. If I'm not in sight when you come up, pick a tree where the ground is dry, and wait."

"But I say, Blake," said Winthrope, "I see animals over in the poplars, and you should know that I am physically unable—"

"Nothing but antelope," interrupted Blake, "I've seen them enough now to know them twice as far off. And you can bet on it they'll not be there if any dangerous beast was in smelling distance."

"That is so clever of you, Mr. Blake," remarked Miss Leslie

"Simple enough when you happen to think it," responded Blake. "Yes, the only thing you've got to look out for are the ticks in the grass. They'll keep you interested. They bit me up in great shape."

He scowled at the recollection, nodded by way of emphasis, and was off like a shot. The others saw him beneath the cliff was strewn with rocks, among which, even with Miss Leslie's help, Winthrope could get his way but slowly. Before they were clear of the rough ground they saw Blake disappear among the mangroves.

The ticks proved less annoying than they had apprehended after Blake's warning. But when they approached the mouth of the river they were alarmed to hear above the roar of the surf loud snorting, such as could only be made by large animals. Fearful lest Blake had roused and angered some forest beast, they veered to the right and ran to hide behind a clump of thorns. Winthrope sank down exhausted the moment they reached cover, but Miss Leslie crept to the far end of the thicket and peered out.

"Oh, look here!" she cried. "It's a whole herd of elephants trying to cross the river mouth where we did, and they're being drowned, poor things!"

"Elephants!" panted Winthrope, and he dragged himself forward beside her. "Why, so they are; quite a drove of the beasts. Yet, I must say, they appear smaller—ah, yes; see their heads. They must be the hippopotami, Miss Leslie."

"Those ugly creatures? I once saw some at a zoo. Just the same, they will be drowned. Some night in the river."

"I can't say, I'm sure, Miss Genevieve, but I have an idea that the beasts are quite at home in the water, fancy they enjoy sea bathing as keenly as ourselves."

"I do believe you are right. There is one going in from the quiet water. But look at those funny little ones on the backs of the others."

"Must be baby hippos," replied Winthrope, indifferently. "If you please, I'll take a pull at the flask. I am very [illegible]

When he had half emptied the flask he stretched out in the shade to doze. But Miss Leslie continued to watch the movements of the snorting hippos, [illegible] by the ponderous antics of the [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

come with him to this infected lowland."

"Still, I think we should do what Mr. Blake says."

"My dear Miss Genevieve, for your sake I will endeavor not to break with the fellow. Only, you know, it is deuced hard to keep one's temper when one considers what a bounder—what an unmitigated cad——"

"Stop! I will not listen to another word!" exclaimed the girl, and she hurried after Blake, leaving Winthrope staring in astonishment.

My word!" he muttered, "can it be, after all I've done—and him, of all the low fellows——"

He stood for several moments in deep thought. The look on his sallow face was far from pleasant.

CHAPTER XVII.
THE SERPENT STRIKES.

WHEN Winthrope came up with the others they were gathering green leaves to throw on the fire which was blazing close beside the ant hill.

"Get a move on you," called Blake. "You're slow. Grab a bunch of leaves and get into the smoke, if you don't want to be stung."

Winthrope neither gathered any leaves nor hurried himself, until he was visited by a highly irritated bee. Then he obeyed with alacrity. Blake was far too intent on other matter to heed the Englishman. Leaping in and out of the thick of the smoke, he pounded the ant hill with his club until he had broken a gaping hole into the cavity. The smoke, pouring into the hive, made short work of the bees that had not already been suffocated.

Altho the antelope skin was drawn into the shape of a sack, both it and the pot were filled to overflowing with honey, and there were still more combs left than the three could eat.

Blake caught Winthrope smiling with satisfaction as he licked his fingers

"What's the matter with my expedition now, old man?" he demanded.

"I—ah—must admit, Blake, we have had a most enjoyable change of food."

"If you are sure it will agree with [illegible]," remarked Miss Leslie.

"But I am sure of that, Miss Genevieve. I could digest anything today. I'm fairly ravenous."

"All the more reason to be careful," rejoined Blake. "I guess, tho, what we've had'll do no harm. We'll let it settle a bit, here in the shade, and then hit the home trail."

"Could we not go to the river, Mr. Blake? My hands are dreadfully sticky."

"Win will take you. It's only a little way to the bank here and there's not [illegible]

[illegible] Winthrope.

"It's safe enough. Go on. You'll see the river in half a minute. Only [illegible] out for alligators."

"I believe that—er—properly speaking, these are crocodiles."

"You don't say! Heap of difference it will make if one gets you."

Miss Leslie caught Winthrope's eye. He turned on his heel, and led the way for her thru the first thicket. Beyond this they came to a little glade which ran thru to the river. When they reached the bank, they stepped cautiously down the muddy slope, and bathed their hands in the clear water. As Miss Leslie rose, Winthrope bent over and began to drink.

"Oh, Mr. Winthrope!" she exclaimed; "please don't! In your weak condition, I'm so afraid [illegible]"

"Do not alarm yourself. I am perfectly well, and I am quite as competent to judge what is good for me as your—ah—countryman."

"Mr. Winthrope, I am thinking only of you own good."

Winthrope took another deep draught, rinsed his fingers fastidiously, and arose.

"My dear Miss Genevieve," he observed, "a woman looks at these matters in such a different light from a man. But you should know that there are some things a gentleman cannot tolerate."

"You were welcome to all the water in the flask. Surely with that you could have waited, if only to please me."

"Ah, if you put it that way, I must beg pardon. Anything to [illegible] I'm sure! Pray forgive me, and [illegible] the incident. It is now past."

"I hope so!" she murmured; but [illegible] heart sank as she glanced at his [illegible] face, and she recalled his languid, [illegible] movements.

Piqued by her look, Winthrope started back thru the glade. Miss Leslie was turning to follow, when she caught sight of a gorgeous crimson blossom under the nearest tree. It was the first flower she had seen since being shipwrecked She uttered a little cry of delight, and ran to pluck the blossom.

Winthrope, glancing about at her exclamation, saw her stoop over the flower—and in the same instant he saw a huge [illegible] coil, all black and green and yellow, flash up out of the bedded [illegible] and strike against the girl. She [illegible]gered back, screaming with horror, yet seemed unable to run.

Winthrope swung up his stick, and [illegible] glade toward her.

[illegible] he cried

[illegible] seem to hear him. She had ceased [illegible] and stood rigid with fright, [illegible] down at the ground before her. In a moment Winthrope was near enough to make out the brilliant glistening bod[y] now extended full length in the gr[ass]. It was nearly 5 feet long and thick as his thigh. Another step, and he saw the hideous triangular head, lifted a few inches on the thick neck. The cold eyes were fixed upon the girl in a malignant, deadly stare.

"Snake! snake!" he yelled, and thrust his cane at the reptile's [illegible]

Again came a flashing leap of the beautiful ornate coil, and the stick was struck from Winthrope's hand. He danced backward, wild with excitement.

"Snake'—Hi, Blake! monster!—Run, Miss Leslie, I'll hold him—I'll get another stick!"

He darted aside to catch up a branch, and then ran in and struck boldly at the adder, which re[illegible] him. But the blo[w] [illegible] rotten wood [illegible] for a stick there was none [illegible] to glance about; Blake came sprinting down the glade.

"Where?" he shouted.

"There—Hi! look out! You'll be on him!"

Blake stopped short, barely beyond striking distance of the hissing reptile. "Wow!" he yelled. "Puff adder! I'll fix him."

He leaped back, and thrust his bow at the snake. The challenge was met by a vicious lunge. Even where he stood Winthrope heard the thud of the reptile's head upon the ground.

"Now, once more, tootsi[e]," mocked Blake, swinging up his club.

Again the adder struck at the bow tip, more viciously than before. With the flash of the stroke, Blake's right foot thrust forward, and his club came down with all the drive of his sinewy arm behind it. The blow fell across the thickest part of the adder's outstretched body.

"Told you so! See him wiggle!" shouted Blake. "Broke his back, first lick— What's the matter, Miss Jenny? He can't do anything now."

Miss Leslie did not answer. She stood rigid, her face ashy-gray, her dilated eyes fixed upon the writhing, hissing adder.

"I—I think the snake struck her!" gasped Winthrope, suddenly overcome with horror.,

"God!" cried Blake. He dropped his club, and rushed to the girl. In a moment he had knelt before her and flung up her leopard-skin skirt. Her stockings ripped to shreds in his frantic grasp. There, a little below her right knee, was a tiny red wound. Blake put his lips to it, and sucked with fierce energy.

Then the girl found her voice.

"Go away—go away! How dare you!" she cried, as her face flushed scarlet.

Blake turned, spat, and burst out with a loud demand of Winthrope: "Quick! the little knife—I'll hate to slash it! Ten times worse than a rattlesnake—Lord! you're slow—I'll use mine!"

"Let go of me—let go! What do you mean, sir?" cried the girl, struggling to free herself.

"Hold still, you little fool!" he shouted. "It's death—sure death, if I don't get the poison from that bite!"

"I'm not bitten— Let go, I say! It struck in the fold of my skirt."

"For God's sake, Jenny, don't lie! It's certain death! I saw the mark——"

"That was a thorn. I drew it out an hour ago."

Blake looked up into her hazel eyes. They were blazing with indignant scorn. He freed her, and rose with clumsy slowness. Again he glanced at her quivering, scarlet face, only to look away with a sheepish expression.

"I guess you think I'm just a d—d meddlesome idiot," he mumbled.

She did not answer. He stood for a little, rubbing a finger across his sun-blistered lips. Suddenly he stopped and [look]ed at the finger. It was streaked with blood.

"Whew!" he exclaimed. "Didn't stop to think of that! It's just as well for [illegible] Miss Jenny, that wasn't an [illegible] A little poison on my sore [illegible] would have done for me. Ten to one, we'd both have turned up our toes at the same time. Of course, tho, that'd be nothing to you."

Miss Leslie put her hands before her face, and burst into hysterical we[eping].

Blake looked around, far more a[la]rmed than when facing the adder.

"Here, you blooming lud!" he shouted; "[ta]ke the lady away, and be quick about [it]. [She]'ll go dotty if she sees any more snake stunts. Clear out with her, while I smash the wriggler."

Winthrope, who had been staring fixedly at the beautiful coloring and loathsome form of the writhing adder, started at Blake's harsh command as tho struck.

"[illegible] to be sure," he stammered, and da[rtin]g around to the hysterical girl, he took her arm and hurried her away up the glade

They had gone several paces when Blake came running up behind them. Winthrope looked back with a glance of inquiry. Blake shook his head.

"Not yet," he said. "Give me your cigarette case. I've thought of [illegible] thing— Hold on: take out the [ciga]rettes. Smoke 'em, if you like."

Case in hand, Blake returned to the wounded adder, and picked up his club. A second smashing blow would have ended the matter at once; but Blake did not strike. Instead, he feinted with his club until he managed to pin down the venomous head. The club lay across the monster's neck, and he held it fast with the pressure of his foot.

When half an hour later he wiped his knife on a wisp of grass and stood up, the cigarette case contained over a tablespoonful of a crystal liquid. He peered at it, his heavy jaw thrust out, his eyes glaring with savage elation.

"Talk about your meat trusts and Winchesters!" he exulted: "here's a whole carload of beef in this little box—enough dope to morgue a herd of steers. Good God, tho, that was a close shave for her!"

[illegible] upon the great [illegible] blossom [whic]h had so ne[arly] [illegible] girl to her death.

"Hello!" he exclaimed; "that's an amaryllis. Wonder if she wasn't coming to pick it——" He snapped shut the lid of the cigarette case, thrust it carefully into his shirt pocket, and stepped forward to pluck the flower. "Makes a fellow feel like a kid; but maybe it'll make her feel less sore at me.

He stood gazing at the flower for several moments, his eyes aglow with a soft blue light.

"Whew!" he sighed; "if only— But what's the use? She's 'way out of my class—a rough brute like me! All the same, it's up to me to take care of her. She can't keep me from being her friend—and she sure can't object to my picking flowers for her."

[illegible] he gathered [illegible] bow and club. Then he paused to study the skin of the decapitated adder. The inspection ended with a shake of his head.

"Better not, Thomas. It would make a dandy quiver; but then, it might get on her nerves.'

When he came to the ant-hill he found companions and honey alike gone. He went on to the cocoanuts. There he came upon Winthrope stretched flat beside the skin of honey. Miss Leslie was seated a little way beyond, nervously bending a palm-leaf into shape for a hat.

"I say, Blake," drawled Winthrope, "you've been a deuced long time in coming. It was no end of a task to lug the honey——"

Blake brushed past without replying, and went on until he stood before the girl. As she glanced up at him, he held out the crimson blossom.

"Thought you might like posies," he said, in a hesitating voice.

Instead of taking the flower, she drew back with a gesture of repulsion.

"Oh, take it away!" she exclaimed.

Blake flung the rejected gift on the ground, and crushed it beneath his heel.

"Catch me making a fool of myself again'" he growled.

"I—I did not mean it that way—really I didn't, Mr. Blake. It was the thought of that awful snake."

But Blake, cut to the quick, had turned away, far too angry to heed what she said. He stopped short beside the Englishman; but only to sling the skin of honey upon his back. The load was by no means a light one, even for his strength. Yet he caught up the heavy pot as well, and made off across the plain at a pace which the others could not hope to equal

As Winthrope rose and came forward to join Miss Leslie, he looked about closely for the bruised flower. It was nowhere in sight.

"Er—beg pardon, Miss Genevieve, but did not Blake drop the bloom—er—blossom somewhere about here?"

"Perhaps he did," replied Miss Lesli[e]. She spoke with studied indiffere[nce].

"I—ah—saw the fellow exhibit his impudence."

"Ye—es."

"You know, I think it high time the bounder is taken down a peg."

"Ah, indeed! Then why do you not try it?"

"Miss Genevieve! you know that at present I am physically so much his inferior——"

"How about mentally?"

Tho the girl's eyes were veiled by their lashes, she saw Winthrope cast after Blake a loo[k] that seemed to her almost fiercely vindictive.

"Well?" she said, smiling, but watching him closely.

"Mentally! We'll soon see about [illegible] "I must say, Miss [illegible] [str]ikes me as deuced odd, [illegible] you speak so pleasantly of a person who—not to mention past occurrences—has today, with the most shocking disregard of—er—decency——"

"Stop—stop this instant!" screamed the girl, her nerves overwrought.

Winthrope smiled with complacent assurance.

"My dear young lady," he drawled, "allow me to repeat, 'All is fair in love and war.' Believe me, I love you most ardently."

"No gentleman wo[uld] press his suit [at] such a time as this!"

"Really now, I fancy I have al[ways] comported myself as a gentleman—"

"A trifle too much so, truth to sa[y]," [she] retorted.

"[illegible] Indeed. However, this is another matter. Has it not [oc]curred to you, my dear, that this entire experience of ours since that beastly storm is rather—er—compromising"

"[Y]ou— [Yo]u dare say such a thing!"

KIDNEY TROUBLE NOT EASILY RECOGNIZED.

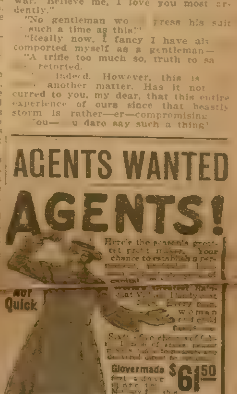
Applicants for Insurance Often Rejected.

An examining physician for one of the prominent Life Insurance Companies, in an interview of the subject, made the astonishing statement that one reason why so many applicants for insurance are rejected is because kidney trouble is so common to the American people, and the large majority of those whose applications are declined do not even suspect that they have the disease.

Judging from reports from druggists who are constantly in direct touch with the public, there is one preparation that has been very successful in overcoming these conditions. The mild and healing influence of Dr. Kilmer's Swamp-Root is soon realized. It stands the highest for its remarkable record of success.

We find that Swamp-Root is strictly an herbal compound and we would advise all readers who feel in need of such a remedy to give it a trial. It is on sale at all drug stores in bottles of two sizes, medium and large.

However, if you wish first to test this great preparation send ten cents to Dr. Kilmer & Co., Binghamton, N. Y., for a sample bottle. When writing be sure and mention the Chicago Ledger.



go this instant and tell Mr. Blake' I'll——"

"Begging your pardon, madam—but are you prepared to marry that barbarous clodhopper?"

"Marry? What do you mean, sir?"

"Precisely that. It is a question of marriage, if you'll pardon me. And, you see, I flatter myself, that when it comes to the point, it will not be Blake, but myself——"

"Ah, indeed! And if I should prefer neither of you?"

"Begging your pardon—I fancy you will honor me with your hand, my dear. For one thing, you admit that I am a gentleman."

"Oh, indeed!"

"One moment, please. I am trying to intimate to you, as delicately as possible, how——er——embarrassing you would find it to have these little occurrences —above all, today's—noised abroad to the vulgar crowd, or even among your friends——"

"What do you mean? What do you want?" cried the girl, staring at him with a deepening fear in her bewildered eyes.

"Believe me, my dear, it grieves me to so perturb you; but——er——love must have its way, you know."

"You forget. There is Mr. Blake."

"Ah, to be sure! But really now, you would not ask, or even permit him to murder me; and one is not legally bound, you know, to observe promises—a pledge of silence, for example—when extorted under duress, under violence, you know."

Miss Leslie looked on Englishman up and down, her brown eyes sparkling with quick-returning anger. He met her scorn with a smile of easy self-complacency.

"Cad!" she cried, and, turning her back upon him, she set out across the plain after Blake.

THE LIGHT OF VICTORY

In the East a star is rising.
Breaking thru the clouds of war.
With a light old arts revising,
Shattering steel and iron bar.

Freedom's heirs with banners blazing,
Emblems of democracy.
At the magic light are gazing
Battling with autocracy.

Thru the night brave souls are marching
With the armies of the free;
Where the Stars and Stripes o'er-arching
Form a sheltering canopy.

Allies! Hold a front united!
Shaping well our destiny;
Let each brutal wrong be right-ed
In the drive for liberty!

—GEORGE R. MARGETSON.

CHAPTER XVIII

THE EAVESDROPPER CAUGHT

EVEN had it not been for her doubts of Blake, the girl's modesty would have caused her to think twice before repeating to him the Englishman's insulting proposal. Perhaps, had she hesitated and delayed, Winthrope came down with a second attack of fever. Blake, who kept then both to himself and entirely apart from him as well as from Miss Leslie, at once softened to a gentler, or, at least, to a more considerate mood. The his speech and bearing continued more, he took upon himself all the duties of night nurse, besides working and foraging for food hours at each day.

Much to Miss Leslie's surprise, she found herself tending the invalid thru the daytime almost as though nothing had happened. But everything about this wild and perilous life was so strange and unnatural to the two that she found herself [illegible] ting the most unconventional [illegible] regular consequence of the [illegible] were [illegible] ...ng [illegible] for she felt that to brood over the future might mean madness. The mere thought of the possibilities was far too terrifying to be calmly dwelt upon. The slight, there had been some little comfort in the belief that she could rely on Winthrope. But now she was left alone with her doubt and dread of Blake, who had nothing to fear from Blake, there were all the savage dangers of the coast, and behind these, far before, the fever.

Meantime Blake went about his share of the camp work, gruff and silent, but with the usual concrete results. He brought load after load of fresh cocoanuts, and took great pains to hunt out the deliciously flavored eggs of the frigate birds to tempt Winthrope's failing appetite. When Miss Leslie suggested that beef juice would be much better for the invalid's strength, he went out immediately in search of a gum-bearing tree, and that night, after heating a small quantity of gum in the cigarette case with the adder poison, he spent hours replacing his arrow-heads with small barbed points of gum that loosened from their sockets by a slight push.

A little before dawn he dipped two of his new arrow-heads in the sticky contents of the cigarette case, fitted them carefully to their shafts, and crept down the cleft. Dawn found him crouched low in the grass where the overflow from the pool ran out into the plain along its little course. He could see large forms moving away from him; then came the flood of crimson light, and he made out that the figures were a drove of huge eland.

His eyes flashed with eagerness. It was a long shot; but a new lust than no more was required than to pierce the skin on any part of his quarry's body. He put his fingers between his teeth, and sent out a piercing whistle. It was a trick he had tried more than once on deer and pronghorn antelope. As he expected, the eland halted and swung half around. Their ox-like sides presented a mark hard to miss.

He rose and shot as they were wheeling to fly. Before he could fit his second arrow to the string, the whole herd were running off at a lumbering gallop. He lowered his bow, and walked after the animals, smiling with grim anticipation. He had seen his arrow strike against the side of the young bull at which he had aimed.

A little beyond where the bull had stood, he came upon the headless shaft of his arrow. As he stooped and caught it up, he saw one of the fleeing animals fall. When he came up with the dead bull, his first act was to recover his arrow-tip and cut out the flesh around the wound. Provided only with his weak-bladed knife, he found it no easy task to butcher so large a beast. The he had now acquired considerable dexterity in the work, and had passed before he brought the first load of meat up the cleft.

So great was the abundance of meat that Blake worked all the remainder of the day and all night stringing the flesh on the cactus sticks, and Miss Leslie cried out pot after pot of fat and tallow, until every spare vessel was filled, and she had to resort to a hollow in the rock beside the spring. Blake promised to make more pots as soon as he could fetch the clay, but he had first to dress the eland hide, and gather a new stock of thread and cord from parts of the animal which

[illegible] keen and bitter [illegible] for [illegible] been considered ex- [illegible] instinct. There was a shelter, secure alike from the fever and from wild beasts; an abundance of nutritious food, and, as material for clothing, the bushbuck, hyena, and eland hides. To obtain more skins and more meat Blake now knew would be a simple matter so long as he had enough poison left in the cigarette case to moisten the tips of his arrows.

Even Winthrope's relapse proved far less serious than might reasonably be have been expected. The fever soon left him, and within a few days he regained strength with a rapidity that blessed. Here, however, much to Blake's perplexity and concern, his progress seemed to stop, and all the man's urging could do no more than cause him to move languidly from one shady spot to another. He would receive Blake's orders with a smile and a drawling "Ya-as, to be sure!"—and would then absolutely ignore the matter entirely in such ways. The invalid exhibit any signs of energy. He could not did eat with a heartiness little short of that shown by Blake, and he would insist upon seeking out Miss Leslie. He was careful to avoid all offensive remarks; yet the girl resented his every look. There was now an offense to the girl. While he needed her as nurse, she had endured his talk as a matter of course. He could she felt that she could no longer do so. Taking advantage of a time when the Englishman was, as she supposed, enjoying a noonday siesta down towards the barricade, she went to meet Blake, who had been up on the cliff for eggs.

"Hello!" he sang out, as he swung down the tree, one hand gripping the clay pot in which he had gathered the eggs. "What you doing out in the sun? Get into the shade."

She stepped into the shade, and waited until he climbed down the pile of stones which he had built for steps at the foot of the tree.

"Mr. Blake," she began, "could not I do this work—gather the eggs?"

"You could, if I'd let you, Miss Jenny. But it strikes me you've got quite enough to do. Tell you the truth, I'd like to make Win take it in hand again. But all my cussing won't budge him an inch, and you know, when it comes to the rub, I couldn't wallop a fellow who can hardly stand up."

"Is he really so weak?" she murmured

"Well, you know how—— Say, you don't mean that you think he's shamming?"

"I did not say that I thought so, Mr. Blake. I do not care to talk about him. What I wish is that you let me attend to this work."

"Couldn't think of it, Miss Jenny! You're already doing your share."

"Mr. Blake—if you must know—I wish to have a place where I can go and be apart—alone."

Blake scowled. "Alone with that dude! He'd need long enough strength to climb up with you on the cliff."

"I—ah—Mr. Blake, would he be apt to follow me, if I told you distinctly I should rather be alone?"

"Would he? Well, I should rather guess so! Why, you're talking no end to tempt to conceal his delight. "I'll give him a hint that'll make his hair curl. From now on, you're not to go up this tree but you, without first asking your permission."

"Thank you, Mr. Blake! You are very kind."

"Kind to let you do more work! But say, I'll help out all I can on the other work. You know, Miss Jenny—a rough fellow like me don't know how to say it, but he can think it just the same—I'd do anything for you, you know."

As he spoke, he held out his rough, powerful hand. She shrank back a little, and fought down a sudden fear of him. But when she met his steady gaze, her fear left her as quickly as it had come. She impulsively extended her hand, and he seized it in a grip that brought the tears to her eyes.

"Miss Jenny! Miss Jenny!" he murmured, utterly unconscious that he was hurting her, "you know now that I'm your friend, Miss Jenny!"

"Yes, Mr. Blake," she answered, blushing and drawing her hand free. "I believe you are a friend—I believe I can trust you."

"You can, by—Jiminy! But say," he continued, blundering with dense stupidity, "I don't see why that's so. Can you forgive me for being so confounded mediosome, the other day, after the shake——"

He stopped short, for upon the instant she was facing him, as on that eventful day, scarlet with shame and anger.

"How dare you speak to me!" she cried. "You're——you're not a gentleman!"

Before he could reply, she turned and left him, walking swiftly with her head held high. Blake stared after her in bewilderment

"Well, that is—what in thunder have I done now?" he exclaimed. "Ladies are certainly mighty funny! To go off at a touch—just when I thought we were going to be chums! But then, of course, I've the whole thing to learn about nice girls—like her!"

"I—ah—must certainly agree with you [illegible] drawled Winthrope, from [illegible] bush.

[illegible]

"You're here——"

The Englishman [illegible] a sallow mottled gray. He had seen the same look upon the face of death before, and this time Blake was far more observant.

"You sneak!—you sham gent!" repeated the American, his voice sinking ominously.

Winthrope dropped in an abject heap, as the Blake had struck him with his fist.

"No, no!" he protested shrilly. "I am a ren—I am—I'm a not——"

"That'll be enough, I guess! That's true!" broke in Blake, with sudden grim humor. "You're a nothing. A fellow can't even wipe his hands on you."

The change to scream came as an immense relief to Winthrope.

"Ah, I say now, Blake," he drawled, pulling together his assurance the instant the dangerous light left Blake's eyes, "I say now, do you think it fair to pick on a man who is so much your——er ——who is ill and weak?"

"That's it—do the baby act," jeered Blake. "But I know now just how much eavesdropping you did; so there's one thing I'll repeat for the special benefit of your ears. There will be food for your delicate health to pay attention. From now on, the cliff top belongs to Miss Leslie. She's to spend it there as allowed. Understand? You don't go up there without her special invite. If you do, I'll twist your——I neck."

He turned on his heel, and left the Englishman cowering.

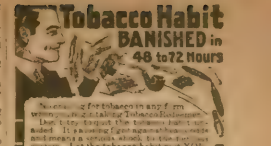
CHAPTER XIX.

AN OMINOUS LULL.

THE three saw nothing more of each other that day. Miss Leslie had withdrawn into the baobab, and Blake had gone down to the pool for water and salt. He did not return until after the others were asleep. Miss Leslie had gone without her supper, and had eaten some of the food stored within the tree.

When, late the next morning, she finally left her seclusion, Blake was nowhere in sight. Ignoring Winthrope's attempts to start a conversation, she hurried thru her breakfast, and having gathered a supply of food and water, went to spend the day on the headland.

Evening forced her to return to the cleft. She had emptied the water flask by noon, and was thirsty. Winthrope was dozing beneath his canopy, which Blake had moved some yards down to-


Tobacco Habit BANISHED in 48 to 72 Hours

[illegible] for tobacco in any form [illegible] Tobacco Redeemer. [illegible] stay tonight the craving for tobacco is ended. It is a simple, [illegible] system. Let the tobacco habit quit YOU. It will quit you, if you will just take Tobacco Redeemer, according to directions for two or three days. It is a most harmless, quick and thorough, reliable remedy for the tobacco habit.

Not a Substitute

Tobacco Redeemer contains no habit-forming drugs of any kind. It is in no sense a substitute for tobacco. After finishing the treatment you have absolutely no desire to use tobacco again or to continue the use of the remedy. It makes not a particle of difference how long you have been using tobacco, how much you use or in what form you use it—whether you smoke cigars, cigarettes, pipe, chew plug or fine cut or use snuff, Tobacco Redeemer will positively banish every trace of desire in from 48 to 72 hours. This we absolutely guarantee in every case, or money refunded.

Write today for our free booklet, telling [illegible] Tobacco Redeemer, and [illegible] Tobacco Redeemer is [illegible] Free [illegible]

Dept. 385 Pharmacal Co. St. Louis, Mo.

ANY WATCH YOU WANT on CREDIT

FREE Examination

[illegible] WALTHAM—ELGIN—HAMILTON HOWARD—HAMPDEN—SOUTH BEND

Pay No Money—Just Send Name [illegible]

30 Days Trial [illegible] Guarantee Bond [illegible] ONE DOLLAR a week [illegible] watches, diamonds and jewelry [illegible]

S. D. MILLER, Pres. Miller-Hosier Co. 23 State St. Dept. [illegible] DETROIT, MICH.

FREE TO MOTHERS!

[illegible] is not a habit but a disease . . . Enuresis [illegible] Free [illegible] Cause [illegible] Cure [illegible]

ZEMETO CO., Dept. 21, Milwaukee, Wisconsin

3 Rings and Bracelet FREE

Sell 8 boxes Rosebud Salve at 25c box [illegible]

WE TRUST YOU

Rosebud Perfume Co. Box 102 Woodsboro, Md

MENDING TISSUE THE WONDER OF AGE

[illegible] sewing or darning. Repairs clothing, silk, [illegible] Mends [illegible] Ideal for [illegible] clothes, umbrellas, parasols, [illegible]

PENN PUBLISHING CO., Philadelphia, Pa

ASTHMA a HAY FEVER Treatment sent by express on 10 days trial. If it cures pay $1.00, if not, it costs you nothing. Write today. FRONTIER ASTHMA CO., 536 Ohio Ave., Sidney, Ohio

How Boys MAKE MONEY

Selling The Saturday Blade, Chicago Ledger and Lone Scout.

EACH WEEK

We send the papers all in one bundle so that they come to you all at one time, no delay. Only one report for you to make [illegible] each week. [illegible] Write today for our free booklet telling [illegible] handsome premiums that you can make a cash profit on every sale. [illegible] so that it will not interfere with your [illegible] We [illegible] a week [illegible] Write today

$1.00 to $5.00 per Week

You can't lose. You do not send us any money until you sell the papers. Fill out the blank below and get started right away, today. We tell you how to get the customers.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY,
500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill.

I will sell your papers. Send me as many as you think I can sell. I want to make money every week and get valuable premiums.

Name [illegible]

R. F. D., Box No. [illegible]

Town [illegible] State [illegible]

ward the barricade. Blake was cooking supper.

He did not look up, and met her attempt at a pleasant greeting with an inarticulate grunt. When she turned to enter the baobab, she found the opening littered with bamboos and green creepers and pieces of large branches with charred ends. On either side, midway thru the entrance, a vertical row of holes had been sunk thru the bark of the tree into the soft wood.

"What is this?" she asked. "Are you planning a porch?"

"Maybe," he replied.

"But why should you make the holes so far in? I know so little about these matters, but I should have fancied the holes would come on the front of the tree."

"You'll see in a day or two."

"How did you make the holes? They look black, as tho——"

"Burnt 'em, of course—hot stones."

"That was so clever of you!"

He made no response.

Supper was eaten in silence. Even Winthrope's presence would have been a relief to the girl; yet she could not go to waken him, or even suggest that her companion do so. Blake sat thruout the meal sullen and stolid, and carefully avoided meeting her gaze. Before they had finished, twilight had come and gone, and night was upon them. Yet she lingered for a last attempt.

"Good night, friend!" she whispered.

He sprang up as tho she had struck him, and blundered away into the darkness.

In the morning it was as before. He had gone off before she wakened. She lingered over breakfast; but he did not appear, and she could not endure Winthrope's suave drawl. She went for another day on the headland.

She returned somewhat earlier than on the previous day. As before, Winthrope was dozing in the shade. But Blake was under the baobab, raking together a heap of rubbish. To the girl's surprise, he met her with a cheerful grin and a clear, direct glance.

"Look here," he called.

She stepped around the baobab, and stood staring. The entrance, from the ground to the height of twelve feet, was walled up with a mass of thorny branches, interwoven with yet thornier creepers.

"How's that for a front door?" he demanded.

[illegible]

"But it's so big. I could never move it."

[illegible] Look." [illegible]

[illegible]

bars are fast. See here."

He stepped up to the novel door, and slid several socketed crossbars until their outer ends were deep in the holes in the tree trunk, three on each side.

"How's that for a set of bolts?" he demanded.

"Wonderful! Really, you are very, very clever! But why should you go to all this trouble, when the barricade——"

"Well, you see, it's best to be on the safe side."

"But it's absurd for you to go to all this needless work. Not that I do not appreciate your kind thought for my safety. Yet look at your hands!"

Blake hastened to put his bleeding hands behind him.

"They are no sight for a lady!" he muttered apologetically.

"Go and wash them at once, and I'll put on a dressing."

Blake glowed with frank pleasure, yet shook his head.

"No, thank you, Miss Jenny. You needn't bother. They'll do all right."

"You must! It would please me."

"Why, then, of course—— But first, I want to make sure you understand fastening the door. Try the bars yourself."

She obeyed, sliding the bars in and out until he nodded his satisfaction.

"Good!" he said. "Now promise me you'll slide 'em fast every night."

"If you ask it. But why?"

"I want to make perfectly safe."

"Safe? But am I not secure with——"

"Look here, Miss Leslie; I'm not going to say anything about anybody."

"Perhaps you had better say no more, Mr. Blake."

"That's right. But whatever happens, you'll [illegible] a—— Promise me straight you'll lock up tight ever night."

"Very well, I promise," responded the girl, not a little troubled by the strangeness of his expression.

He turned at once, swung open the door, and went out. During supper he was markedly taciturn, and immediately afterward went off to his bed.

That night Miss Leslie dutifully fastened herself in with all six bars. She wakened at dawn, and hastened out to prepare Blake's breakfast, but she found herself too late. There were evidences that he had eaten and gone off before dawn. The stretching frame of one of the antelope skins had been moved around by the fire, and on the smooth inner surface of the hide was a laconic note, written with charcoal in a firm, bold hand:

"Exploring inland. Back by night, if can."

She bit her lip in her disappointment, for she had planned to show him how much she appreciated his absurd, but well-meant, concern for her safety. As it was, he had gone off [illegible] and left her to [illegible] His eye was at once caught by the charcoal note.

"Ah!" he drawled: "really now, this is too kind of him to give us the pleasure of his absence all day!"

"Ye-e-s?" murmured Miss Leslie. "Permit me to add that you will also have the pleaseure of my absence. I am going now."

Winthrope looked down, and began to speak very rapidly: "Miss Genevieve, I—I wish to apologize. I've thought it over. I've made a mistake—I—I mean, my conduct the other day was vile, utterly vile! Permit me to appeal to your considerateness for a man who has been unfortunate—who, I mean, has been—er—was carried away by his feelings. Your favoring of that bloom—er—that—er—bounder so angered me that I—that I——"

"Mr. Winthrope!" interrupted the girl. "I will have you to understand that you do not advance yourself in my esteem by such references to Mr. Blake."

"Aye! aye, that Blake!" panted Winthrope. "Don't you see? [illegible] that blossom! [illegible] when he's in love——"

Miss Leslie burst into a nervous laugh; but checked herself [illegible]

[illegible]

"Ah, yes; [illegible]" murmured Winthrope. [illegible]

[illegible] thoughtless!"

Winthrope stood silent. She spoke [illegible] I do what you ask. I'll make allowances for your—for your feelings toward me, and will try to forget all you said the other day. Let me begin by asking a favor of you."

"Ah, Miss Genevieve, anything, to be sure, that I may do!"

"It is that I wish your opinion. When Mr. Blake finished that absurd door last evening, he would not tell me why he had built it—only a vague statement about my safety."

"Ah! He did not go into particulars?" drawled Winthrope.

"No, not even a hint; and he looked so—odd."

Winthrope slowly rubbed his soft palms one upon the other.

"Do you—er—really desire to know his—the motive which actuated him?" he murmured.

"I should not have mentioned it to you, if I did not," she answered.

"Well—er——" He hesitated and paused for a full minute. "You see, it is a rather difficult undertaking to intimate such a matter to a lady—just the right touch of delicacy, you know. But I will begin by explaining that I have known it since the first——"

"Known what?"

"Of that bound—of—er—of Blake's trouble."

"Trouble?"

"Ah! Perhaps I should have said affliction; yes, that is the better word. To own the truth, the fellow has some good qualities. It was no doubt because he realized when in his better moments"——

"Better moments? Mr. Winthrope, I am not a child. In justice to myself and to Mr. Blake, I must ask you to speak out plainly."

"My dear Miss Leslie, may I first ask if you have not observed how strangely at times the fellow acts—'looks odd,' as you put it—how he falls into melancholia or senseless rages? I may truthfully state that he has three times threatened my life."

"I—I thought his anger quite natural, after I had so rudely—and so many people are given to brooding— But if he was violent to you——"

"My dear Miss Genevieve, I hold nothing against the miserable fellow. At times he is not—er—responsible, you know. Let us give the fellow full credit—that it why he himself built your door."

"Oh, but I can't believe it! I can't believe it!" cried the girl. "It's not possible! He's so strong, so true and manly, so kind, for all his gruffness!"

"Ah, my dear!" soothed Winthrope, "that is the pity of it. But when a man must needs be his worst enemy, when he must needs lead a certain kind of life, he must take the consequences. To put it as delicately as possible, yet explain all, I need only say one word—paranoia."

Miss Leslie gathered up her day's outfit with trembling fingers, and went to mount the cliff.

After waiting a few minutes Winthrope walked hurriedly thru the cleft and climbed the tree-ladder with an agility that would have amazed his [illegible] But he did not draw himself up on the cliff. Having satisfied himself that Miss Leslie was well out toward the signal, he returned to the baobab, and proceeded to examine Blake's door with [illegible]

[illegible]

"What's up now?" he demanded. "You're not mad 'cause I hiked off this morning without notice?"

"No, of course not, Mr. Blake. Nothing of the kind. But I——"

"Well, what?" he broke in, as she hesitated. "I can't, for the world, think of anything else I've done——"

"You've done! Perhaps I might suggest that it is a question of what you haven't done." The girl was trembling on the verge of hysterics. "Yes, what you've not done! All these weeks, and not a single attempt to get us away from here, except that miserable signal; and I as good as put that up! You call yourself a man! But I—I——" She stopped short, white with a sudden overpowering fear.

Winthrope looked from her to Blake with a sidelong glance, his lips drawn up in an odd twist.

[illegible] tense silence [illegible]

[illegible]

She protested, and [illegible] what hurriedly, to her tree.

In the morning Blake was gone again; but instead of a note, beside the fire stood the smaller antelope skin, converted into a great bamboo-ribbed sunshade.

She spent the day as usual on the headland. There was no wind, and the sun was scorching hot. But with her big sunshade to protect her from the direct rays, the heat was at least endurable. She even found energy to work at a basket which she was attempting to weave out of long, coarse grass; yet there were frequent intervals when her hands sank idle in her lap, and she gazed away over the shimmering glassy expanse of the ocean.

In the afternoon the heat became oppressively sultry, and a long slow swell began to roll shoreward from beyond the distant horizon, showing no trace of white along its oily crests until they broke over the coral reefs. There was not a breath of air stirring, and for a time the reefs so checked the rollers that they lacked force to drive on in and break upon the beach.

Steadily, however, the swell grew heavier, tho not so much as a cat's-paw ruffled the dead surfaces of the watery hillocks. By sunset they were rolling high over both lines of reefs and racing shoreward to break upon the beach and the cliff foot in furious surf. The still air reverberated with the booming of the breakers. Yet the girl, inland bred and unversed in weather lore, sat heedless and indifferent, her eyes fixed upon the horizon in a vacant stare.

Her reverie was at last disturbed by the peculiar behavior of the seafowl. Those in the air circled around in a manner strange [illegible] between their nests. There was a shriller note than usual in their discordant clamor.

Yet even when she gave heed to the birds the girl failed to realize their alarm or to sense the impending danger. It was only that a feeling of disquiet had broken the spell of her reverie; it did not obtrude upon the field of her conscious thought. She sighed, and rose to return to the cleft, idly wondering that the air should seem more sultry than at mid-day. The peculiar appearance of the sun and the western sky meant nothing more to her than an odd effect of color and light. She smilingly compared it with an attempt at a sunset painted by an artist friend of the impressionist school.

Neither Winthrope nor Blake was in sight when she reached the baobab, and neither appeared, tho she delayed supper until dark. It was quite possible that they had eaten before her return and had gone off again, the Englishman to doze, and Blake on an evening hunt.

At last, tired of waiting, she covered the fire, and retired into her tree-cave. The air in the cleft was still more stifling than on the headland. She paused, with her hand upraised to close the swinging door. She had propped it open when she came out in the morning. After a moment's hesitation, she went on across the hollow, leaving the door wide open.

"I will rest a little, and close it later," she sighed. She was feeling weary and depressed.

An hour passed. An ominous stillness lay upon the cleft. Even the cicadas had hushed their shrill note. The only sound was a muffled reverberating echo of the surf roaring upon the seashore. Beneath the giant spread of the baobab all was blackness.

Something moved in a bush a little way down the cleft. A crouching figure appeared, dimly outlined in the starlight. The figure crept stealthily across into the denser night of the baobab. The darkness closed about it like a shroud.

A blinding flash of light pierced the blackness. The figure halted and crouched lower, tho the flash had gone again in a fraction of a second. A dull rumbling mingled with the ceaseless boom of the surf.

A second flash lighted the cleft with its dazzling coruscation. This time the creeping figure did not halt.

Again and again the forked lightning streaked across the sky, every stroke more vivid than the one before. The rumble of the distant thunder deepened to a heavy rolling which dominated the dull roar of the breakers. The storm was coming with the on-rush of a tornado.

The lightning flared, one stroke upon the other, with a brilliancy that lit up the cave's interior brighter than at mid-day.

In the white glare the girl saw Winthrope, crouched beneath her upswung door; and his face was as the face of a beast.

The crisis had arrived—[illegible] was bound to come in [illegible] island. [illegible] it was you will learn in next week's installment, the concluding one.

GRAY HAIR BANISHED

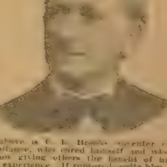
Kolor-Bak positively guaranteed to restore your gray hair to its original color. Not a dye [illegible] Cures dandruff in 2 applications [illegible] ing hair. Harmless, colorless, stainless. [illegible] If it fails. Write Kolor-Bak Prod. Co., 68 West Washington St., Dept. [illegible] [illegible]go, for free book and positive proof.

Don't Wear A Truss!

After Thirty Years' Experience I Have Produced An Appliance for Men, Women or Children That Cures Rupture.

I Send It On Trial.

If you have tried [illegible] to me. Where [illegible] I have my greatest [illegible] day



The above is C. E. Brooks, inventor of the Appliance, who cured himself and who is now giving others the benefit of his experience. If ruptured, write him today, at Marshall, Mich.

and I will send you free my illustrated book on Rupture and its cure, showing my Appliance and giving you prices and names of many people who have tried it and [illegible] it gives instant relief when all others [illegible] member, I use no salves, no [illegible]

[illegible]

FREE INFORMATION COUPON

Mr. C. E. Brooks,
316 C State St., Marshall, Mich.

[illegible] about your Appliance for the [illegible]

Name ....

Address ....

City .... State

Speaking of Hard Luck

IF YOU' ever happen to drop into the Seboomook House in a certain little Canadian village and time hangs heavy upon your hands ask Angus McIntyre, the clerk, bouncer and general factotum, to tell you the story of the seedy and somnolent toper in the best chair at the fireplace. In case you don't think you'll ever visit the Seboomook House I'll tell you the story as McIntyre told it to me.

"Ye see, it was like this," McIntyre explained. "There's a great many people o' the same name in the Provinces, for the families is big down there, an' ye'd have no trouble at all in hirin' a whole camp's crew o' McIntyres or McDougalls or McDonalds in most any town. Now, this old party in the corner there—an' him only 52 at that, it bein' the liquor an' the bad luck that aged him—this old party he come from Mirimichi, along back in the times when work was plenty in the States an' the wages good, an' after his first winter in the woods he come down here to town to settle up. There was a hundred an' fifty comin' to him, an' up he goes to the company's office to get the money. When he come to look for his time bill he couldn't find it, an' so he told the man behind the desk.

"'Well,' says the man, 'what's your name?'

"'We name is John McDonald,' says he.

"The man looked at his book an' says:

"'There's no money here for any more John McDonalds. We had six John McDonalds in that crew, an' we've settled with seven of them now.'

"'Man alive,' says McDonald, 'd'ye think I'm choppin' logs an' swampin

"Have Ye No More John McDonalds Than the Three?" She Demanded.

roads all winter for nothin'? Hand out me hundred an' fifty or I'll get the law on ye.'

"'I don't give a d—n if ye worked ten years—ye'll get no money here without a time bill. This John McDonald business is played out. I could stand here passin' over money to John McDonalds till I busted the Bank of England, but I've paid one too many now, an' the police is lookin' for the seventh man, that swiped a time bill off the desk here, says the man at the desk.

"So poor McDonald he got nothing, an' only for Barney Kelley takin' him in he'd a shivered here waitin' for money from home. Ye see, some one stole his time bill an' cashed it in—an' it might be another one o' the McDonalds, like enough. Well, as I was sayin', McDonald he had to wait here till he got money from home, an' good for him it was that he had them that'd send it to him. He was lookin' for the money in four or five days, but it didn't come, an' then he wrote another letter, askin' his father did he send anything. Soon come a letter from the father sayin' as how he sent $25 the minute he heard from John. What become of it? There—there ye have it again! 'Twas the John McDonald business over again.

"Kelley, the boardin' master, he asked the postman when he come around next time did he fetch a letter to the house the week before for John McDonald.

"'I did that,' says the postman.

"'Well,' says Kelley, 'an' what did ye do with it?'

"'Sure, I give it to John McDonald—what else?' says the postman. 'I asked the clerk was there a man named John McDonald stoppin' here, an' the clerk says yes, an' points the man out, an' I give him the letter.'

"'Murderin' Irish!' says Kelley, 'there's four John McDonalds stoppin' here, but one from Mirimichi, the others bein' from Shedine, Macadavy (Mackaguadavic) an' Richibucto. That letter, with money in it, belonged to the Mirimichi McDonald!'

"Well, they couldn't find the McDonald that got the letter—he ducked out before the cops could land him, an' poor McDonald from Mirimichi was left dead broke, with $13 owin' Kelley for board an' drinks. Kelley had a good heart in him, tho, an' he kept McDonald along till ... time, sendin' him up the west branch for $2.50 a day an' takin' an order from the boss for any man a comin' to him when McDonald settled up.

"Well, the west branch was a long drive, an' the water bein' what low they ... rag the logs half the way, an' when McDonald came down in September he had a good bit o' money comin' to him. He settled up with Kelley, fitted himself out with a new rig an' was standin' in the bar, buyin' a few for the lads an' talkin' over the summer's work, when in jumped two cops an' grabbed him by the neck, sayin' he wanted at headquarters.

"'What for?' says he.

"'Never mind,' says the cops—an' with that they fired him into the wagon an' off to the city hall.

"When they got to headquarters the ... looked Mcdonald o-- r an' says he, '... 's the man we want. I see him myself when his gang cleaned out McNamara's place, Fourth of July. He hit the bartender with a bottle an' then jumped out the back door. He's all sober enough now, so we'll put him before the court at once.'

"So they stood poor McDonald up before the judge, an' the judge he read a long paper an' says: 'Are ye guilty or not guilty?'

"McDonald was shakin' with fear. There was some awful words in that paper the judge read to him, an' he didn't know but they had him up for murder. He just stood there, white an' tremblin', till the chief o' police he says: 'Come, speak up there! Ain't ye got no tongue? Guilty or not guilty?'

"That woke Mac up, an' ... manages t... 'Your Lordship, please, I never ... Mcnamara's place in me life. I ... last branch since April, an' ... to nothin' but slap the cookee's ... the time I was there, an' I've ... three drinks in me since I come ... I'd like to go back to the boarding-... please your honor.'

"You'll get a boardin' house all right if ye can't pay a fine,' says the judge, an' after hearin' what the cops had to ... scratched a while with his pen an' says: 'Ten dollars an' costs or sixty days in jail.'

"There was nothin' to do but to pay, so Mac handed over $15.75 an' went back to Kelley's. Him an' Barney had a few drinks an' smiled it over.

"It's hard luck, John; if I was you I'd quit me name.'

"She set down his glass an' grabbed Kelley's hand.

"'Barney,' says he, 'if I'd a head like yours on me I'd steer for drivin' the west branch for two-fifty a day. Sure, me girl's father at home offered to set me up in business if I'd get married if I'd go to the night school an' learn a bit, but me skull was too thick an' I can't have Mary now. It's no use to me, for she wouldn't be livin' at all on what the likes o' me could earn. But if I have a head like a pot, I can take a bit o' good advice when I hear it, an' from this day I'm no more John McDonald, but John McKinnon, after me good uncle in Arkansaw. Tell the boys to call me so, sayin' Barney, an' put it that way on the book—it's no more John McDonald, but John McKinnon in the future, an' that she calls me McDonald after this day'll get a poke in the eye!'

"Well, he stayed in the spring o' '96 that John come down from Sutherland's camps an' put up at Kelley's, fat as a young pig, an' he wintered there. He was thinkin' he'd go down to Mirimichi to see the girl, bein' that long away he'd forgot she'd be after her, so he dressed up real grand an' started, tellin' Kelley he'd be back in the fall.

"He'd no more than quit the town than what come into the place but the lump of a girl all dressed in black an' asks for Mr. John McDonald. There was three John McDonalds to the house at the time, an' the clerk brought the three of them out to her. She took one look an' shook her head.

"'Have ye no more John McDonalds than the three?' says she.

"'No, ma'am,' says the clerk. 'Them's the only John McDonalds that's b'en in the house this year.'

"'It's queer,' says she, 'but I was expectin' to find a Mr. John McDonald from Mirimichi, that's finer built an' better lookin' than any o' these, meanin' no offense. Have ye never any man here from Mirimichi?'

"The clerk told her they had but the one from her town, that his name was McKinnon an' he'd gone home till the fall.

"The girl seemed vexed, an' her eyes snapped as she says:

"'Oh, the villyun—it's deceived I am! Well, it's his less more than mine, if he but knew it. He's not the only man in the world.'

"Then she says to the best lookin' o' the three John McDonalds, he bein' a red cheeked, curly headed young lad from Antigonish:

"'Now that I'm here,' says she, 'I might as well be stoppin' a while till I see do I like the place, so'd would ye mind showin' me a fit place for a respectable girl to put up?'

"McDonald of Antigonish was right willin' to show the girl a fine, genteel place to stop, an' he didn't come back in a hurry. On the very next night he took her to the playhouse, an' in a week they was married. Then, when the Seboomook House was put up for sale who bids it in but Mrs. McDonald, an'

FRECKLES

Now Is the Time to Get Rid of These Ugly Spots.

There's no longer the slightest need of feeling ashamed of your freckles, as Othine—double strength—is guaranteed to remove these homely spots.

Simply get an ounce of Othine—double strength—from your druggist, and apply a little of it night and morning and you should soon see that even the worst freckles have begun to disappear, while the lighter ones have vanished entirely. It is seldom that more than one ounce is needed to completely clear the skin and gain a beautiful clear complexion.

Be sure to ask for the double strength Othine, as this is sold under guarantee of money back if it fails to remove freckles.

Your Choice For 10 Days' Wear FREE

Most amazing offer ever made on precious gems! To quickly introduce our beautiful TIFNITE GEMS—which in appearance and by every test are so much like a diamond that even an expert can hardly tell the difference—we will send them out absolutely on trial for 10 days' FREE wear.

Only 10,000 On This Offer

Send coupon NOW! We'll send your choice of these

Tifnite Gems Solid Gold Mountings

Send No Money

Send No References

THE TIFNITE GEM CO., Rand-McNally Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Dept. 340

Free Trial Coupon

THE TIFNITE GEM CO., Rand-McNally Bldg., Chicago, Ill. Dept. 340

Gentlemen: Please send me Tifnite Gem ... on 10 days' free trial. If not satisfactory, I will return ... without question.

Name .....

Address .....

To Promptly Clear Out Rats, Mice and Insects Simply Note ... Instantly ... Rats, Mice and other Rough on Rats ... Kills ... Don't Die In The House. ... Use Rough on Rats! ... Insist on ... Rough on Rats and they ... Use ... Try it.

$25 to $50 a Week EASILY EARNED

We want men and women agents to take orders for our old established Soaps, Perfumes, Face Creams, Toilet Articles. Full particulars free. Write TODAY. Address nearest office, our nearest mailing office. CHESTER S. WELL CO., Dept. 37 Chicago, Ill.

WOMEN WHY WORRY

Regul Monthly Regulator safely relieves ... Longest and most abnormal cases in 24 to 6 ... Guaranteed or money refunded. ... Particulars ... Write at once ... Sample ... Postpaid. $1.00 ... DIAMOND REMEDY CO. 4245-S Harrison ... CHICAGO ILL.

WETO GRAPH SECRET WRITING STENCIL

... for letters will be keeping recipes, addresses, ... Weto Graph ... Information safe and ... stranger can read your postals if you use the Weto Graph. ... Send a few cents or ... friends don't make a ... Send the cash—we will send the Weto Graph by ... Address ... PENN PUBLISHING CO., BLAIRSVILLE, PA.

CIGARETTE HABIT Causes nervousness, ... weight, also tends to ... consumption, heart disease, ... nervousness, weakens will power, reduces ... loss of manhood. Let us send you our Booklet FREE. Tells the secret of easily conquering the habit and the ... taking it. No ... given by mailing ... EDW. J. WOODS, WG 175, Station F, New York, N.Y.

LADIES $1000 REWARD! I positively guarantee to ... Successful" Monthly" Compound. Safely relieves ... of the longest, most ... irregularity ... days. No harm, pain or inconvenience with ... $10 at Double Strength $5.00. MONEY REFUNDED. Write today. DR. S. C. SOUTHINGTON REMEDY CO., KANSAS CITY, KS.

sets her husband up in business here.

"I got the story from McDonald himself. It seems that the girl's father died, leavin' her all he had, an' she come up here lookin' for the lad she was promised to marry. Not findin' John McDonald of Mirimichi, nor hide nor hair of him, after him writin' that he was at Kelley's, she made up her mind that he'd gone back on her, an' took the next boat —John McDonald of Anticonish.

"The first John got back here the day after the wedding, an' when he found what had happened he went on a spree that lasted three weeks. He's never b'en any good since, an' its hard up he'd be for bite or sup only Mary took him in out o' pity.

"Yes, too many o' the one name is a bad thing, often, but it was a black day for John when he shifted from McDonald to McKinnon without tellin' Mary, so it was."

* * *

Selfish People.

"MR. MOULTINGS, the policeman who lives across the street, has been taken to the hospital," announced the landlady when the paying guests were assembled at the breakfast table. "They took him away early this morning."

"He was taken this morning and we knew it at breakfast! Evidently there is a wireless system of news distribution," said the inquisitive boarder.

"You can always tell when something exciting has happened on this street by watching Mrs. Killoway, a few doors down," explained the landlady's daughter. "If you see Mrs. Killowat walk up the street a little way with one neighbor and down the street with another, and then across the street to talk to some one else, and then on the other on first one side and then on the other you can be sure that something has happened. All that mother has to do when she sees these gyrations is to appear on our front porch and then Mrs. Killowat will immediately send the desired information booming across the street with all details complete.

"Last week Ronald Moultings, the policeman's son, was taken to the hospital. Mrs. Killowat was the first one to know it, and she was there to see the ambulance when it came for him."

"Were you there, too?" asked the inquisitive boarder

"Yes, I was there," admitted the landlady's daughter. "I saw Ronald come out of the house with a blanket around him walking along beside a fellow in a white uniform, and I saw him climb into the ambulance."

"It seems to me," said the thoughtful boarder, "that this particular family is doing its bit toward keeping the neighborhood entertained. And entertainment necessary in these times. First, the young fellow goes to his hospital in his ambulance and then the old man comes along with his equally thrilling ambulance trip. I take it that an ambulance trip is about as thrilling a diversion as anybody can provide for one's neighbors. What would we do without such public spirited people?"

"In my opinion," said the argumentative boarder, "these people are a little bit on the slacker side. They could have done more easily. If the young man had wanted to do the right thing by his neighbors he need not have walked out to the ambulance like a hardy shock trooper or a fellow merely going to a Turkish bath. Strictly speaking, he ought to have been carried forth on a stretcher. He owed it to his neighbors.

"And the old man was even worse. He staged his ambulance scene so early in the morning that no one saw it except the milkman and the newsboy, who didn't have time to enjoy it the way the rest of us would. Pretty selfish, I call it!"

* * *

By adding together the total assets of insurance companies as printed in their folders a man can form some idea of the money there is in the world.

Fond of Music.

"I THINK," said the fluffy creature in pale pink, "that you're perfectly lovely of you, Mr. Kully, to bring us to hear this wonderful orchestra! I've been crazy to come to this garden ever since it was opened."

"We surely do appreciate it!" chimed in the young person in pale blue.

"I'm glad you are fond of the music," said the young man in gratified tones. "It is so rarely I find girls who appreciate good music. Most of them care nothing at all—"

"Why, the idea!" cried the girl in pale pink indignantly. "I think it is perfectly awful of them, after you take them to everything! Yes, indeed, Carrie and both simply adore music! They say you see everybody on earth here who amounts to anything and is in town this summer! It's awfully fashionable!"

"They made up the orchestra from all the best musicians to be had," explained the young man. "At least the leader——"

"Oh, Isabel!" cried the girl in pale blue. "Look! No. Over there! Isn't that the Hoffmans? See Mrs. Smith at her—and yet Edith told me they were getting a divorce! You can't believe half that Edith says!"

The young man looked worried. "The people in front of us are acting annoyed," he murmured. "They can't hear——"

"I detest people who are so fussy!" said the girl in pink. "You'd think they were at the opera! Isn't this a garden where you can enjoy yourself? Aren't the lights beautiful? They are so becoming, too! Now, in so many places the lights spoil the looks of your clothes and your face. You wouldn't believe it, Mr. Kully, but I know a girl once who used a new rouge and the electric lights made it look green! I never saw anything so funny in my li"

"It must have been," agreed the young man. "I'm sure you will like this selection—it's the dream music from 'Tristan and Isolde.'"

"I'm crazy about these new composers," said the girl in blue. "Strauss, isn't he——"

The young man coughed. "Wagner," he said apologetically.

"Well, it sounds like Strauss," said the girl in blue. "Isabel, don't turn around, but the man at the next table is staring at you as if you were a long lost relative! Oh, perfectly gentlemanly, Mr. Kully—you know how those things are! Do you know, I believe in love at first sight! I suppose you think I'm foolish, but I've heard of so many cases! I had an aunt——"

"Isn't that beautiful!" ejaculated the young man involuntarily.

"Who?" asked the girl in blue, with some asperity. "I was just telling——"

"I suppose that the girl in pink is still looking? Of course I know he doesn't mean anything, but it makes me kind of nervous—what does he look like?"

"Let me change seats with you," suggested the young man.

"No! Isabel hurriedly said the girl in pink. "Don't trouble! Those things can't be helped!"

The leader puts so much color into his reading," said the young man. "Don't you think so?"

"I don't think," said the girl in blue, in surprise, "that they'd let him read when they pay him a big salary to lead the orchestra! When they play as if they'd use more energy it would be going! No, the one in the grs Did you ever before see such eyes possessed by a man?"

"They are marvelous!" gasped the girl in pink. "Isn't it dreadful to think there are so many nice people in the world you never know him because of silly convention! I suppose we'll never meet!"

"I'm sure you must be familiar with this Grieg suite, which is next," ventured the young man.

"Oh, yes!" said the girl in pink. "I had a piece once by Grieg—or was it Schubert? I never can remember! Mr. Kully, do you admire that type of girl over there? Some men like that slinky, long eyed kind, but I never could see—ah, Carrie! Who do you think is here? Highbrow Neal! That widow he met on the Bates tea—Mrs. Blackbark! Do you see whom she is with? What do you think of that? I must tell you about it, Mr. Kully! She——"

"They've finished the program," said the young man, a trifle abruptly. "Now, let's have a little supper."

"Oh, that will be lovely!" chorused his two guests enthusiastically.

"It really is a strain devoting one's mind to a musical program," said the girl in pink. "One does need refreshment afterward. We did enjoy that wonderful music, Mr. Kully."

"Yes, I noticed that you did," said the young man.

* * *

Probable Meaning.

"Here's an article on eating corn daintily. How can one eat corn daintily?"

"I suppose it means nibbling as opposed to gnawing."

Direct From Factory To You

Great Typewriter Bargain
The World Has Ever Known

Prices Smashed in Two!

We Ship This Brand New Oliver to You for Five Days' Absolute Free Trial. No Money Down—No Bank Deposit. No Agents Will Call. Be Your Own Salesman and Save $51. The Most Wonderful Offer Ever Made.

Here is the most sensational typewriter proposition ever made. And it comes from the Oliver Typewriter Company itself! The price is smashed in two—and our business methods to our standing are responsible.

Listen to this! We cut out from our selling expenses hundreds of needless profits to the manufacture and direct distribution of this wonderful Oliver. Don't send a dollar—no, not one penny. Merely send us the coupon and we ship you immediately a brand new latest model Oliver Nine. Try it for five days as if it were your own.

This is an absolutely free trial. You are the sole judge. No one will influence you. Then, if you decide to keep it, pay us $49 at the rate of $3.00 per month. If you don't want it, send it back. We even refund transportation charges. You cannot lose a cent. No, sir!

WAS $100 NOW $49

So Easy to Typewrite!

Hundreds of fathers and mothers will see this announcement and decide to present for their sons and daughters. Typewriting is easy to learn. And it gives one a better command of spelling, punctuation and grammar. We include free the Van Sant System of Touch Typewriting. At other courses would cost $40 at any business college. With our easy course, you learn in a little—it takes no time at all to learn to write on an Oliver. It saves time.

This handsome Oliver in green enamel and nickel is an addition to any home.

Over 600,000 Sold

This is the famous Oliver used by the big concerns. It was formerly priced at $100. Then we did away with wasteful salesmen and agents, expensive offices and costly sales methods. We substituted our new direct-from-the-factory plan and cut the price in two. Now only $49 is now $49. We undersell the world. All because of our tremendous production, factory-to-you plan and small profits.

This is not a second-hand nor rebuilt Oliver. It is let any one fool you! You cannot equal this value anywhere.

This is our policy: A square deal, one price plan for all, for the single user as well as the biggest concerns.

FREE TRIAL

Only $3 Per Month

Hurry! Don't wait. Clip and fill out this great free coupon now. It is worth $51 to you. This ad may not appear again.

THE OLIVER TYPEWRITER COMPANY
1226 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago, Ill.

☐ Ship me a new Oliver Number Nine, latest model, with Van Sant System of Touch Typewriting, for five days' free trial. I will pay you at the rate of $3 per month. The title to remain in you until fully paid for.

Shipping point.....

If after five days' use I decide not to keep the machine I will ship it back at your expense. Title to remain in you until fully paid for.

☐ Do not send a machine until I order it. Mail me your free booklet, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," and de tails relating to your free trial offer.

Name.....

Street Address.....

City.....State.....

References.....

Don't Wait

Mail the coupon today for your free trial Oliver. Note in the coupon that you are not under the slightest obligation to buy.

Or, if you want to know more about the Oliver, check the coupon for our free book, "The High Cost of Typewriters—The Reason and the Remedy," and our beautifully illustrated catalog. It tells how your dollar does double duty.

But whatever you do, don't pass this great offer until you've clipped out the coupon. You may not see this ad again

Guaranteed Service

Simplified construction is the secret of Oliver lifetime durability. The Oliver has far fewer parts than other standard typewriters. You can always depend on your Oliver, and soon you could no more do without it than your telephone. Don't buy until you've tried an Oliver And when you buy an Oliver you buy all typewriters—none of your money goes to middlemen, salesmen, agents, traveling expenses, 10 cent cigars, agents' uncollectable bills, etc.

The Oliver Typewriter Company
1226 Oliver Typewriter Building, Chicago, Ill.

Being a Question of Color

By P. Y. Gunnison

They Sat Staring at the Coat Which the Foreman Held Aloft.

(Copyright, 1915, by W. D. Boyce Co.)

IF YOU were a young lawyer merging into the "honorable" class, and your assistant wanted you to prove that his brother [illegible] not another hadn't the slightest kind of a defense, wouldn't your heart quake and go down in your boots? Wouldn't you stand in trepidation of the reproachful eyes of the loveliest girl in the world—according to your estimate—even tho you were morally certain her brother was innocent? Wouldn't you dread the case without a prop, and the vanishing reputation of never having lost?

Then sympathize with the Honorable Joseph Altman. For the Honorable Joe was called upon in just such a contingency. The case in a nutshell may be stated thusly:

Representing Anthony, Clark & Co., Raymond Franklin sold to Martin Carter two hundred boxes containing twenty-four hundred suits of underwear at sixty cents a suit. After they were delivered Carter claimed the purchase price was forty cents a suit. He declined to pay more than that or to return the goods. Franklin recovered them on a writ of replevin. Then Carter went to New York. Immediately after his departure Raymond, accompanied by a deputy sheriff, went to take the goods away. One of Carter's clerks indicated a number of boxes at the we[illegible] store and said the underwe[illegible] the New Deal Clothing Co. Raymond had them crated and shipped to [illegible]oles & Little of Cleveland. Then Carter returned and said they had taken the wrong underwear that instead of removing the goods sold to him they had taken high grade underwear which cost him $2.25 a suit. He sued Anthony, Clark & Co. for nineteen hundred and eighty dollars, the difference between the costs of the two grades of goods. He insinuated that Raymond had resorted to trickery and had double crossed the house he was representing.

Anthony, Clark & Co retorted—that if in the trial of the civil suit it should develop that Raymond had been guilty of trickery, they would prosecute criminally. Thus the honor and the freedom of the brother of Altman's sweetheart hung upon the verdict of a jury in the suit of Carter against Anthony, Clark & Co.

Dismissing his first thought to intervene, Altman visited the firm and induced them to permit him to defend them in the suit Carter had instituted. Then he went into the case intensely. The defense of the dry goods and furnishing house rested upon the actions of their representative, and Raymond's actions, Altman knew, were not susceptible to proof adequate to a proper defense. Unless he could prove that Carter went to New York for the purpose of buying and having shipped to his store the underwear then upon his shelves in order that he might assert they were the identical goods Raymond sold him, it would be [illegible] such an assertion as a defense. And Carter's [illegible] and were worthless as witnesses.

Altman had to have examined the goods shipped them, to have sold them immediately, and not to be able to trace a single garment. Altman did not believe their statement, but he was not in a position to contradict it.

The sum of his investigations led to an established set of facts in which the color of the boxes taken away by Raymond would be given prominence. Carter claimed that his high grade underwear was packed in black boxes. His clerks corroborated him. Raymond said the boxes taken away by him were not black. The deputy sheriff was uncertain of the color. As for the siftings of facts and the condensation of proof, proof of Raymond's innocence depended upon proof of the color of the boxes.

The secret which the case was to be tried was pronouncedly the loveliest of the year—the balmiest of all of October's balmy days. Tempered was the sunshine and calm and peaceful were the evenings preceding the day of trial. The atmosphere invited peace. It invited contentment. But for all its tranquility minds of three people were disturbed harassing fears. Rose [illegible] buoyant—was less confident [illegible] as the day drew nearer with no assurance from Altman; and Raymond grew [illegible] Altman was almost could [illegible] of his studi[illegible] so, she [illegible] viewing his attitude in the big lounging chair in the parlor of her home the Sunday before the trial, she attived [illegible] book of his schooling control those fears as distressing as her own. She thought she read in them a two-fold meaning—that he was very much in love and that, lawyer-like, he had to appear unmoved.

She smiled proudly, for she too was very much in love; but she hadn't an intention of telling him of it then. So she inquired again, for the hundredth time, if he could not do something.

He said he would like to, but—he asked with a degree of peevishness incompatible with a deliberate-minded young lawyer, what in the old Sam Hill he could do. If he could prove that those boxes taken from the store were not black, he could defeat the civil suit, he told her. But there was Carter supported by three clerks, all with positive affirmations, as against Raymond and the deputy sheriff with uncertain minds.

"Does it all hinge on the color?" she asked.

"Absolutely."

She knit her lovely brows in perplexity. "I confess I am wearing my heart away with anxiety," she said. "And Raymond, really I do not know what he [illegible] do if the disgrace comes. Couldn't you get Coles & Little to say the suits were the cheap ones?"

The Honorable Joe got up. "Coles & Little," he said, "are pleading ignorance [illegible] than good [illegible] believe they [illegible] he tried tomor[illegible] the Honorable Joe [illegible] gazed the wind[illegible] his coat [illegible] drew [illegible] blind and turned back toward his chair. She too had arisen. And she stood and stood at him thru eyes of amazement.

"Do not move," she cried. "Do not move a step."

Running to the window she raised the blind and let the full light of the Sabbath afternoon flood the carpet about him. Then she retreated, back [illegible] the chair he had vacated, and sur[illegible] him critically. Again to the window she flew, drew the blind, and returned to her former position. A second thus, then she threw both arms about his neck with a laugh that was deliciously low and happy.

His perplexity found expression in mild surprise. "Now that you've mussed me," he said, "and done the mystic in a highly mysterious way, perhaps you will tell me what it is all about."

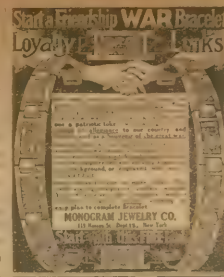
She kissed him. "Joseph," she said, "you're a ninny."

"I discovered that the day after we were engaged, my dear, but I had hoped to keep you in ignorance. Please specify. What is the present particular piece of imbecility."

She whispered into his ear something that was very astounding. "Take off your coat and let me put it on," she concluded.

Very deliberately he took it off and helped her to put it on. Then placing her in the position where he stood, he, too, went thru the performance of rais-

(Continued on Page 28.)



$2.50 Secures You 400 SHARES and Pro-Rata Ownership In 3 PRODUCING OIL WELLS 3 More Financed and Drilling 100,000,000 Tons of Oil Shale

Limited number of shares now on the market to finance [illegible] ... [illegible] ... [illegible] ...

A Nurse Behind the Lines

By Emily Harris Dodd

EMILY HARRIS DODD.

FOR five months Emily Harris Dodd, a well-known New York girl, helped to nurse French wounded in a field hospital six miles behind the front [illegible]. The city was raided and bombarded continually and in one raid she narrowly escaped death. Recently while resting in America she wrote some vivid impressions of her experiences. Now she is back at the front. She is the daughter of an American Army Colonel.

LETTY and I had been instructed to leave the train at St. Christophe, where an ambulance from the hospital would meet us. Soissons was being subjected to daily bombardment, and the ambulance route was deemed less dangerous for the last part of our journey.

But St. Christophe had been shelled the night before, and we failed to recognize the station because its sign boards had been blown to pieces.

So we were carried on by train to Soissons.

Luckily, however, they were not bombarding the railway station when we arrived. Half its roof was caved in, all the glass in the building was shattered and some of the tracks were torn up, but the station-master was still at his post.

As there were no cabs or taxis—indeed very few civilians were left in Soissons—we walked the distance of more than a mile to the hospital.

There was scarcely a block in which two or three houses had not been wrecked by shells or airplane bombs. Yet, strange to say, nothing that impressed me most on my first walk thru the streets of a bombarded city was the wonderful freshness and greenness of the trees. Their lovely summer foliage was unspoiled, the massive walls close by had been reduced to ruins.

We found the Ambulance St. Paul established in a three-story rectangular group of buildings, in the midst of a beautiful walled garden where convalescent soldiers were sunning themselves on benches or in reclining chairs.

It had previously been a Catholic boarding school for young girls, and the buildings were still intact, but most of the window glass had been shattered and replaced by "toile huilee," or oiled paper, a substitute which obstructed the light, but frequently let in the wind and rain.

The following morning we began work.

The physical labor was hard. Sometimes we felt that our backs would break from bending over the low cots, but the physical strain was not the hardest part. People who have merely visited the wounded in hospitals [illegible] cruel horror concealed beneath their smooth white sheets. I believe there would be no more wars.

I cannot describe the wounds. I would not describe them if I could, for it was all too unbelievably horrible. [illegible] of courage on the battlefields and knew something of the heroism of the French people, but I did not know that the human body could endure such suffering as those wounded men endured day after day when the excitement of the battlefield was over.

There was something beautiful about their heroism—something that gave us a new vision and a new faith. It was not stolid endurance of pain. It was not stoicism. It was a much finer and deeper thing. I remember on that first day a young boy whose arm had been so mangled that it had to be amputated. The gauze dressings had become imbedded in the flesh. It was impossible because of his condition to administer an anaesthetic, and the surgeons warned him that it would require all his courage. He was not afraid of the ordeal, but he feared that he would cry out, and kept whispering to himself, "I must not! I must not scream!"

And when they began to lay bare the mangled flesh, that young boy lifted his head and began to sing, in a clear, sweet voice, the Toreador song from "Carmen."

During the whole time while the surgeons were doing ghastly things to that gaping wound, the clear, boyish voice sounded thru the ward. Sometimes it faltered, sometimes there was a sob between the notes, but he sang to the end, and there was a smile on his drawn lips as he finally fell back fainting on the pillow.

Now let me tell of a night later in July. I was sitting alone in my room, in the darkness. I had left the candles unlighted in order that the windows and blinds might remain open.

Suddenly, from out of the starlit sky, thru the open window, came the faroff whir of a Gotha motor. It was unmistakable, for we had soon learned to distinguish the characteristic sound made by the engines of the big German bombing planes.

I rushed into an adjoining room where two of the nurses were gathered. They had not heard the warning sound, as their windows were tightly closed. Our first thought was to get the helpless wounded men out of the wards and into the cellar.

As we ran thru the corridors the anti-aircraft guns, which were very close to the hospital, began firing on the raiders. There were dozens, maybe hundreds of them. French 75s, each firing at the rate of fifteen shots per minute, and the noise was appalling. Before we reached the wards the sharp, staccato banging of the French guns began to be punctuated by deeper, louder explosions that seemed to shake the earth.

The bombing had begun.

When we got to the first ward, unbelievable as it may seem, many of the wounded men were still sleeping. They had lived so long amid the roar of guns that if their sleep was being disturbed at all it was only by troubled dreams of former battles. We hurried from bed to bed in the semi-darkness, touching each poor "blogue" on the shoulder to awaken him.

"Quick, to the cellar, if you can walk."

Meanwhile the other nurses and orderlies were rushing in, and those who could not walk were hastily placed on stretchers and carried.

But then a horrible thing happened, horrible at least in its possibilities. We found the big main entrance to the cellar locked, and the dusty key jammed in the keyhole. It was a massive door, and there was no hope of breaking thru.

The only other entrance to the cellar was thru a narrow door down a steep, winding staircase. In order to make the turns we had to lift men off their stretchers and carry them in our arms down into the darkness—men so badly wounded that on the day before the surgeons were not even willing to have them shifted from the ward to the operating room.

The cellar was not fitted for such a purpose, and as the men arrived, they could only be disposed on straw mattresses outstretched on the damp floor. Some of the wounded had suffered terribly in the course of the frightful descent by the winding stair. The surgeons had been awakened and were doing what they could. But all was confusion.

Meanwhile the deafening sound of our own guns increased, interspersed by the earthquake crashes of the bombs, which seemed to be falling closer.

I had no time for reflection during those few terrible moments, and I suppose it was better so, but I recall that when we had all finally reached the cellar I had a mad impulse to rush back into the open air.

It seemed too frightful, that idea of being in a dark hole, helplessly underground, among helpless men who were even more helpless, like [illegible] ... and ... and ... and

In the Sign of the Purple Dagger

(Continued From Page 15.)

me," quickly added Lefty. "Surely you're not afraid of me."

At the words of the man who held such power over her father the Spider stopped and looked around. Then, her head substantially free of ears, she waited till the men joined her.

"Where's Big Jim?" asked Squatty.

"I don't know," returned the child.

"But Porter said you did," persisted the little Irishman.

"I don't know, I tell you," screamed the Spider, getting ready to run.

"Better let me attend to this business," hastily interposed Lefty. "Little Dorcas and me are great pals, eh, Dorcas?"

The light in the child's eyes as she heard herself called by her name and not by the hated nickname of the Spider was eloquent answer.

"Then go to it, man," said Squatty. "But hurry. I'll take the others off a ways while you talk to the kid."

And so the men moved away, the mine boss and the little girl talked earnestly.

Safely out of earshot, Squatty stopped and, with his companions, watched the big mine boss as he bent over the poor wizened little waif.

Suddenly they saw Lefty reach out, grab the child to him, kiss her, then set her down, rise up and run toward them.

"Come on," he shouted. "We've got to drive and drive like fury."

Quickly the others followed and soon they were at the autotruck in which Squatty had arrived at the mining camp.

"I'll drive," announced the little Irishman. "You, the rest of you. Lefty, you sit by me and give directions." And with a whirl of dust the car dashed from the Central Coal settlement.

"Now, der said she overheard her father say Big Jim was in the culvert at the curve of the railroad embankment at Airview," continued the mine boss, leaning over toward Squatty.

"Where the wreck was, eh?"

"Sure," She said Louie said Big Jim wouldn't do any more snooping. I suppose that means he's dead."

Squatty's only answer, however, was a demand to know how many miles it was to the culvert.

"It ain't forty from the mines," returned Lefty.

The little Irishman's comment was an increased burst of speed.

So fearful was the pace that speech was virtually out of the question and the other occupants of the car found their entire attention was required to keep in it.

At last Lefty raised his hand and Squatty slowed down.

"Leaving the car here in the road ... cut across this clump of trees ... road leads to the culvert," explained Lefty. "It's only ten miles."

Quickly the little Irishman stopped the car.

"Everybody out," he ordered. "Have your guns handy. Lead on, Lefty."

With as little noise as possible the seven men entered the woods and traversed them.

Coming to the opposite side, Lefty held up his hand.

"Look there!" he whispered excitedly. As the men crowded forward Squatty cried:

"It's an airplane. It must be Friedrich's. He's probably come to take out his wrath on Big Jim——"

"Which means Big Jim isn't dead." cut in Hammond.

"So I'd say," returned the little Irishman. Then, turning to his men, he added:

"Bruiser, you and Pick Up go to that machine and guard it. The rest of us will go to the north and work down toward the culvert. If any one tries to get away in the airplane, shoot for his legs. Remember, I want prisoners, and alive ones. Don't move toward the plane till we are at the culvert. Then make a dash for it—and be sure you beat any one else to it. Come on, men." And with Lefty, Handsome and his other two men Squatty made a dash across the field to the railroad embankment.

Gaining it quickly the little Irishman motioned to the others to follow him, then moved stealthily toward the culvert, a gun in each hand.

Hard at his heels came the others, their revolvers ready.

As he gained the edge of the culvert Squatty paused and crouched.

Lefty saw he hesitated and even before his feet struck the ground both his guns barked.

A scream of terror was their answer, and as the others gained the side of the little Irishman they beheld a man slumped on the ground, his left hand holding his right wrist. Near him lay another man gagged and bound.

"It's Big Jim!" chorused Lefty and Handsome, leaping to the side of their fellow, quickly cutting his bonds and removing the gag from his mouth.

"And the bird I winged is Wilhelm Friederich," chuckled Squatty. "The Purple Dagger sure has lost its sign on."

My eye! But won't some of my friends be the surprised to be glad to see you, Willie! Oh, you pretty bird! By the time we get thru with you even the vultures won't have any use for you, let alone the German eagle."

"Get up, you scut, and move out of this place where decent men are standing."

"See those fellows over there by your airplane? Well, crawl over to them."

"Lively, now!"

"But my leg, my wrist," whined the captive. "They——"

But Squatty raised his gun and sent a bullet whizzing at the leader of the Purple Dagger's right ear.

"I said lively," he snapped, "and I mean lively. Go on."

As best he could Wilhelm Friederich hitched along from the culvert out into the field.

In silence the others had watched the play between the little Irishman and the captive, but as the German moved off Big Jim demanded:

"How did you find me——"

"Sergeant Lefty," Lefty. Then added. "But how'd you get here——"

"I'd been watching the Purple Dagger gang, as you know," returned Big Jim of No. 4. "They sent a decoy note to me in——"

"I fell for it. I was going to No. 4 when they gagged me and bound me. Then they took me to the railroad and put me on a hand-car to which they had attached a motor.

"When we got to the curve where the wreck happened they put me on the ground and I had to watch them while they pulled up a rail to ditch the coal train.

"That done ... brought me to the culvert here and ... me.

"I heard the ... it was too far off for me to ... fire.

"I reckon I've lived a thousand years since I've been here.

"By and by, along comes a big whirling noise and pretty soon in walks that hell-cat, Friederich.

"He told me what had happened at the mines. Then he pulled out his gun and said he was going to drill the German eagle right on my forehead.

"He'd just got his gun out when this ... Squatty, ... and another thru his left leg.

"Man, dear, but that was pretty shooting——"

"Just Long Louie and the regular Purple Dagger gang we left behind to——"

"Good. Then we've cleaned up the whole bunch of hell-cats," said the little Irishman. "Now for the future of Friederich, we've pulled the Sign of the Purple Dagger down."

Through Friederich into the automobile, Squatty and the others dismantled the airplane enough to put it out of commission, then made their attack to its final disposition, and then drove back to the mine village.

Arrived there, they found that Porter and the others would soon be on their feet again.

Late that night Preston Gibbs, the president of the Central Coal Company, arrived at the village.

As the miners gathered at the company offices for their morning's preparatory to going into the mines Gibbs spoke to them.

"I want you men and women to know that you are freed from the terror inspired by the Sign of the Purple Dagger," he exclaimed.

"Now that we have caught the gang there is nothing for you to be afraid of.

"You will, however, be better for a few days' lay-off—to get your nerve back. So there will be no mining for the next three days, but you will be according to the coal you dug the day before the explosion.

"Now go and enjoy yourselves and forget you ever heard of the Sign of the Purple Dagger."

The End

* * *

Where It Belonged.

IN THE bureau of the census at Washington acts against the law are recorded under a few general heads, such as murder, burglary, etc.

An officer of the bureau tells of a woman census taker who was puzzled by an entry she encountered in one of her slips. The crime as set down was "Running a blind tiger." After due reflection the woman placed it under the head of "Cruelty to Animals."

* * *

Real Diplomat.

SPEAKING at a dinner, Senator Gilbert M. Hitchcock of Nebraska referred to the happy faculty of being able to say the right thing at the right time, and told the following story as an illustration.

John Henry was greatly enamored of a charming girl named Edythe Estelle and eventually he reached the proposing point.

"Dearest," he softly murmured one gentle, moonlight night, "I love you devotedly—I have always loved you, and I beg the privilege of laying my fortune at your feet."

"Your fortune!" exclaimed Edythe Estelle, showing considerable surprise. "I didn't know that you had a fortune."

"It isn't much of a fortune, dearest," coofully admitted John Henry, "but beside those tiny feet of yours it will look like a real Rockefeller lump."

Useless Precautions.

WILLIAM WILLIAMS hated nicknames. He said that finest given names were ruined by nicknames and that he should name his sons so that it would be impracticable to curtail their names. In pursuance of that idea he named his oldest son William, which, of course, was likely to be shortened to "Will" or "Willie"—when he was a baby. A second son was named Willard. "Aha!" said Mr. Williams, "now everybody will have to speak the full names of these boys in order to distinguish them." Then three more boys were named respectively Wilbert, Wilfred and Wilmot.

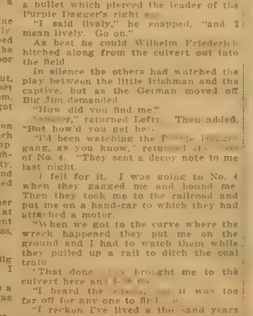
They are all big boys now and they are known as Billy, Skinnny, Butch, Chuck and Kid.

FREE TO ALL WOMEN

Our MAGNOLIA BLOSSOM is a wonderful remedy for women who suffer from ailments peculiar to womanhood. Write us for a free trial package. Try it and it may do for you what it has for so many others. SOUTH BEND REMEDY CO., Box E, South Bend, Ind.

No Money In Advance

This Marvelous CAMERA On Free Trial!



Only 10,000 of these marvelous, instantaneous picture-taking and making cameras to be sent out absolutely on approval without a penny in advance just to prove that it is the most wonderful invention—the camera sensation of the age. So rush a postal or send for it quick! Just think of it—the new Mandel-ette

Takes and Makes Finished Pictures

INSTANTLY!

... perfect finished ... pictures ... Camera itself is about 4¼x5½ inches. Loads in daylight 6 to 60 post cards at one time.

No Films—No Plates—No Dark Room

Not a bit of the worries and bother of the ordinary kodak or camera. It is instantaneous (photography). Universal focus lens produces sharp pictures at all distances. Pictures develop and print automatically. Can't overdevelop. Results positively amazing.

We Trust You

No difference who you are, where you live or what your age, we will send you the complete Mandel-ette outfit absolutely on approval and give you ten days to test it, when you see what elegant pictures it takes—so quick, so easy, with no trouble at all—if you wish to keep it you may send us $1.00 per month until our special price of only $5.50 is paid.

Easy Payments—No Reference

Named ... Month ... to so small you'll ... and mail coupon today. Send no ... Letter, Postcard or postal.

No Experience Required

Illustrated ... Anyone Can Use It ... Chicago Ferrotype Co., Dept. 303 Ferrotype Building, Chicago, Illinois

Chicago Ferrotype Co., Dept. 303, Ferrotype Building, Chicago, Illinois

Name .....

Address .....

Town ..... State .....

BOYS—A Special Lone Scout Sweater

With Official Monogram

Made expressly for our boys, to be worn with the Lone Scout Uniform. Same design and quality as U. S. Army sweater coat, with military collar and regulation pockets. Body of sweater is gray, collar blue, Lone Scout Monogram in red and blue. No dye to fade. Sweater strictly pure wool—not a thread of cotton in it.

Sweaters of this quality sell for $6.50 or more at retail. On account of buying in large quantities and selling at cost, we furnish this special sweater to our boys for $4.00. Weight of sweater 2½ pounds. Built to last, firmly knit with special shape retaining features; no sagging; double b... shall never stretch out; sloping shoulders, a tight, firm stitch wh... the wear comes, but sufficiently elastic to give freedom to the body; all seams protected against ripping; tailored button-holes which will never get larger.

Lone Scout Sweater

With Official Monogram

$4

Order now and get the full wear out of your sweater. Be sure to state your size. The sweater is $4.00 and if you wish us to prepay shipment send postage with order. Shipping weight of sweater is 2 pounds.

LONE SCOUT SUPPLY COMPANY,

512 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

The only Company that Supplies Official Lone Scout Outfits and Sweaters

Way Out West.

BY ELIZABETH COLSON.

THE daisies were out. Some were standing with the tall grass in the fields, some bobbed their pretty heads as they stood by the roadside, and some grew down by the railroad station, quite close to the tracks. These station daisies were sometimes covered with cinders, and they stood looking with round, wondering eyes at the hurrying trains.

One day two men stood on the station platform, and when they saw the station daisies, one said, "The daisies always make me think of the time when I was little."

"Where I went and what I did as a child, I lived way out West, so I never saw any daisies. They do not grow out there, you know."

One of the station daisies heard what the man said, as she held her yellow children close that the cool breeze might not chill them. Then she whispered to the birds they were ready to fly.

A great train came rushing up to the platform. When it stopped the people that were waiting all began to talk. Everybody seemed to be saying good-by to everybody else, and ever jbody talking about going out West.

"That is where there are no daisies for the children," said the station daisy. "Seedling, would you like to go way out West and grow for the children? I hear there are no daisies there."

"Yes, yes, I will take the train for way out West," cried the seedlings.

The wind heard, and how he laughed! "But why not?" he said. "Here, seedlings, shall I help you catch the train?"

The next moment the seedlings were flying thru the air, and soon they were huddled in the corner of a car window-sill, in among the cinders.

The trainman shouted, "All aboard!" and the seedlings cried, "Yes, yes, we are all aboard," and the station daisies waved good-by, and soon the train was going way out West as fast as it could.

"Way out West, way out West," said the train, except when it stopped to let people get on and off.

One day the car in which the seedlings traveled was dropped from the train and stood on a side track in the sun.

"We must be way out West," said the seedlings.

The seedlings were grown-up daisies now, and there they stood across the road, as fresh and sweet as daisies ever were.

Two children came down the road, carrying a basket. It was the old woman's dinner and she had been watching for them. When they saw the grown-up daisies, they put down the basket and looked and looked, they were so surprised.

"Granny, granny! See what we have found—a lovely new kind of flower! Come quick!"

The old woman crossed the road with her brush in her hand.

"Why, they are the very first I have seen since I came way out West. Well, well! How did they get here?"

"Perhaps they took the train" s'd one of the children, and that made them all laugh.

St. Cuthbert and the Eagle.

HERE is a little story out of an old, old English book which you would probably think, if you should see it or even hear its name, was sure to be just as dry as dust and maybe a little drier. It was written by a monk called the Venerable Bede. He tells how St. Cuthbert went out preaching to the poor, accompanied by a little lad.

They had no food with them, so when they grew hungry the good saint asked the boy if he knew any one from whom they could ask a bite to eat and the boy did not. But the saint told the boy to have faith that the Lord would provide for them.

He had hardly finished speaking when they saw an eagle which had just caught a fish. The boy ran and got the fish and hurried back with it in his hand.

But the saint spoke to him and told him that he should not be so unmindful as to take the whole fish from the bird which had been sent to help them in their distress. So the boy ran back and cutting the fish in halves gave one to the eagle, which took it in its beak and flew away.

The saint and the boy took their half to a woman in the next village, who cooked it for them and they ate it thankfully.

Five-eyed Bees.

THE eyes of an animal can only work together when they can be brought to bear upon an object at the same time, so that, as a rule, the eyes of a fish must work more or less independently. This is sometimes also the case when the eyes can cooperate, as any one who watches a plaice or other flat fish in an aquarium will soon discover.

Many animals possess more than two eyes, which do not act together. A leech, for example, has ten eyes on the top of its head, which is directly opposite, and a kind of marine worm has two eyes on the head and a row down each side of the body. Some lizards have a third eye on the head, which does not act with the other two. A bee or wasp has two large, compound eyes, which possibly help each other, and are used for near vision, and also three little simple eyes on the top of the head, which are employed for seeing things a long way off.

Mandarin Ducks

ON THE Chinese rivers many people live in house-boats. Most of these people keep ducks of a species related to our American wood-duck. These mandarin ducks, from May to August, are [illegible] of the year the drakes have beautiful [illegible] tom to let those ducks out into the water thru a little trapdoor in the side of the boat in the morning. In the evening the master whistles to them and they come swimming home from the banks and marshes where they have been foraging for grasses and bugs.

Wishfulness.

"WHEN I was a boy I wanted to be a clown in a circus."

"Of course you outgrew that?"

"Oh, yes. Clowns don't get very much salary. Now I wish I was an actor in [illegible]

Detaining the Doctor

RALPH'S father is a doctor, and Ralph naturally likes to play he is one, too, using an old medicine case and hat of his father's to dress the part. One day the telephone rang, whereupon Ralph called out: "Somebody wants me," and caught up his hat and case and hurried out.

"Come back and shut the [illegible]

obeyed. Later, when he came in, looking sober, she inquired: "Well, how did you find your patient, Dr. Ralph?"

"Dead," he replied accusingly. "Died while I was coming back to shut that [illegible]

A FIGHTING AIRPLANE CUTOUT

To Get the Best Results You Should First Paste This Drawing on Cardboard or Stiff Wrapping Paper. The Follow Directions and You Will Have a Patriotic Novelty. Another Will Be Published Next Week.

GLUE TO INNER SIDE OF PLANE, ONE AT EACH END
GLUE A AND B TOGETHER AND GLUE ONTO GUNNER'S SEAT
GUNNER'S SEAT
GLUE PLANE ACROSS BODY BETWEEN HEAVY DOTTED LINES
PILOT'S SEAT
GLUE C AND D ON LINES AT REAR OF PLANE AS SHOWN ABOVE
MOUNT ENTIRE CAGE ON SHEET OF STIFF CARDBOARD
GLUE A AND B TOGETHER AND GLUE ONTO PILOT'S SEAT
C
D

Being a Question of Color.

(Continued From Page 25.)

ing and lowering the blind; also he took observations from a distance.

"My dear," he said when he had finished, "you've qualified to be a lawyer's wife. Send for Raymond. I wish to talk with him at once."

The next day Raymond had a serious talk with the deputy sheriff who enforced the writ of replevin. The interview, upon his part, was altogether prearranged. It was suggestive and psychological. It was destined to put into effect the brilliant idea conceived, as he believed, by his attorney.

"Now, Bill," he said with an air of frankness, "we have got to make up our minds just what the color of those boxes was. I know they were the color of this coat. What do you think?"

Deputy Sheriff Moore looked at the coat. It was the one Altman had worn the day before. It was the coat which had excited the wrath of Frank Franklin. It was the coat of destiny.

"Is that the one you had on?" he asked.

"It is," said Raymond, "but I am not going to say so in court. I am telling you because you know the color of those boxes we took away, and we have got to fix on something to refresh our memories. I want you to recall the color of those boxes, and then I want you to do me a favor. When the jury retires to the jury-room to consider the evidence, I want you to see to it that the blinds are raised as high as possible; I would like to have the whole courtroom slightly drawn while the trial is in progress. Will you attend to it for me?"

Deputy Moore was visibly surprised. He was momentarily perplexed. "Now skin me," he ejaculated; "what are you driving at?"

"They are framing up on me. Will you do as I ask?"

The deputy pondered. "There isn't any harm letting in the sunlight," he decided. "But what the——"

"Think of Raymond. Taking the deputy by the lapel of his coat, he talked for some time. The Honorable Mr. Scratch-Back from a distance. With a satisfied smile breathing his lips he left them—still talking.

So the case came on for trial. The jury was impaneled. The room was quiet and subdued. A sprinkling of auditors sat outside the railing; within it were the attorneys, the parties to the suit, court officials, and a few lawyers idly watching the proceedings. Soft, [illegible] far from the scene of action. Yet thru the peaceful surface [illegible] sensibly [illegible] currents of human passion, elements were primed for battle.

Martin Carter first took the witness stand. He told briefly of the transactions leading to the writ of replevin, and the alleged mistake made thru its enforcement, and a scene followed full of fraud and trickery. It indicated that Raymond had resorted to criminal deception in the theft. Testifying to the color of the boxes which Raymond had taken, he emphatically stated they were black. He was then given to the defense for cross-examination.

The moment of silence which ensued was followed by a rustle of expectancy. The court whispered, and the next move. It believed that Altman would put Carter thru on the grill.

The battle Joe anticipated was different course. His cross-examination came as a shock of surprise because of its brevity.

"So you say that those boxes were black?" he asked. "You are positive they were black. Now look at me, for instance, what you would call black."

Looking about him his eyes rested upon Franklin. "For instance," he inquired, "would you call the coat which this gentleman is wearing black?"

He did not offer the coat to the witness. He merely waved his hand at it. "Were the boxes as black as that coat?" he asked.

"They were," Carter replied, "they were as black as that coat."

"But that coat is green, isn't it?"

A snicker passed over the room—a ripple of amusement. Carter glanced protestingly to his attorney. "No, sir, it is not green; it is black," he said.

Altman smiled indulgently. "Then if it is not green, is it yellow, or red, or white, or gray—what is it?"

"I have told you it is black."

"And you still think it is black; that it is not any of the other colors I have mentioned?"

"You of the court please, this is tomfoolery," cried the plaintiff's attorney.

Altman waved his hand. "I merely wish to ascertain if the witness knows black when he sees it. So then," he continued to Carter, "according to your vision this coat is black?"

"Yes, sir, it is black."

"And the boxes Franklin took away were black?"

"They were black."

"You are sure of that?"

"I am."

"And the boxes containing the cheap goods which you bought thru Franklin were not black?"

"They were not."

"What color?"

"They were not black. I think they were gray."

The Honorable Joe waved a dismissing hand. "That will do," he said.

Carter's attorney then put upon the witness stand William Pruett, Allan Byse, and Carl Altman, each of whom testified that the boxes taken by Franklin upon the writ were black. Altman tested their vision, and each affirmed that the coat Franklin wore was black. They were positive and corroborative of the statements made by Carter. With them the plaintiff's evidence ended. With their testimony respecting the color of the boxes, and the actions of young Franklin, Raymond seemed circumstantially convicted of having taken the boxes underwear. Instead of the replevined goods.

Altman arose for the defense. He got up slowly, intending by his deliberate manner to fix the eye of every man in the room upon his actions. After carefully looking over the room, he resumed his seat and asked Raymond to take the witness chair.

"What color were the boxes which you took from Carter on a writ of replevin?" he asked.

"They were the color of my coat."

"That is all."

The courtroom gasped. The audience sat silent. The jurymen craned forward. Carter's attorney looked about them in incredulous surprise. The strange had been the answer and so brief the attorney's question.

Plaintiff's attorney declining to cross-examine, Altman then called Deputy Sheriff Moore.

"Did you notice the boxes Raymond Franklin took away from Carter's store," he asked—"and if so, what was their color?"

"I noticed them. They were the color of the coat he is wearing."

"What is the color of the coat?"

"It is dark gray."

Carter almost laughed aloud. He turned and whispered something to his attorney. The words "color blind" were audible.

Altman smiled complacently. He arose and addressed the court. "If your honor please, we offer the coat in evidence. The jury need not take it off now, Mr. Franklin. There will be time enough to give it to the jury when it retires. The defendant's case is closed."

He sat down and folded his arms.

Then every eye in the room turned upon Franklin and his coat. Sitting in the long band of shadows thrown between the blinds, his features were not in the clearest relief. But they were passive, composed, serene, self-contained. A suspicion gained upon a part of the audience [illegible] color blind. Men looked at each other and smiled. The situation struck them as queer—that both client and attorney should be stricken color-blind—that the coat appeared unmistakably black.

Their opinion was jarred when Altman addressed the jury, following the plaintiff's argument. He boldly charged that it was the plaintiff and his witnesses who were color blind. To the open astonishment of all present he asked that, if the coat was black, the jury should find for the plaintiff. Otherwise for the defendant.

Both sides claimed the other unable to properly distinguish color. The judgment were they upon that point the Judge aroused from his seeming indifference and gave special attention to their arguments.

Finally they finished. Franklin's coat was rolled into a neat little wad and given to the jury. Retiring to the jury-room to deliberate, they were absent but a short time. Surfing that period some one raised the blinds in the courtroom and the warm sun of midday poured brightly in. Its beams shot over the carpet and played upon the tables and chairs. It touched the center of the room, crept warmly over the Judge's bench, lighted the jury box, and spread like a fan of golden gleams over the tops of their chairs. The audience talked. Carter, his client, and plaintiff and defendant each looked as the he had the other fellow skinned to a finish.

Then the jury returned. It filed slowly into the room, each juryman wearing a smile of intense amusement.

"Gentlemen," asked the Court, "have you reached a verdict?"

"We have," the foreman announced. "We find for the defendant."

Martin Carter paled. His clerks uttered exclamations of dismay. His attorney arose to protest. His words died speechless upon his lips and he stood, silent, staring at the coat which the foreman of the jury held aloft. The beams of the sun poured strongly upon it. They fell in shimmering rays over it. What had appeared black in the shade was gray in the sunshine. It was cloth of changeable color.

"Them complaining witnesses is color blind," said the foreman, who was a shock-headed Dutchman. "This-yere coat is gray. We find that Raymond Franklin did not take black boxes."

The Honorable Judge laughed softly. "Amen," he breathed. "A smart wife is a godsend to any man."

Milk and a Heel of Bread.

(Continued From Page 7.)

friend over there to tell you," said Kirk, pointing to the window washer. "Incidentally, he has been of great help to me tonight, and, if possible, I want him to go unpunished for his part in the affair. Now, my man, fire away."

The window washer was not a bit backward about telling what he knew. He was a Great Lakes sailor and being out of a job at his own trade had taken one as janitor and window washer in the office building. Adolph had come to him and induced him to wigwag with his polishing cloth certain messages to Smuix in jail. The messages had been to him a horrible jumble of meaningless words and figures and always he had been compelled to return the paper on which they were written to Adolph before he was paid.

"So much for that little mystery that was," said Clayton. "We, too, have been busy while you were unraveling this puzzle. We have not yet sat for her dinner today we invaded her room and looked around a bit. Quite a few things which were left before are perfectly clear now. In the bottom of a trunk we found a ladder of silken ropes with a hook on the end of each rope. And in the captain's room above the window sill showed where the hooks had been fastened in. Thus the mystery of how the captain made his famous disappearances after being shadowed to his room at the various hotels he patronized over the country seems to have been solved, too. It was quite easy, with his wife occupying the room below him, for him to fasten his ladder, descend to her room and quietly depart out the door. The thing that has kept us baffled was the fact that we did not know she accompanied him. The old motto of 'Look for the Woman' seems to have been overlooked in this instance. Now if one of you men will release the lieutenant from his uncomfortable bonds we will be going. And, Tom, if you will drop down to my office tomorrow I have another little case that I believe will interest you."

* * *

A Bit Heady.

Presiding Genius—"What is the charge against Private Jones?"

Sergeant—"Why, sir, plase, 'e's been drunk, an' 'e's been breakin' things, an' he won't obey no orders. In fact, 'e's been behavin' generally as though 'e wuz the bloomin' colonel himself!"

I Earned $2200 IN FOUR MONTHS

THIS is Richard A. Oldham. He earned $2200.00 in four months with a Haywood Tire Repairing outfit. For 20 years he was telegraph operator on the Illinois Central Railway. He is now 38 years old. He answered my advertisement—quit his job—bought a plant and resumed a business. He just wrote me "I have made more in eight months than 2½ years as operator." There are now 500 stations where tire repairing is neglected.

I Must Have 500 Men

To Fill These Positions

I have a Big interesting Book to send you. It tells all about tires—gives inside figures and profit. Send for it. Find out Oldham and others. Then follow your own inclination. Be a $2,000 to $5,000 a year tire specialist. Like Mr. Oldham—One machine will start you. Rush quick. Also. You can use both ends all around you. Put on a Haywood Sign and business will come to you. Now get started. Send for the Big Book and startling money.

M. HAYWOOD, Pres.

Haywood Tire & Equipment Co.

830 Capitol Ave. Indianapolis, Ind.

LOYALTY LINK RINGS

Patriotic rings, made of finest 10-carat genuine heavy embossed Rolled Gold. Each design three raised figures on colored enamel background. Your name or a motto of choice, up to 12 letters, on the flat face or the shell rail. Specify.

SOLDIERS stand for the cause of Liberty. SAILORS rule the waves. MARINES are ready for anything. RED CROSS work for humanity.

Send finger size. Ring will be sent C.O.D. $1.00 plus postage. Money back if not satisfied. Send for free catalog.

MONOGRAM JEWELRY CO., 119 Nassau St. Dept. 68, New York

EGYPTIAN FORTUNE TELLER AND DREAM BOOK Tells your Mother's fortune. Make Eyes and Money. Teaches how to know son of child before born. Tells when to marry and when. Charms for lovers. How to write secret letters. How to tell future by cards. How to make love. Just as hidden fortune. Hundreds of other secrets. Sent postpaid for only 10c. Send stamps or silver. Use this Book and our raising of other rare books and articles 10c.

L. B. CHEMICAL CO., Box 69, Beaumont, Texas

Thomas Water-Proof Aprons

AGENTS $7.00 a Day Sample FREE

Make Big Money

Agents make quick, sure easy sales in every home. It is the very thing you have been waiting for. It is the best agents' seller that we have handled in our twenty years' experience. This apron is water and acid proof, made of vulcanized, deodorized rubber cloth; sizes and styles for all persons, even from the little baby to "grandma." Big sales in laundries, factories, restaurants. When soiled, simply wipe off with damp cloth and it is spotlessly clean like new. We have a new and easy selling plan for you whereby you can earn from $25.00 to $50.00 a week easily. Write today.

Sample Free to Live People

Send us no money. Just sign your name and address on the coupon below. That is all we ask. We want you to see this splendid line and that you may know it. This is the biggest opportunity you will ever have to make money easily and quickly.

Wanted in Every Home

Emma Townsley of New York says: "Sold $57.00 in less than five hours. Easy to sell." Pugh of Virginia: "Worked nineteen hours. Took $53.00 in orders." Mr. Hammer, Tenn., says: "Took 24 orders first hour. Best seller yet." Miss Willson: "Took 9 orders at first call." Send for terms and sample. There is a sale in every home for you.

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY.

All Sizes

The article will interest someone in every home every time. Your profits are big. The work is easy and pleasant because you have something they want. Let us send you the proof. Mail coupon at once, or send postcard.

Thomas Mfg. Co.

2117 Blue Street Dayton, Ohio

FREE SAMPLE COUPON

THOMAS MFG. CO.
2117 Blue St., Dayton, Ohio

I am interested in your water proof apron. Send sample and terms.

Name .....

P. O. .....

St. No. ..... State .....

Sashes and Girdles.

SASHES and wide girdles are an important accessory of many of the newest gowns. In girdles, the wide crushed styles made of fabric or of ribbon are favored, being twisted twice around the waist and buttoned on either side.

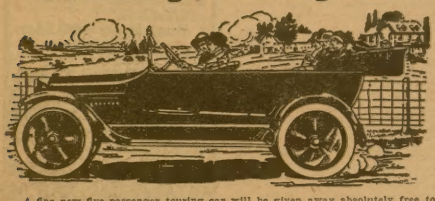
Wide, draped girdles of handsome brocaded ribbons are also employed, especially across the front of a gown.

Checked and plaid taffeta are very good for silk dresses for summer. The light colors used in them make a welcome relief from the rather somber colors of our suits and street dresses of cloth.

A girl never truly loves a man if she admits he has faults.

This Auto Free!

5-Passenger Touring Car



A fine new five-passenger touring car will be given away absolutely free to some one who acts right away. Wouldn't you be happy and proud to own this fine automobile? Think of the fun you can have taking your friends out riding. And how all your relatives would enjoy the car. Hundreds of men, women, boys and girls all over the country are winning automobiles, etc. They win by starting early. As soon as they see the advertisement and puzzle they go to work and solve it and so get a great big start in the contest.

EASIER TO WIN THAN ANY OTHER CONTEST

This contest will not be advertised and pushed like so many others. There will be fewer contestants than in other contests, and if you start right away you can win easily this 1918 model, fully equipped, five-passenger touring car.

2000 VOTES FREE

To test your quickness and to give you a good head start we are printing the auto prize puzzle picture shown below. In this picture there are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun to find. Solve the puzzle, mark the faces, fill out the coupon and send it all to us with four cents in stamps to help pay the cost of mailing the beautiful set of Movie Star Photos, including that of charming Mary Pickford. We will also make you a present of 2,000 free auto votes and tell you all about this splendid five-passenger touring car. We are also going to give away many other prizes.

OTHER REWARDS TO ALL

This is the easiest and most liberal contest ever announced. It is so arranged that every one who takes part in the contest will be richly rewarded for everything little or big, that one does. Remember you get the extra rewards right away. There is no waiting. You get splendid prizes and cash rewards without delay.

Up here in our big building we have boxes and boxes of golden treasures that are yours almost for the asking. We will give away hundreds of bicycles, watches, flashlights, sets of dishes and heaps of other presents too numerous to mention. Our plan is so simple it seems more like a dream than a reality. Everybody gets [illegible] we are a big company and delight in rewarding [illegible] promptly to advertise our great weekly papers. Get your share of these presents. Solve the puzzle and mail the coupon now, before you turn this page. Get in on this grand prize distribution.

DON'T WAIT—MAIL THE COUPON TODAY!

We want to impress on you that it is very necessary to start at once. We are determined to give the automobile to some one free, and it might as well be you. Don't delay another minute. Find at least four of the partly hidden faces on the puzzle picture, mark each with a cross (X), fill out the coupon, cut out the picture and coupon and mail them to us with four cents to help pay the cost of mailing expenses for the set of Movie Stars Photos for solving the puzzle. We will at once give you 2,000 free votes toward winning this auto. There are no losers. You get prizes for everything you do—many of them. We will help you win this auto if you are quick. Mail the coupon right away. Address

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY

500-514 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Ill.

Solve Puzzle and get set of Movie Star Photos

This picture shows one of our friends driving an automobile like one we are going to give away. In this picture there are six partly hidden faces which it will be lots of fun for you to find. It is not so easy to find the faces in this picture, but by close search and by twisting and turning the picture around they will be revealed to you.

Movie Star Photos

This set of Movie Star Photos contains the pictures of your favorite screen stars. Each photo is postcard size. Among them will be found the beautiful Mary Pickford.

Here's How to Get It

When you have found four of the faces, mark each with a cross (X), cut out the picture and mail it to us. When your answer is received, we will send you this beautiful set of Movie Star Photos. We will also make you a present of 2,000 free auto votes and tell you about this automobile which we are going to give away and also the many other prizes.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY, Auto Contest Manager, Dept. C,
500-514 North Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen: I have marked the four faces on the picture puzzle which I am sending you, together with four cents in stamps to help pay the postage and mailing expenses of the set of Movie Star Photos, including Mary Pickford. Please tell me how I can become the owner of this five-passenger touring car delivered to me absolutely free. Also send me my certificate of entry and 2,000 free votes toward winning it. Let me know also how to earn cash commissions and the many splendid prizes you have for me.

My name is.....

P. O., R. F. D. Box No., or St. No.....

Town..... State.....

Dutch Lunch Cloth and Sideboard Cover

By Elizabeth Berne.

THERE is a charming, quaint manner about these thrifty little people which makes this style of decoration attractive and a pleasure to behold. This set is particularly attractive, as it portrays the figures at play, and the windmill and sailboat all in the one picture.

The lunch cloth is 18x26 inches and the work is all so placed that it forms a wide border around the cloth. The work is simple, as are the habits of the Dutch. The only stitches used are outlining, French knots and a few solid dots.

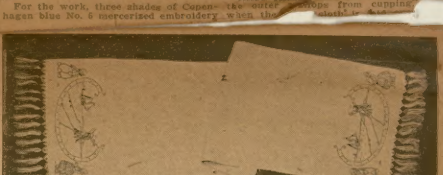
For the work, three shades of Copenhagen blue No. 6 mercerized embroidery cotton is used. Care should be taken that the best grade of cotton is selected and the laundering qualities thoroly tested, then with reasonable care this set will wear for years.

The figures are all outlined except where the girl's skirts are dotted; these dots are made of French knots of the darkest shade; wrap twice around the needle and one has a good-sized knot. The other exception is for the boy's vest buttons; they are worked solid without any padding. The scenes are all outlined and the three shades are used.

Between the scrolls is a row of dots; these are worked in the lightest shade and are padded. Make three or four stitches up and down, taking care not to cover the stamping; then, with the same cotton, start at the lower edge and work crosswise on the stamping. These dots should be carefully worked and all of the same light shade.

When the cloth is finished, turn the hem to the right side and stitch by machine, then cover the hem with the solid band at the top of the clumy edge. This lace is three inches wide and should be basted with care.

Allow just enough fullness from cupping when the [illegible]



Soldier's Outfit.

THOUSANDS of women all over the country are busy marking articles of wearing apparel for their soldiers. The woven names on narrow strips of tape are excellent for the purpose and are much better than tapes marked with indelible ink. Order the woven names well in advance, for, with so many people demanding them at one time, there is great likelihood of delay in deliveries. Every sock, handkerchief, cap and article of underclothing, as well as uniforms, overcoats and gloves, should have an identification tag of the sort. Nearly a hundred of the woven names can be purchased for a trifle over a dollar and several dozen may be sewed on in an hour.

Bridesmaid's Cap.

A BRIDESMAID'S cap of lustrous rose satin has a lace brim and a chin strap of lace caught with a handmade rose.

New Fancies.

SOME simple jersey dresses are seen with collar and cuffs of knotted wool in bright color.

Crisp and lovely are the new collar and cuff sets. They are of fine organdie, not only in white, but in delicate colorings as well. There are the fashionable yellow, Alice blue and rose pink. They are in new shapes and have tiny ruffled edges.

As the the gamut of color had been run in the separate vests to be used with the plain tailored suit, we are now shown vests of black satin. In the bordered kind bright organdie is the newest.

Combinations.

IN WAISTS, as in dresses, combinations are used. Thus we find a beige crepe de chine blouse made with a high collar of brown and yellow plaid gingham. A wide frill in the front of the blouse is piped with the gingham and the turned back cuffs are made of the same cotton.

Descriptive.

ASKED by his Sunday school teacher to write an essay upon Elisha, a boy sent the following effusion to his on the next Sabbath:

"There was a man named Elisha. He cooms beans and he lived in a cave. The boys tormented him. He said 'If I keep on throwing stones at me I'll go to the bears on you and they'll eat you up.' And they did and he did and the bears did."

The Right Sort.

HE—"HOW about getting married?"

She—"Getting married—if it's the right girl—should double the life of your tires and cut your gasoline bill in two."

* * *

Safe.

HE—"HOW is it that you never suffer from the cold?"

She—"Oh, I'm always wrapped up in my work."

His Class.

YOUNG MUDDE—"What a lot I seem to have learned tonight! How I have benefited by this conversation with you, my dear Miss Slime! Somehow your intellect seems to appeal to mine. Are you a literary woman?"

Miss Slime—"No; I am a teacher in an infant school."

* * *

Think of being a manufacturer of curry-combs in this automobile age.

Abe's Wit.

LINCOLN, during the Civil War, gave a bumptious young German a commission as captain. As the interview was about ended, Herr von A. said: "And you must remember, Mr. President, my name is one of the oldest and most aristocratic in Germany."

Old Abe looked at him a moment and then said:

"Well, if you are careful, it won't hurt any."

Classified Want Ads

Classified Want Ad Information

If you have hesitated to try Classified Advertising for fear your lack of experience in writing advertisements might stand in your way you need delay no longer. Just write a letter to the Classified Dept., W. D. Boyce Co., 500 N. Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. State fully what you wish to advertise and the amount of money you can devote to it. Copy will at once be submitted for your approval. Rate 30c a word. Not less than 14 words accepted.

W. D. BOYCE COMPANY - - - - Publisher

SALESMEN WANTED

SALESMAN WANTED TO SUPERVISE TERritory and appoint agents. Must be result getter having $1500 or more cash security for merchandising $2000 a year to the man accepted. Address Sales Manager, 616 South Michigan Ave., Room 606, Chicago.

AGENTS WANTED

I WANT 100 MEN AND WOMEN TO ACT as my agents and distribute Comer raincoats. I paid Bill Bridge $86.95 for orders taking them 3 hours' spare time one week. Cooper made $214 last month. Wonderful outfit and handy coat for $2.35. Your experience orders a day gives you $5,500 a year profit, spend an automobile free at the end of six months. No delivering or collecting. I'll give you a sample coat and complete outfit for getting orders. Hurry. Write for my liberal offer. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B-123, Dayton, Ohio.

STOP LONG—SELL THE RISEN REGUlator for Model T Fords. Headlights going like wildfire everywhere; gives splendid driving light at low speed, keeps bulbs from burning out, speed an automobile free at the end of six months. No delivering or collecting. I'll give you a sample coat and complete outfit for getting orders. Hurry. Write for my liberal offer. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B-123, Dayton, Ohio.

STOP LONG—SELL THE RISEN REGUlator for Model T Fords. Headlights going like wildfire everywhere; gives splendid driving light at low speed, keeps bulbs from burning out, speed an automobile free at the end of six months. No delivering or collecting. I'll give you a sample coat and complete outfit for getting orders. Hurry. Write for my liberal offer. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B-123, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—SELL THE RISEN REGULATOR for Model T Fords. Headlights going like wildfire everywhere; gives splendid driving light at low speed, keeps bulbs from burning out, speed an automobile free at the end of six months. No delivering or collecting. I'll give you a sample coat and complete outfit for getting orders. Hurry. Write for my liberal offer. Comer Mfg. Co., Dept. B-123, Dayton, Ohio.

AGENTS—SOMETHING NEW. USED BY all autoists. Big seller. Write quick for agreement. Just the article for our boys at home and abroad. Sells on sight. Big profits for you. Quick seller. Great repeater. Money back if not perfectly satisfied. Send 40c for sample and full particulars today. Quaker Chemical Products Co., Machias, N. Y.

AGENTS WANTED—TOLIVER PUNCTURE-proof inner tubes sell easily—our Agents make $5.80 to $50.00 a day net profit—no capital required. Exclusive territory. Manufactures of your own with unlimited possibilities for growth. Write for particulars. Address Toliver Tube and Tire Co., 725 Toliver Bldg., Denver, Colo.

$75 WEEKLY AND UP SELLING MEXICAN Drawn Work. Marvelous Discount. Immediate delivery. Experience unnecessary. Write for free sample outfit. Mexican Drawnwork Importing Co., 2 Union Square, New York City.

AGENTS—MAKE A DOLLAR AN HOUR. Sell Mendets, a patent patch for instantly mending all leaks in rubber goods. Everybody buys. Collette Mfg. Co., Dept. 167-C, Amsterdam, N. Y.

AGENTS — FVE A NEW SOAP GAME that's a dandy. Nice stuff; sells quick. Sample outfit and tray free. Write quick. Lackawan Co., Dept. 21, St. Louis, Mo.

U. S. FLAGS, BANNERS, PENNANTS, AND all other "Overseas" items that sell quick. Catalog free. Luttrell Co., 230 River St., Troy, N. Y.

AGENTS MAKING BIG MONEY. SEND 25c for sample. Money back if not satisfied. Leader Mfg. Co., 1000 Leader Bldg., Cleveland, O.

AGENTS — GET OUR PROPOSITION — Money maker. Bacorn Company, Elmira, N. Y.

SPECIAL!!! $150.00 PHONOGRAPH $150.00. Marvelous, guaranteed, agents Rich-Tone Phonograph. Chanute Mfg. Co., Chanute, Kan.

HELP WANTED

MEN, WOMEN, 18 OR OVER, WANTED IMmediately. Government war positions. Thousands clerical positions open, $800 month. Experience unnecessary. Write today for list positions. Franklin Institute, Dept. N 37, Rochester, N. Y.

EVERY READER OF THE LEDGER OUGHT to read these ads. Every week splendid chances to buy, sell or exchange goods or services, are offered here.

MALE HELP WANTED

GOVERNMENT RAILWAY MAIL POST OFfice, rural carrier "exams" everywhere soon. Get prepared by former Government civil service examiner. Particulars free. Robert Patterson, Rochester, N. Y.

FIREMEN, BRAKEMEN, BAGGAGEMEN, $140 to $180 monthly. Railroads wanted everywhere. Experience unnecessary. 606 Ry. Exchange Bldg., St. Louis.

DON'T PREPARE FOR ANY CIVIL SERVice examination without seeing our catalogue. Columbian Correspondence Schools, Washington, D. C.

MEN—AGE 17 TO 45. EXPERIENCE UNnecessary. Travel; make secret investigations, reports. Salaries, expenses. American-Foreign Detective Agency, 1218 St. Louis.

BECOME CHAUFFEURS. $85 WEEK. Earn while learning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. R254, Rochester, N. Y.

BE A DETECTIVE. EXCELLENT OPPORtunity, good pay, travel. Write C. T. Ludwig, 620 Westerer Bldg., Kansas City, Mo.

FEMALE HELP WANTED

LEARN DRESS DESIGNING. BIG DEMAND. 150 week. Learn while earning. Sample lessons free. Franklin Institute, Dept. R 254, Rochester, N. Y.

FEMALE HELP WANTED—(Cont.)

WOMEN TO SEW. GOODS SENT FREE. Paid to your door; plain sewing; steady work; no canvassing. Send stamped envelope for prepaid card. Universal Co., Dept. 64, Philadelphia, Pa.

FIVE BRIGHT, CAPABLE LADIES TO travel, demonstrate and sell Gasoline, $75.00 to $150.00 per month. Railroad fare paid. Goodrich Drug Company, Dept. 85, Omaha, Neb.

BUSINESS OPPORTUNITIES

DO YOU WANT $2000 A YEAR INCOME without any work, worry or inconvenience? Then investigate our interesting fig orchard enterprise. It starts you owning a fine magnolia fig orchard in a money-making fig-preserving factory. Best fig grown. Estimated profits from 4 acre orchard $2,125.00 annually, or more. Demand for figs in bulk cannot be supplied on account of the limited area for growing figs in the U. S. Profits for preserving fruit for the market. Best investment on earth. Only a few orchards now in the most fascinating country in the world and an independent industry. Don't confuse this offer with others. Our free book tells all. Send for it today. Address, Gulf Coast Fig & Fruit Association, Gulf Coast 33, Merchants Bank Building, Indianapolis, Ind.

INVENT SOMETHING. IDEAS MAY bring wealth. Send postal for free book telling how to obtain patent and what to invest through our credit system. Talbert & Talbert, 427C Talbert Building, Washington, D. C.

$25 TO $50 A DAY MADE EASY. SEND 25c for books free. Hillman Publishing Co., Kansas City, Mo.

INVENTIONS

CASH FOR INVENTIONS AND PATENTS. Write Fisher Mfg. Co., 2044 Railway Exchange, St. Louis, Mo.

WANTED TO BUY

CASH FOR OLD FALSE TEETH. WE CAN pay as high as $21.50 per set (broken or not). Send now. Cash sent by return mail. Package held 5 to 15 days subject to sender's approval of our offer. Highest prices paid for old gold, jewelry, gold crowns, bridges, platinum and silver. United States Smelting Works, Inc., 1000 Smelting Bldg., Opp. Post Office, Milwaukee, Wis.

MOTION PICTURE BUSINESS

LARGE PROFITS DAILY MADE IN THIS business. Openings everywhere. Small capital starts you. Experience unnecessary. Our plan explains how. Approved by Government institutions. Catalog free. Atlas Moving Picture Company, Building, Chicago.

$75.00 STARTS YOU INTO THE MOVING picture business with complete guarantee. Big profits. Exclusive territory. Machinery supplies. Make big money immediately. Details free. Feature Film Exchange, 258 Union Ave., Memphis, Tenn., Dept. 33.

MOTION PICTURE PLAYS

FREE TO WRITERS— A WONDERFUL little book of money-making hints, suggestions, ideas. The A. B. C. of successful story and play writing. Absolutely free. Just address Writer's Service, Dept. 10, Auburn, N. Y.

OLD COINS WANTED

SAVE ALL OLD-LOOKING MONEY AND stamps and send only 6c for large illustrated coin and stamp circular. It may mean much profit to you. We pay cash for all rare coins, bills and stamps. Send now. Numismatic Bank, Dept. 17, Fort Worth, Texas.

ROOTS, HERBS, EVERGREENS

$5 A DAY GATHERING EVERGREENS, roots and herbs. Ginseng, $14 lb., belladonna seed, $64 lb., or grow it yourself. Book and war prices free. Botanical-4, New Haven, Conn.

TOBACCO HABIT

TOBACCO OR SNUFF HABIT CURED OR no pay. $1.00 if cured. Remedy sent on trial. Superba Co., TC, Baltimore, Md.

PATENTS

PATENTS SECURED QUICKER—NEW EFficiency in patent service. Report on your invention in two days or less. No longer than 10 days to prepare and file application. For the benefit of my new personal-service plan, send sketch or model for prompt search and report. My new 72-page patent book free. Write "Different." Send a postal today. George P. Kimmel, 10-F, Ouray Building, Washington, D. C.

WANTED, AN IDEA! WHO CAN THINK of some simple thing to patent? Protect your ideas, they may bring you wealth. Write for "Inventor's Institute" and "Patent Buyers." and "How to Get Your Patent and Your Money." Randolph & Co., Patent Attorneys, Dept. 174, Washington, D. C.

MILLIONS SPENT ANNUALLY FOR IDEAS! Hundreds home-made. Many secured fortune profit! Write today for free books—tell how to dispose of your ideas. What kind wanted, how we help you sell etc. 246 Patent Dept., American Industries, Inc., Washington, D. C.

"PATENTS AND PATENT POSSIBILITIES" is the title of a booklet telling you what to invent and where to sell it. Manufacturers constantly writing for patents. Help supply the demand. Books free. H. B. Hill, 233 Mc-Lachlen Building, Washington, D. C.

PATENTS SECURED QUICKER—NEW EFficiency in patent service. Report on your invention in two days or less. No longer than 10 days to prepare and file application. For the benefit of my new personal-service plan, send sketch or model for prompt search and report. My new 72-page patent book free. Write "Different." Send a postal today. George P. Kimmel, 10-F, Ouray Building, Washington, D. C.

WONDERFUL CHANCE FOR EVERY MAN.

Wholesale manufacturer of Clothing and Furnishing Goods. Also regular salary and commission proposition. Exclusive territory. Nationally Advertised Durates Brand—Guaranteed Clothing. Write for free sample line. No bother. You take the orders, we do the rest. Will start you in business and build up of repeat orders. Start a fine growing business of your own in spare time. Half hour a week, an hour at most, brings you a nice bit of extra money every day. Send 15c for handsome, complete sample outfit with everything necessary and full instructions. Ideal method for high class men. Goodell & Co., 264 Durston Bldg., New York.

$2 PAYS FOR 100 SHARES BY RETURN mail and new method of drilling. Shares of Money-Back Oil Co. (at present price), now 50c, par $1. Monthly, 10 well joint producing and refining agreement. 2 producing wells guaranteed under money-back terms, completed. Battle with everything necessary and full instructions. Ideal method for high class men. Goodell & Co., 264 Durston Bldg., New York.

ENDORSED UNDER STRINGENT LAWS TO protect investors. Even $25 cash or payments may secure Income. Highest grade oil. Only small additional sum needed. Write Manager, King Oil Co., White Bldg., Seattle, Wash.

$39 BUYS DEED TO LAND, ALSO INTERest in oil well that should pay you $100 for every dollar invested; returning 4% monthly; complete information free. Address Texas Gulf Company, 1109 Union Bank, Houston, Texas.

MICHIGAN FARM LAND FOR SALE

FINEST HARDWOOD LAND; IN MICHIgan's best counties; 10, 20, 40, 80 acre tracts or more; $12 to $15 per acre; easy payments; free insurance; settlers pay no taxes for 6 years; land is cleared and ready for improve; fine for clover, general crops, poultry, fruit. Write for big book of facts. Largest and biggest company in the business. Swigart Land Co., X1245 First Nat'l Bank Bldg., Chicago.

MISSOURI LAND

POOR MANS CHANCE: $5.00 MONTHLY buys 40 acres productive land near town, healthy location. Price $200. Other bargains. Box 425-S, Carthage, Mo.

SONG—POEM, ETC.

WRITE THE WORDS FOR A SONG. WE will write music and guarantee publisher's acceptance. Submit poems on war, love or any subject. Chester Music Co., 538 S. Dearborn St., Suite 104, Chicago.

SONG POEMS

WRITE A SONG—PATRIOTIC OR POPULAR. If I compose music and guarantee publication. Send words today. Thomas Merlin, 219, Reaper Block, Chicago.

MEDICAL

THE ROAD TO HEALTH—THIS BIG INstructive book mailed free in plain wrapper. Diseases of the blood, stomach, Kidneys, bowels, liver, bladder, heart, nerves and skin permanently relieved by a simple home treatment after many under skilled specialists physicians failed. Bank and other endorsements. No harmful drugs. Thousands cured, many of whom had been told they could not live. Save further needless and hospital bills. Send us to entirely satisfied or treatment costs nothing. No matter what your ailment write today to Dr. W. J. McCrary, Dept. 102, Lenox Beach, California, for your copy of this wonderful book. It may mean much to you.

SUFFERERS FROM KIDNEY AND BLADder trouble, causing backache, nervousness, tired and worn out feeling, frequent urine, irritants, smarting and burning. Do not suffer one minute longer but write us for free symptom blank and advice. Hinze Medical Institute, 22 Washington Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

HERB DOCTOR RECIPE BOOK 10C (LARGE 64 book). Tells how to make medicines from herbs for all diseases. Contains 400 tried recipes and herb secrets. Grant Co., 116 Graham, Watseka, Ill.

MISCELLANEOUS

SPECIAL!!! INCH DISPLAY ADVERTISEment, 100 magazines, thrice, $8. Coast-to-Coast Syndicate, Minneapolis, Minn.

PERSONAL

U. S. PULSER APPLIES ELECTRICITY without wires; produces normal circulation to Nature's own rhythm. Cures pain of all kind. No drugs, nor artificial stimulus—just life giving electricity. Booklet free. Wireless Massage, Free book. "Vital Impulse" explains this wonderful invention. Contains testimonials endorsements of physicians and nurses. Write Pulser Co., A 114 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

NO DRUGS, NO MASSAGE, BUT A WONderfully successful home treatment for prostate disorders. No failures on record where directions of our patrons are physicians. No matter what any one has told you or what how old the case, this method quickly removes the cause. Don't suffer needlessly. Tell us about your case in confidence. The Electro Therapeutic Co., Sutton Bldg., Steubenville, Ohio.

MEN—SEXTONIQUE NEVER FAILS TO restore lost vitality, nervousness, nervous debility, lame back, kidney weakness and drains, varicocele, impotency, sexual weakness, lost manhood, nothing if not cured. Write for free book. Sextonique Medicinal Co., 32 Berry Block, Nashville, Tenn.

MARRY. THOUSANDS CONGENIAL PEOple, rich, poor, many anxious to marry at once; marriage; descriptions, photos, introduction plan, sealed copy, 10c. Mailed free in plain wrapper. Address Standard Cor. Club, Grayville, Ill.

WEAK, NERVOUS, RUN DOWN MEN; MEN of number, we cure chronic, nervous, blood, kidney, bladder, skin and private disease. Book, symptom blank and advice free sealed. Dr. Meyer & Co., 319 Nicollet Ave., Minneapolis, Minn.

THOUSANDS ANXIOUS TO MARRY. WORTH $1,500 to $100,000. Confidential descriptions free. Mailed sealed copy, satisfaction guaranteed. Peoples Club, Box 4, San Diego, California.

MARRY — FREE PHOTOS, BEAUTIFUL ladies; descriptions and directory; pay when married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY—MARRIAGE DIRECTORY WITH descriptions, photos, mailed free. When married. The Exchange, Dept. 28, Kansas City, Mo.

MARRY; MOST SUCCESSFUL "HOME Maker," hundreds rich; confidential; reliable; descriptions free. Select Correspondence Club," Mrs. Purdie, Box 856, Oakland, Calif.

MARRY — THOUSANDS LONELY, CONtrary. Descriptions free. Happy, you will marry. Descriptions free, Ralph Hyde, San Francisco, Calif.

"WOMAN BEAUTIFUL"—GENUINE PHOtos. The kind men like but seldom get. Samples for stamp. Roderick Studio, Logansport, Ind.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Many rich. Ladies send age, description. American Distributor, Kansas City, Mo.

CATHOLICS WISHING TO MARRY, WANTing introductions. Booklet free. Catholic Correspondence Club, S. D. Grand Rapids, Mich.

I DARE YOU WRITE ME; WIDOW; WORTH $10,000; handsome; refined. C—, Riverton Unity, San Francisco, Calif.

WOULD YOU WRITE TO WEALTHY YOUNG lady with view to early marriage? M-box 284, Los Angeles, Cal.

MARRY A FARMER WORTH $40,000. FULL description by return mail. H—, 2324 Minna St., San Francisco, Cal.

GET MARRIED — BEST MATRIMONIAL paper published. Free for stamp. Correspondent, Toledo, Ohio.

GET MARRIED—MANY WEALTHY CLIENTS desiring early marriage. Address Opal Club, Box 22, Rosiera, N. Y.

MARRIAGE PAPER WITH NAMES, AD-dresses, photos, descriptions, sealed. Inc. Box 2246 B, Boston, Mass.

General Gibson Says Every Soldier who goes to the Front Should take NUXATED IRON

General John L. Clem, Who Was Sergeant in the U. S. Army at 12 Years of Age; General David Stuart Gordon, Hero of the Battle of Gettysburg; Judge Samuel S. Yoder, for 18 Years a Practicing Physician and Formerly Surgeon Major in the Army, Also Tell How They Were Benefited by a Short Course of This Remarkable Product.

Dr. James Francis Sullivan and other physicians explain why Nuxated Iron helps to increase strength and endurance, and build up weak, nervous, run-down folks.

What every soldier most needs is tremendous "stay there" strength, power and endurance, with nerves of steel and blood of iron. To help produce this result there is nothing in my experience which I have found so valuable as organic iron—Nuxated Iron, says Dr. James Francis Sullivan, formerly physician of Bellevue Hospital (Outdoor Dept.), New York, and the Westchester County Hospital. "I have personally found it of such great value as a tonic, strength and blood builder that I believe if General Gibson's advice were followed many of our fighting men would find it of great benefit. In my opinion there is nothing better than organic iron—Nuxated Iron—for enriching the blood and helping increase strength, energy and endurance."

General Horatio Gates Gibson says Nuxated Iron has brought back to him in good measure that old buoyancy and energy that filled his veins in 1847 when he made his triumphant entry with General Scott into the City of Mexico.

Another remarkable case is that of General David Stuart Gordon, noted Indian fighter and hero of the battle of Gettysburg. General Gordon says: "When I became badly run down this year I found myself totally without the physical power to 'come back' as I had done in my younger days. I tried different so-called 'tonics' without feeling any better, but finally I heard of how physicians were widely recommending organic iron to renew red blood and rebuild strength in worn-out bodies. As a result I started taking Nuxated Iron, and within a month it had roused my weakened vital forces and made me real strong again, giving me endurance such as I never hoped to again possess."

Another interesting case is that of General John Lincoln Clem, who at the early age of 12 years was Sergeant in the U. S. Army and the last veteran of the Civil War to remain on the U. S. Army active list. General Clem says: "I find in Nuxated Iron the one and ever-reliable tonic. Two months after beginning the treatment I am a well man."

"I have strongly emphasized the great necessity of physicians making blood examinations of their weak, anaemic, run-down patients. Thousands of persons go on year after year suffering from physical weakness and a highly nervous condition due to lack of sufficient iron in their red blood corpuscles, without ever realizing the real and true cause of their trouble. Without iron in your blood your food merely passes through the body somewhat like corn through an old mill with rollers so wide apart that the mill can't grind.

"But in my opinion you can't make strong, vigorous, successful, sturdy iron men by feeding them on metallic iron. The old forms of metallic iron must go through a semi-digestive process to transform them into organic iron—Nuxated Iron—before they are so ready to be taken up and assimilated by the human system.

"Notwithstanding all that has been said and written on this subject by well-known physicians, thousands of people still go on dosing themselves with metallic iron simply because they do not realize that they must have organic iron. I strongly advise readers in all cases to get a physician's prescription for organic iron—Nuxated Iron—or, if you don't want to go to this trouble, then purchase only Nuxated Iron in its original packages and see that this particular name (Nuxated Iron)— appears on the package."

Dr. A. J. Newman, late Police Surgeon of the City of Chicago and former House Surgeon Jefferson Park Hospital, Chicago, in commenting on the value of Nuxated Iron, said: "This remedy has proven through my own tests of it to excel any remedy I have ever used for creating red blood, building up the nerves, strengthening the muscles and correcting digestive disorders. The manufacturers are to be congratulated in having given to the public a true tonic-food tant, a true tonic, supplying iron in an easily digested and assimilated form. A true health-builder in every sense of the word."

If people would only take Nuxated Iron when they feel weak or run-down instead of dosing themselves with habit-forming drugs, stimulants and alcoholic beverages, there are probably thousands who might readily build up their red blood corpuscles, increase their physical energy and get themselves into a condition to ward off the millions of disease germs that are almost constantly around us. It is surprising how many people suffer from iron deficiency and do not know it. If you are not strong or well you owe it to yourself to make the following test: See how long you can work or how far you can walk without becoming tired. Next, take two five-grain tablets of Nuxated Iron three times per day after meals for two weeks. Then test your strength again and see how much you have gained.

MANUFACTURER'S NOTE—Nuxated Iron, which is prescribed by Dr. Sullivan, and which has been used by Generals Gibson, Gordon, Clem, Judge Yoder and others with such surprising results, is not a secret remedy, but one which is well known to druggists everywhere. Unlike the older inorganic iron products, it is easily assimilated, does not injure the teeth, make them black, nor upset the stomach. The manufacturers guarantee successful and entirely satisfactory results or every purchaser, or they will refund your money. It is dispensed by all good druggists.

General Horatio Gates Gibson, U. S. A. (Retired), who entered the City of Mexico at the war of 1847 with General Winfield Scott. General Gibson says: "Judging from the results in my own case, I feel that every soldier who goes to the front should take Nuxated Iron."

CUT THIS OUT

CUT THIS OUT

SWORN STATEMENT OF THE COMPOSITION OF THE FORMULA OF NUXATED IRON:

It is conservatively estimated that this remarkable formula is now being used by over three million people annually, among whom are numbered many of the most prominent members of the medical profession, connected with the best hospitals and medical societies, former United States Senators, former members of Congress, Hon. Leslie Shaw, formerly Secretary of the Treasury and Ex-Governor of Iowa; distinguished U. S. Army Generals (Retired), Judge Atkinson of the United States Court at Washington, and former Health Commissioner Koren of Chicago.

Newspapers everywhere are invited to copy this statement for the benefit of their readers. It is suggested that physicians make a report of it and keep it in their offices so that they may intelligently answer questions of patients concerning it. Everybody is advised to cut it out and keep it. A copy of the actual sworn statement will be sent to anyone who desires such. It is as follows:

* * *

Iron Peptonate (Special Specific Standard).
(Quantity given below.)
Sodium Glycerophosphates U. S. P. (Monsanto).
Calcium Glycerophosphates U. S. P. (Monsanto).
F. E. Nux Vomica U. S. P.
Cascarine Bitter.
Magnesium Carbonate.
Fo. Ginger U. S. P.
Oil Cassia Cinnamon U. S. P.
Calcium Carbon Precip. U. S. P.

Each dose of two tablets of Nuxated Iron contains one and one-half grains of organic iron in the form of iron peptonate, of a special specific standard which in our opinion possesses superior qualities to any other known form of iron. By using other names of Iron Peptonate we could have put the same quantity of actual iron in the tablets at less than one-fourth the cost to us, and by using metallic iron we could have accomplished the same thing at less than one-twelfth the cost; but by so doing we must have most certainly impaired their therapeutic efficacy.

Glycerophosphates used in Nuxated Iron is one of the most expensive tonic ingredients known. It is especially recommended to build up the nerve force and thereby increase brain power, as glycerophosphates are said to contain phosphorus in that particular state as similar to that in which it is found in the nerve and brain cells of man.

As will be seen from the above, two important ingredients of Nuxated Iron (Iron Peptonate and Glycerophosphates) are very expensive products as compared with most all tonics.

Under such circumstances the temptation to adulteration and substitution by unscrupulous persons is very great, and the public is hereby warned to be careful to see every bottle is plainly labeled "Nuxated Iron" by the Nuxated Health Laboratories, Ferin, London, and Detroit, U. S. A., as this is the only genuine article. If you have taken other forms of iron without success this does not prove Nuxated Iron will not help you. We guarantee satisfaction to every purchaser or your money will be refunded.

(Underwood Studios)

Before the Doctor Sullivan a prescription for enriching the blood and helping to make strong, vigorous, successful Americans—men and women who dare and do!

Judge Samuel S. Yoder, for 18 years a practicing physician and formerly Surgeon Major in the Army and Commander-in-Chief of the Union Veteran Legion, says: "Nuxated Iron is the one and ever-reliable tonic. Two months after beginning the treatment I am a well man."